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WE SAW IT HAPPEN

*The News Behind the News
That's Fit to Print*

By

THIRTEEN CORRESPONDENTS OF
THE NEW YORK TIMES

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Contents

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| INTRODUCTION | vii |
| 1 WASHINGTON, D. C., <i>by Arthur Krock</i> | 3 |
| 2 VIENNA WALTZ, <i>by G. E. R. Gedyé</i> | 29 |
| 3 LAND OF THE FREE, <i>by F. Raymond Daniell</i> | 74 |
| 4 GRAUSTARK, <i>by Frank Nugent and Douglas Churchill</i> | 102 |
| 5 THE DECLINE OF THE MONEY BARONS, <i>by Elliott V. Bell</i> | 135 |
| 6 BRITAIN—A STORY OF OLD AGE, <i>by Ferdinand Kuhn</i> | 168 |
| 7 HOT LANDS AND COLD, <i>by Russell Owen</i> | 202 |
| 8 SPORTS OF THE TIMES, <i>by John Kieran</i> | 233 |
| 9 MANHATTAN MACHINE, <i>by William R. Conklin</i> | 261 |
| 10 LAND OF THE RISING SUN, <i>by Hugh Byas</i> | 290 |
| 11 OFF STAGE AND ON, <i>by Brooks Atkinson</i> | 320 |
| 12 A CASE THAT ROCKED THE WORLD, <i>by Louis Stark</i> | 332 |

Introduction

In this book, the editors have tried to present through the eyes of thirteen of the outstanding correspondents and critics on The New York Times a cross section of twentieth-century civilization. This book is not a newspaper book, filled with gossip of the city room. Nor is it a mere chronicle of personal achievement. It is intended rather as history in the raw—not the precise, emotionless chronology of school books, but rather history as trained observers on the spot have seen it happen. We have tried to make the reader feel the wind of life as it blows by.

To do so, the editors have chosen thirteen men, experts in their fields, to tell their stories. Their twelve chapters are not intended to be all-inclusive; neither are they entirely new. But many of the anecdotes and all of the material here published are printed for the first time; and for all of the chapters we claim a freshness of presentation, a clarity of background, or a novelty of interpretation, which, we believe, will leave the reader with a keener insight into the events of the immediate past and the problems of the present.

New York, Washington, Vienna, London, and Tokyo, stage, screen, and the playing field, plane and police court—all have a place in this book, in chapters written in the individual styles of men who report revolutions, take the temperature of the nation, study labor problems, and criticize the state of the drama. The result may be kaleidoscopic, but so is the bold contemporary history of today.

In the compilation of this volume we wish to make it clear that this book is entirely unofficial and is not sponsored in any

way by The New York Times - the editors wish to thank most of all the thirteen contributors whose work has made the book possible. We are also grateful to other members of The New York Times who have aided with labor, suggestions, and advice.

October 1, 1938

SHEPARD STONE

HANSON W. BALDWIN

■

WE SAW IT HAPPEN

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1. *Washington, D.C.*

By Arthur Krock

IN WASHINGTON under the New Deal dispensation the press has been rewriting man's oldest story. Here are the same errors and erasures; the same confusions and collisions. When the first nomad headman with reform ideas took over from his standpat predecessor in prehistoric China or Mesopotamia, the story was originally set down. It has not altered.

President Roosevelt and the New Deal came into being as the result of a national desire for change. That desire sprang from deep resentment against abuses practiced by those dominant in government and the private capital system. The New Dealers set out to cleanse the agora and the market place, as all their ghostly ancestors had done before them. They became arrogant before confusion overtook them; and grew fearful of admitting error to the point of sacrificing some of their finest gains. They showed the same inability to stop at a danger signal—that same incapacity to consolidate progress, which has been the weakness of reform administrations from the hour man descended from the treetops.

This is the story that has unfolded in Washington from that misting day in March, 1933, when Franklin D. Roosevelt took his oath of office from the portico of the Capitol. Its narration has been implicit in the millions of words of reportage, interpretation, and comment which representatives of the press have written from Washington in these five years.

The end will be the same, foreordained and visible from the early time in Mr. Roosevelt's administration when he revealed that he, too, had the usual weakness of the reformer; when it was made clear that, under our fixed-term system of government there would be enduring penalties set against the gains. The end was visible from the moment when, as the NRA effort flagged into failure, it was to be seen that nature had once again neglected to add the patience, purpose, and high humility of the long-time administrator to the fire and force and deep compassion of the gifted and essential reformer.

This end will be the disappearance of the New Dealers and the obscuration of their leader and his methods, though not of his ideas. By whom and by what will they be replaced? Ordinary reportorial wisdom cannot penetrate the future for a precise answer. But generally the prophecy can be made that the government will be taken over by some form of liberals or by a species of Fascists. The seed of the right-wing conservative is not disclosed in the womb of near time by any mental X-ray. He rests, sterile, with his theories and methods, in the grave of political history in this land.

The political execution of the conservative, who for so many years arrested the demands of growing social consciousness and of economic justice in the United States, is Mr. Roosevelt's great contribution and that of his regime. Only an incredible cataclysm can cancel it by the popular acceptance of a Fascist state, long or brief of tenure. The President has risked the enduring status of his contribution by policies that make that cataclysm less inconceivable than otherwise it would have been—piling up debts and taxes in repetitions of defeated efforts to purchase recovery, softening the people with fond and foolish paternalisms designed to get votes, and conducting some branches of government in a low moral climate.

But still that disaster seems to lie on another road than the one the people are slowly forcing the President to take with

them instead of following him to the end of his own course. And, if it is avoided, many of the richest fruits of the new American civilization will, when justice is done, be recognized as the products of the President's political horticulture.

To tell this story as it progressed has been one of the most difficult tasks ever attempted by journalism. No art, no honesty, no penetration has been sufficiently bequeathed to any reporter or commentator on the scene to tell it well. There have been errors of heart and of head; false starts; erasures; blurred paragraphs and passages; and contradictions in plenty. But the faithful reader of objective dispatches has on the whole been able to see the plot unfold and learn the strengths, weaknesses, public actions—and even some of the secret movements—of the leading characters.

Being reformers and idealists, many of them have been easy to portray. Others, being politicians with no great love for truth and no ideals to complicate their activities, have been more difficult to delineate. But, in general terms, no group in government has ever been more interesting, dull, brilliant, stupid, headstrong, pliable, competent, inefficient; more honorable in money matters, more ruthless in material methods.

In their bold portraiture has been presented a strong, rude study of democracy at work, with—as Cromwell commanded of the artist—"all the moles" depicted. Despite the flaws in perspective, foreshortening, and use of color, the crude reportorial art has been equal to the task of offering a likeness.

* * *

Through long associations with government and the politicians who conduct it, and because of previous experience at the capital, I was chosen in January, 1931, to succeed the late Richard V. Oulahan as chief of the Washington bureau of *The New York Times*. Accordingly to Washington reluctantly I repaired (I prefer New York) at the end of that month—to witness

and chronicle the dying fall of Herbert Hoover's administration, the descent of the nation into the nadir of the depression, and the accession of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal.

At the time I possessed a working knowledge of politics and politicians. It was soon necessary to fortify this with a smattering of economics, for news began to be money and statistics; and anecdotes and pen pictures were perforce laid aside. But familiarity with the great national game of politics, which even directs or attempts to direct the operation of economic laws, was a real asset—laboriously acquired over the long years.

This game is unchanging. Its counters include presidents, legislators, judges, businessmen, lobbyists, society hosts and hostesses, and national, state, county, and village bosses. Many of them I have seen in movement, had glimpses of the wires by which they are moved and the hands—hidden or visible—which pull these wires. It is necessary in these days that a reporter at the capital—whether he writes straight news, interpretative news, or comments, or all three—be aware of the human factors. Since news has become largely a chronicle of economic devices, it cannot be written without study of these. But the reporter, editor, or commentator who has lost, or never had, associations with the men and women who make news is as outdistanced in the struggle accurately to inform the public as is the old-fashioned inebriate who was good when he was half-drunk but never could be depended on to remain in that condition for more than a couple of weeks in succession.

An experience at the time when the Senate Battalion of Death and Woodrow Wilson were at war over the Covenant of the League of Nations—in 1919—may serve to illustrate the importance to the newspaper worker of knowing at close range the participants in governments and the effect of their personalities on the political equation and on each other.

On *The Courier-Journal and Times* in Louisville (of which I was then editor and director) we were all for the League. When

the President's uncompromising stand against the Hitchcock reservations—produced by a loyal administration senator and announced by Henry Cabot Lodge as to him acceptable—threatened the last hope of American membership in the League, Judge Robert W. Bingham, the publisher, and I cast about to see if there was anything we could do. Our newspaper effort was largely responsible for the election to the Senate from Kentucky in 1918—when the House went against the President—of Governor Augustus O. Stanley. Daily we asserted that there would be “joy in Berlin” if Mr. Stanley were defeated, and Kentuckians accepted our assurance. During the League fight, Mr. Stanley, living up to his campaign promise, had been voting with the uncompromising President.

A change of two Democratic votes would have ratified the Covenant, with the Hitchcock reservations. It was decided that I should go to Washington and urge Mr. Stanley to support the amended articles, asking him also to suggest a colleague to join him. Mr. Stanley said he would so vote if Senator Underwood of Alabama would shift with him. I approached Mr. Underwood, who was one of the subtlest and best of politicians as well as one of the finest men I have ever known.

“I’d like to do it,” he said. “If I did and Stanley came along, the United States will be in the League—a consummation dear to me. But if I do, that old man in the White House will turn on me, defeat me in Alabama, and meanwhile end my influence as leader in this body. I am the administration leader. He has given his word and taken his position. I must stand with him, and he is beyond argument or persuasion.”

These are the bases of politics—individuals and their human nature. They were still there when I went back to Washington in 1932. There they remain. Mr. Hoover does not like Mr. Roosevelt and never did. Mr. Roosevelt spends little time in active dislike, but he does not find attractive either Mr. Hoover’s mind or Mr. Hoover’s policies. This human factor had something to

do with another historical decision with which I had an acquaintance.

Mr. Roosevelt likes Alfred M. Landon. It is conceivable that if it had been Mr. Landon instead of Mr. Hoover who was going out of office in the dark storms of early 1933 some co-operation between the two would have been possible. In the first place Mr. Landon would not have expected co-operation on his terms, particularly terms which had been at issue in the campaign. In the second place, Mr. Landon would probably have sought out Mr. Roosevelt in a personal and friendly manner and made any bargain the victor was willing to make.

Mr. Hoover did the opposite. His approach on war debt conferences was made in this manner: he asked Secretary Stimson to ask Representative Lewis W. Douglas to telephone to the President-elect, and he set down as *sine qua non* his own formula. The approach failed. He asked another man to request Mr. Roosevelt to help him defeat the Philippines Independence bill. The President-elect was then easily persuaded that Mr. Hoover was trying to impose on him.

In surveying national politics and the governmental policies of which it is the foundation, the newspaperman who daily beholds the unrolling of the confused scroll should acknowledge the country's debt to the expert and the scholar. In many Federal and state departments, especially since the advent of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt, many men and women of this kind conscientiously, intelligently, and unselfishly labor—their ideas maturing to the reading public as the devices of effigies in administrative or legislative office. The emergence of economics, social welfare, and Constitutional law and precedent as news of first importance—the result of the boom and the depression—have also enriched American thought with the newspaper writings of scholarly columnists. To these the nation also owes a great debt.

But even these have discovered that government is a personal

thing and that, in their departmental labors and their public writings, they must take first account of individuals. Henry Wallace, Rexford Tugwell, James M. Landis, O. M. W. Sprague, and Roswell Magill are among the scholars and experts now or aforesaid in Federal service who have discovered that knowledge and skill must wait on the political relation. Walter Lippmann, Hugh S. Johnson (in his journalistic phase), and other economic commentators have perforce discovered that they must frequently repair to those with reportorial training to understand at times why, in governmental policy, two and two often do not make four.

This perhaps is sufficient apology for limiting a survey of national politics and government to reminiscence of men, so far as this writing is concerned. Every national convention, the progress of every bill through the legislature, approves the method.

At Baltimore, in 1912, the way was made for the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson, with its tragedies, its blessings, its net result of advancement in progressive thought. But that way could not have been made for Mr. Wilson—whatever one may think of the inevitable operation of destiny—had not William Jennings Bryan cleared the path of Speaker Champ Clark. They had long been friends. Mr. Bryan professed to believe that the acceptance by Mr. Clark of the support of the New York delegation ("Murphy, Morgan, Ryan, and Belmont") involved a sellout of progressive principles. On that profession he made possible the nomination of Mr. Wilson, having abandoned the hope of being nominated himself. The key to action was wholly in the individuals.

At Chicago, in 1920, the Republican candidate with the best equipment for the Presidential nomination was Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. It was asserted before the Reed Committee, a senatorial body investigating charges of large sums used by the Republican aspirants, that two Lowden workers in Missouri had been engaged in vote buying. Crafty use of this against Mr.

Lowden, who had nothing whatever to do with it, broke the deadlock between General Wood and Mr. Lowden and made possible the nomination of Senator Harding of Ohio.

The Democratic convention at Madison Square Garden in 1924 was, from first to last, a personal struggle. Although great issues were debated—the Ku Klux Klan and the League of Nations among them—everything turned on the bitter personal feud between William G. McAdoo and Alfred E. Smith. The beneficiary was John W. Davis. To have understood any move in that convention—the Bryan speech opposing “naming the Klan,” the resistance by the delegates of the sublime League plea of Newton D. Baker—it was first necessary to search out the human equation. That pervaded everything.

Before leaving the laboratory of the national convention to prove a point that needs no proving, it may be worth while to examine the tactics of William Randolph Hearst at Chicago when President Roosevelt was first nominated, in 1932. Mr. Hearst controlled the California delegation. Its chairman, Senator McAdoo, was his agent. Through a link with the Presidential candidacy of John N. Garner—built up by the Hearst press over a period of months—the Texas delegation was also responsible to Mr. Hearst. He did not even then like Mr. Roosevelt except when he recalled that Al Smith was a foe of them both. He was too practical to believe that Mr. Garner could be nominated. He wanted Governor Ritchie of Maryland, and thus permitted his agents to prolong the balloting and defer the choice until they informed him by long-distance telephone to San Simeon that if it was not to be Roosevelt, it probably would be Newton Baker.

To Mr. Hearst the distinguished Ohioan meant League, World Court, all the “internationalism” against which his newspapers have driven for years. So he sent the order to support Mr. Roosevelt, and that is how and when the nomination was assured that produced the New Deal, re-election in 1936, and three of

the greatest popular election victories the country has ever known.

In reporting conventions it is, therefore, only a small part of the newspaperman's duty to relate what happens on the floor and in meetings of the delegations and of the committees. He knows that in hotel rooms and over telephone wires the great decisions are made. He knows who are the masters of the milling, uninformed delegates, and who represent these masters if they are not on the ground. By keeping account of whom they see, and learning from them or their agents what they are doing, he follows the drift of the convention to its close. All, all is the doing of man and man.

The history of important news revelations is largely rooted in personal soil. Rarely does a reporter come by a great and publishable fact without employing thought, industry, and knowledge in the search for it. But all these are vain unless there is sufficient personal acquaintance, or wisdom in the ways of this news maker or that, to bring the fact from its hiding place in secret council and undercover plan.

On April 19, 1933, *The New York Times* published exclusively the news from Washington that the President had decided to embargo the shipment of gold. That was in some respects the most important piece of intelligence since the armistice. It meant the abandonment of the gold standard. It laid the basis of the economic policies of the New Deal. Yet it was obtained in rather an accidental way.

We of the Washington correspondents' corps were searching for the decisions made in Treasury conferences. Would there be scrip for money? What would be done with the still closed banks? What of a silver policy and what of gold? At the end of the day on April 18, barren of the information I had been seeking, I telephoned one of the most important of the conferees in a simple hope. It was that he would confirm or deny a report I had heard that the scrip idea had been revived. "It has not," he

said. I replied that I thought the broad and continued use of currency was better, and added idly, "even though there is to be no circulation of gold." (I referred to the domestic call-in of all gold currency.)

"But don't you think it's fine," he said, "what the President has decided to do about the gold?"

What could he mean? There must have been another decision. Could it mean the laying of the export embargo? I took a chance.

"You mean the export embargo?" I asked.

"Certainly," he said. "Now we can breathe in peace while we repair our domestic situation. The Amsterdam traders were cleaning us out of our gold. Why don't you ask the President about it?"

Somehow I managed to thank him, somehow to terminate the conversation that I might meditate on the dazzling, dangerous lead I had unwittingly been given. It was perilous to proceed on so little; to commit my paper to publication of a forecast of such consequence that, if it were wrong, would gravely injure the prestige of the *Times*. After all, my informant was not a fiscal expert, not a member of the Treasury group.

After some thought I telephoned to the Secretary of the Treasury, the late William H. Woodin, a kindly, elderly gentleman, not expert in dealing with the harriers of the press. He was on his way home to his hotel, and Mrs. Woodin said she would have him call me as soon as he arrived. He did. With my heart in my mouth, I asked:

"What date has been chosen for the official declaration of the export embargo on gold you have decided upon?"

"Don't you think you ought to wait," said the gentle old man, "and let President Roosevelt announce it officially?"

I explained the obligations of newspapers to the public. He said all right then, it was too bad, but the date would probably be Saturday. My story wholly confirmed, I took counsel with

two of my assistants—experts in these matters. Their faces paled with the magnitude of the information. “You’d better be right,” said one of them grimly. It turned out that I was, and the lucky “beat” ran round the country and the world.

In writing the story, and in headlining it in the New York office we merely recounted that the President was expected soon to announce the embargo decision which had been made. Deliberately I chose to seem not to know too much because, had my two informants been more experienced in dealing with questions of the press, I would not have known the details I had acquired. It seemed a consideration due them, and also a protection from Presidential wrath over a “leak” and a possible investigation to determine which of the official family had been talking with me that evening.

So far as I know, the wrath was not manifested, the inquiry was not made. For the fact is that in this instance premature publication was constructive; it did much good, and no harm. There is never high wrath over a result like that.

But earlier in that same eventful week of the Hundred Days I had stumbled upon a pregnant fact that brought from the White House both wrath and denial.

Among the things a friend of mine, who had dropped down from Wall Street, wanted to do on April 13 was to meet Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York. I had no business with him. Though he was deep in public works, housing, and the beginnings of those industrial-welfare policies which sublimated in the collective bargaining and social-security acts, my associate newshawks from the *Times* office were swooping and darting above him. He was, as we say, “covered.”

But to him, in the Senate chamber, I repaired with my friend, and the Senator suggested we might well have luncheon. He was bubbling over with a new idea for economic recovery which had been argued before him and Dr. Raymond Moley, then an Assistant Secretary of State. Both had been impressed with the

argument that a public-works issue by itself would not be effective in raising prices, distributing purchasing power, and making jobs unless there was a coeval codification of wages, hours, and business practices. They had gone far into the examination of details of an operating plan.

My friend listened with interest, I with something greater than that. In those days Dr. Moley's advocacy of any recovery conception meant a front-door entrance by coach-and-four at the White House. I pumped the Senator vigorously, finally telling him I should write the story according to limitations he prescribed. On the first page of April 14 the article duly appeared.

Large black three-column headlines recited that the President's advisers had drafted a plan to mobilize industry under a Federal agency which would direct the expansion of production. The purpose was, it recounted, to feed into business the billions spent on public works, and that Dr. Moley and others hoped to persuade the President to endorse the concept.

In the first few paragraphs the article explained that certain types of industry were to be assembled and supervised by a government agency reminiscent of the War Industries Board. Competition was to be regulated. Hours of work and minimum rates of pay were to be fixed, and there was some support of a guarantee to industry for losses sustained in expansion.

It is amusing to recall the wild, the angry, incredulity with which this narrative was greeted by those—which meant most of us—who were not yet aware of the arrival or trend of the New Deal. Other newspaper correspondents assailed it as untrue, but, if true, a "regimentation of business," unconstitutional, un-American, Fascistic, socialistic, what not. The President, asked about it at a press conference, dashed upon my dispatch a plentiful supply of cold water.

Yet that was the newspaper birth of the NRA. That was the outline of much that soon became law in the form of the National Industrial Recovery Act and was outlawed, two years

thereafter, by a unanimous Supreme Court. Whether the President had not taken up the subject when he was asked about it or whether the cold water was a tactical deluge, I do not know.

I think Senator Wagner at the time could not understand why it was such an important news story—to him it all seemed, and seems, so logical, so sensible a provision. At any rate, I have my friend from New York to thank for it. If he had not wanted to meet Senator Wagner, the press accouchement of the NRA would have been more general and certainly deferred.

The attitude of the President—assuming that there were tactics in it—suggests a brief account of the relations that necessarily must exist between statesmen and the representatives of newspapers in this country. Our obligations are merely these, in deciding whether to go into print with information: Is it true? Has it been legitimately acquired? Is it fit to print—public property or a private matter? These satisfactorily settled, the facts are ready for their bath of printers' ink.

But the statesman has other considerations. Is it premature? Will publication make the going more difficult? Will publication tend to confuse, rather than to clarify, the popular mind? These are some of the problems before him, particularly if he is President of the United States in a catastrophic hour, forcing the innermost fibers of his body and the full resources of his spirit into his colossal task.

The difference in obligation is generally the reason for the tactical or technical denial of what is published and true. These denials are plentiful in every administration, in every political group. I have had my share of them to encounter, and Mr. Roosevelt has made notable contributions.

An eminent member of the administration complained to me one night about the wavering between the Japanese and American positions of the British Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon, at a naval conference in London. He said our delegates were resentful. Cautiously a few days later, I aired this atmosphere

in a column on the editorial page. The President denounced me personally as a wrecker of international comity and insisted that no member of his administration could have uttered such an opinion of Sir John. Yet the tale, as I tell it, is true.

On another occasion, having heard that we had approached the British on stabilization and been rebuffed (perhaps in imitation of the President's own rebuff to the British the year before on the same point), I made some inquiries. The information had come from a member of Mr. Roosevelt's own family at a dinner party. I asked a friend who had called on the President if he had heard anything about it. He gave full confirmation. I wrote the news, it was published, the President denied it. The same fate overtook a dispatch, published by both the *Times* and *The New York Herald Tribune*, that the British would offer a "token payment" on their war debt of ten per cent and we would accept it. "Pure fabrication," I believe were the words employed to stigmatize this writing, "with doubt as to 'pure'."

But in such instances it is only a matter of waiting for the news to come true.

The life of the reporter is far from devoid of acts of consideration and kindness from men in public life---deliberate efforts to aid him in giving information to his readers. An outstanding example of this comes to mind:

In the winter of 1933 it was generally assumed that Senator Cordell Hull of Tennessee would be offered a Cabinet place. He had been politically invaluable in bringing about the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. He is a distinguished economist, a gentleman out of the top of the top drawer. The question was, what place?

Ever since he was a new Representative from Tennessee, and I a cub Washington correspondent, Mr. Hull and I had been personal friends. He was "raised" just over the border from my home county in Kentucky, and rode horseback through our town to college at Bowling Green. I was hopeful I should not be too

far behind in learning what new honors were to come to my friend.

From time to time the Senator and I discussed the matter. When the rumor ran that he would be Secretary of Commerce, I urged him not to leave his great place in the Senate for that. "Secretary of State or nothing," I said with the impudence of friendship. We fell to talking humorously about how the Senator and Mrs. Hull disliked dining out, and what heavy social obligations the Cabinet premiership laid upon the incumbent and his family.

"You'll have to leave that little hotel you like so much, and get a big house, with butlers and footmen," said I, "and ambassadors to dinner every night."

A few days later the Senator informed me he had heard something about the Cabinet, but nothing specific, and also that—"just in case"—he had been inquiring how a man and his wife could entertain—if necessary—at a larger hotel. They had shown him some agreeable rooms, and the supplemental facilities were many.

"For a Secretary of Commerce," I said.

"If it's that," said he, "I'd rather stay in the Senate."

A few days later he rode down to Muscle Shoals with the President-elect at Mr. Roosevelt's invitation, and all of us were certain the Cabinet matter was to be settled on that journey. The Senator came back with locked lips. His name was published freely in connection with several Cabinet places—Commerce, the Treasury, and others.

After I thought he had had enough of this—about a day—I approached him once more in the Senate. He said he knew what I wanted, but there was nothing official he could say. I was turning away in understanding disappointment when the Senator said with a happy smile:

"That other hotel will be all right, I think."

We made no doubt of the fact, in our dispatches that night,

that Cordell Hull of Tennessee was to be Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Franklin D. Roosevelt. But since he has taken the veil of the Department I have never been able to get any news at all out of the Secretary.

The Secretary, dignified man with a cameo profile, is an unconscious master of pithy American simile and epigram. He was speaking one day of the pacifists and the isolationists, casting about in his mind for as polite a description as he could endure to utter. It came from boyhood days on the Tennessee farm: "Like a mule in a thunderstorm," he said. "They just close their eyes."

The Vice-President of the United States also is a mint of new phrases. Not since the early days of the Republic, when by virtue of the electoral system the Vice-President was the President's unsuccessful opponent—and thus the official minority leader—has this official been so prominent and important in national councils as now he is in the person of John N. Garner. Having been Speaker of the House, Mr. Roosevelt's Vice-President is also deeply versed in the ways of Congress, and he has been its unofficial adviser as well as the President's. To him have properly been ascribed those vigorous and snorting private remarks which were greatly responsible for the reassertion of Congress' independence of the executive.

Although Mr. Garner has been responsible, he has not been animated by anything personal. He is no Cromwell. His loyalty and affection for the President have remained undiminished. And he has proved this, as much as by anything else, in refraining from any public comment, even when a trend or an event burned his soul with resentment.

Among the things which have irked Mr. Garner have been quotations of him by other politicians to support or defend themselves when under fire, quotations made in the knowledge he would not controvert them, however untrue. To this painful course his vow of public silence has bound him.

One day the Vice-President, whom the President had that morning been quoting in denial of some publication, cut the Cabinet meeting and was found sitting in his office behind the Senate Chamber with his feet on his desk. His sombrero was pulled down over his eyes. He was meditating.

"I'm going to the zoo," he said. "Those animals are in cages, but they look you straight in the eye. They've got nothing to hide!"

As in all American administrations, there is much homespun shot through the woof of Mr. Roosevelt's. The President finds his tropes in seafaring men and ships. The Vice-President's analogies are of Texas, its Panhandle and its cattle. Southwestern David Harums are the lay figures of Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; and the dramatis personae of the Southern Congressmen are cornfield Negroes. The presence in the government of Joseph P. Kennedy and Thomas G. Corcoran have assured the pointing of the moral by what "an old Irishman" said in Boston or Pawtucket.

In times of relaxation they are a merry group, the New Dealers. They like singing and dancing and a fair amount of drinking. They are hearty eaters and colossal workers. Most of them hate and love with equal lack of discrimination. Only a few are cool—like Marriner S. Eccles, Governor of the Federal Reserve—or cautious—like the Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau. When they gather for play or for planning they resemble, one supposes, a meeting of Napoleon's high officers—forgetting neither their high authority nor their lesser beginnings, remembering always who put the baton in their knapsacks.

This loyal remembrance has made Mr. Roosevelt's administration more personal than any since Jackson's. "The Chief" or "The Boss" or "The Skipper" is ever in the minds of his key men. And, while their respect for his office is never forgotten, they at times see the man and the confrere rather than the President.

An illustration of this is provided in the report of a conversation on the telephone one day between Mr. Roosevelt and Ambassador Kennedy, then chairman of the Maritime Commission. The listener noted that Mr. Kennedy began his end of it by frequent interpolations of "Sir" and "Mr. President." But, waxing warm and natural, the chairman was heard to say:

"Listen, boy!"

And there was heard a loud laugh from the other end of the line.

Enough of anecdotes. They embroider the edges, but they can only suggest the tears and sweat and sinew of which the fabric of journalism is made.

After a lifetime of newspaper work—as reporter, editor, policy maker, and writer of an independent column interpreting the news—my heart still leaps up when I behold my piece in the paper. So was it when my professional life began; so it has remained; so it will always be.

His piece in the paper is the journalist's rainbow in the sky. Sometimes he searches for it the instant the smoking sheets of the first edition fall with a flap on his desk from the scornful hand of the office boy. Sometimes he sleeps between the writing and the printing, and turns the pages in the acid light of the forenoon. Sometimes, confident he has done well or fearful he has done ill, the newspaper worker does not even glance at the mirror of man which is the first page before fixing his eyes on his own handiwork. And sometimes he grouchy waits to encounter it in its regular order because he is uninterested in, or disgusted with, what he has written or what he suspects an editor has done to the masterpiece.

But always the central point of the paper to the newspaper worker is the story he has written, the headline he has composed, the news treatment he has given, the make-up he has framed—the act varying with his appointed function. It is that excitement—that thrill comparable only to the emotions of love or worldly

conquest—which binds to the printed page with ties no other lure can shatter the true journalist, of whom the reporter is the norm and the archetype.

As I look back upon my newspaper experiences I am appalled by the magnitude of the role which luck has played in any progress I have made. It seems, in retrospect, that on every occasion I was being fixed in a dull groove, or about to become the drab victim of circumstances, a friend or an incident rescued me.

My college attendance permanently interrupted by a family "recession," I made my way back to my native Kentucky, broke and green. There is no question who sent me directly to a newspaper office to hunt a job. Two of them were dead before I was born, but in my grandfather's library their works of the imagination, some based on history, filled several shelves. Their names were Thackeray and Dumas. The third survived until recently; he has put the smell of printer's ink in the nostril of many a cub; his name was Rudyard Kipling. It was after a steady diet of this fiction—with Arthur Pendennis's Fleet Street adventure many times reread—that I felt I should rather live by the hurrying reportorial pen than by any other means.

With these memories uneffaced, I alighted from a day coach in Louisville in the early summer of 1907 and put my battered valise into a bare room in a cheap hotel before starting out to get a job on a newspaper. In those days there prevailed in Louisville and elsewhere the atrocious "cub system." One worked for a while without pay in exchange for the journalistic grounding a city editor sourly gave. My personal possessions amounting to four dollars, and my room eating into this at a rate of fifty cents a day, it was manifestly impossible for me to serve as an unpaid neophyte.

The only alternative—and I confess it with shame—was to approach the employing powers with the statement that I was already a newspaper reporter of some experience. This precluded an application at the office of *The Courier-Journal*, where

the managing editor came from my town and knew well I was but an unfinished college sophomore. But at *The Louisville Herald* they did not know that, and I had sufficiently devoured newspapers for years to understand something of their aim and content.

To the city editor of *The Louisville Herald* accordingly I applied. He would need a reporter in two weeks. Would he get me a pass downstate to the town where my grandmother's rambling house would afford me shelter and colored companions of my youth would contrive nourishment? He would. An "experienced" reporter who would work for fifteen dollars a week (I pinched myself to make sure this was no mere dream of a gold strike) was worth transporting two hundred miles until the time was ripe to put him on the pay roll.

At the end of the appointed period I found myself covering the minor news of the East End district of Louisville. Doctors to whom wounded belligerents repaired, hospitals where casualties were treated; and the kindly police who kept that "outward order and decency" which was the wise requirement of Mayor Gaynor for cities—all these were my daily sources of information. Rewriting items from the afternoon papers, taking bits on the telephone, and hunting on Sundays for feature stories which I could moisten with drops of my saturation in Kipling, Thackeray, and Dumas, occupied me for several weeks while my pay—or the scrip we were given during the panic of 1907—was uncomplainingly remitted.

I was a newspaper reporter—a fraud, but undiscovered. Then came three of the strokes of fortune to which I have referred—one adverse, but two so generous as to overcome the effect of the one.

I had observed, with admiration and awe, a tall, dark, well-groomed man who was with us, but not of us, in the *Herald* office. He was John Dunlap Wakefield, Kentucky correspondent of *The*

Cincinnati Enquirer and reputed to be earning—for that single service—the colossal sum of \$60 a week. He had also been in politics, once as secretary of Representative Swagar Sherley of the Louisville district. He was what I hoped one day to be.

In 1908 Mr. Wakefield made me his assistant and took me to the national political conventions at Chicago and Denver. I returned, a traveled journalist, the envy of my police-reporter associates. The future was rosy. I might look forward to special assignments, perhaps to the city desk and fifty dollars a week. Nothing was too high for my aspiration. But then came one of those waves of retrenchment which afflict newspapers high and low, large and small. A gentle colleague who had been kind to me, a married man with a family, was to be dismissed; I was to stay. I told the city editor to keep the married man, and I would go. The gesture was accepted. I was out on the street with little money and no job.

But my luck did not desert me. After a brief and amusing experience as chief deputy sheriff of Jefferson County (I was hardly more than twenty-one and not so large as the artillery I carried) I joined the Associated Press (in Louisville) as night editor. It was a valuable experience. But a tour of duty from eight at night until five in the morning was bleak for a boy. At the end of three years my heart and hope swung low.

One night, bending over my dreary task, I was called to the telephone by General W. B. Haldeman, then editor and part owner of *The Louisville Times* and of *The Courier-Journal*. He made his business brief. Would I go to Washington as correspondent of the *Times*? Would, as Alexander P. Moore once asked Queen Victoria of Spain, a duck swim? Early in 1910, on a rainy winter Sunday, I put up at the old St. James Hotel, Washington correspondent *in esse*, out in the broad world, with Pulitzer, Bennett, Ochs, and Hearst undoubtedly soon to note my writing and bring me to New York at a Brisbane salary.

In that winter of 1910 the nation was politically on the threshold of the New Freedom which was to lead, after reaction, to the New Deal. But I was unaware of it at the time. My immediate function was to report the doings of the Kentucky members of the Senate and the House and to keep an eye on the executive and judicial departments for news of local interest. The trees obscured the forest for a young reporter. This was made doubly the fact by the manner and methods of my immediate competitor.

No local item was too small or too deeply buried to escape him. His long legs covered the whole of Washington in a day. Only when I began to get a sense of news values, to realize that in an occasional general dispatch I could make up for minor native news I had not garnered did I begin to comprehend that the great game of national politics was changing in my sight—a game in which my long-legged rival of those days now plays his part as Representative Louis Ludlow of Indianapolis.

My entrance upon the broader field of reporting was accelerated by the personality of my chief in Louisville. Henry Waterson, editor of *The Courier-Journal*, was at that time the most influential editorial journalist in the United States. He knew everyone in politics. His interest in its moves and developments was intense. He began to base editorials on my dispatches, and this automatically brought me into personal contact with the great politicians of the time—Uncle Joe Cannon, Champ Clark, Oscar Underwood, George W. Norris, the elder LaFollette, Jonathan P. Dolliver, Beveridge, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and President Taft himself.

Not long after I had begun to take courage to write of national affairs came the move to clip the claws of Speaker Cannon. In this effort Representative, now Senator, Norris, and the Democratic leader, Mr. Clark, were the chief protagonists. Aided by what were then called the Republican "insurgents"—featuring Victor Murdock of Kansas—they took from the Speaker, in a memorable session, the power to name committees and con-

trol the business of the House. Mr. Norris would have deposed the Speaker, but this attempt was unsuccessful.

Nevertheless the train had been prepared for the political explosion of November, 1910, when the Democrats carried the House; and the way was open to Woodrow Wilson and the New Freedom, the reform measures of 1913-15, the great decision of 1916, our entrance into the World War, the Harding reaction, the complacent Coolidge era that led to the debacle under Hoover, and the arrival of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Those years were crowded with incident, too numerous even to mention in this space. The Old Guard of the Republicans was to make one more last stand and be overwhelmed in the votes of 1932, 1934, and 1936. The Old Guard of the Democrats was to perish with the defeat of Alfred E. Smith in 1928, and the triumph of the new party theory that government must become an agency of broad welfare and the national income must be more widely shared irrespective of previous constructions of the Constitution. Though the rules of the national political game were not to be changed—they are immutable—the players were to be different in thought and personnel. And 1910 was the year that began it.

Years passed. I was able to go to France for the finish of the war and the first stages of the Peace Conference. This is not a book, as Gauguin says repeatedly in his *Intimate Journals*, else one could pause for reminiscence of those days when a brave, new world was to be made. But there is time for none except for a remark President Wilson made one day while the war was on and a letter from Ambassador Page had just come in.

This letter was unusually flavored with partisanship for the British cause and dealt in part, as I recall it, with a dinner among persons of title. After reading it, as the President suggested, I handed it back to him silently and waited for him to speak.

"The revenge of George the Third," said Mr. Wilson.

When I returned from France the lack of sympathy between Judge Bingham, who had gained control of the *Times* and *Courier-Journal*, and me over policies had been in my absence well stressed by others—particularly my objection to the co-operation in our councils of a politician who acted as his adviser in these matters and sought at times directly to force his services on me. Appointed editor in chief of the *Times*, the afternoon paper (which put a barrier between me and *The Courier-Journal*, the policy maker), I watched the gulf growing between me and the publisher in the next room. In the early winter of 1923 I therefore determined to make the long-contemplated leap to New York. Will H. Hays generously created an ad interim job for me while I was testing my footing in the metropolis.

April of that year found me, at the request of the late Frank I. Cobb, taking an hour a day from the Hays office (outside journalism for the first time in my life) and writing editorials for *The World*. Cobb's illness became acute and he suggested to Ralph Pulitzer that I come full time on *The World*. For four years thereafter, as the publisher's assistant, I was a member of the most interesting staff I had up to that time encountered, and plunged bodily and unarmed into a conflict of ambitions and talents which most of the time kept me at the bottom of the scrimmage.

Walter Lippmann had succeeded Cobb as chief editorial writer, and he at times found it vexing to have me in the editor's anteroom. As a member of the council of *The World* and *The Evening World* I was supposed to take part in the discussion of major policies, and it was my fate to be often in mind apart from Mr. Lippmann. The executive editor was Herbert Bayard Swope. Part of my job was to dissect the paper daily for Mr. Pulitzer, and that did not contribute to my popularity in the newsroom. Pretty soon any complaint from the Golden Dome was credited as having originated with me, and Mr. Swope,

though personally an old and often affectionate friend, developed a dislike for my professional connection.

In Gauguin's words once more, this is not a book. Let the period end with the statement that in the spring of 1927, I discovered that *The New York Times*—then as now leader of the press of the world, freer of individual ambition and office politics than any newspaper I have ever known, and firmly directed by a genius of the first rank, Adolph S. Ochs—thought it might have use for me. Happy to bring my wares to the cleanest and best of markets, I began service with the *Times* on May 1, 1927.

Deviations into the executive direction of newspapers had not changed my estimate of the part the reporter plays in their production. It had not rendered me unwilling to resume a contribution to that essential part by giving me any stuffy belief that the reporter is set on a lower level than the editor. Years of experience had revealed to me this fundamental fact about newspapers—the worker outside the business office and the mechanical departments, whether he is called editor or reporter, must have acquired and retain the reportorial mood and instinct if he is fully to serve in the American press.

By this token the best article on the editorial page or in the Sunday magazine inevitably has reportorial flavor and content. In the news columns, especially the unsigned ones, the reporter must operate at his peak, factually, without color save that of description, free of comment and bias. But elsewhere in the paper must be the stuff of his eyes, his ears and his legs. Otherwise the products are mere essays or rewritings of history and encyclopedia—interesting and well done, maybe, but not first-rate journalism.

On *The World* I had found honest and brilliant application of this formula. But *The World* was a crusader, and crusading invariably creeps into the columns labeled news. Therefore it was an even greater satisfaction than in service on that eminent and

lamented journal to find a stricter, finer formula on *The Times*—the reflection of the genius and character of Mr. Ochs.

In the busy life of a newspaper man—offering slight opportunity for that reflection and that reading which help to make a full man—he has equally little opportunity to set down a sublimation of his function. But Kipling did it in a few lines, and deliberately, and I have often thought of the verse:

*I keep six honest serving men
(They taught me all I knew);
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.*

Sometimes the newspaper worker loathes his craft, sometimes he adores it, always he loves it. My first patron, Henry Watter-son, summed it up thus in his *Courier-Journal*, March 2, 1909:

To the newspaper drudge the futility of all newspaper writing must often edge its way into his tired fancy. The best of it seems so quickly swallowed by the ocean of currency, like waves upon the beach, each day succeeding the other to efface its existence. Words, words; even thought, thoughts; what does it matter?

Yet to those of us who live, move and have our being in the grind of daily journalism and in none other, it matters a great deal; so that, after a bit of rest, a night of sleep—under the spur of the news of the morning—maybe under the inspiration of some principle, or dogma, or measure—we take up the pen again, and rush along the page, and blot out and interline and read the proof and revise it amid the glow of the effusion and the glare, if not the glory, of print, inwardly exclaiming: "Now that is something like!" to see the poor, ephemeral thing, as a skyrocket, come down like a stick, its coruscations lost forever in the darkness of illimitable space.

For all that futility, that brief creation which ends with sunup or sundown, I would work at no other loom.

2. Vienna Waltz

By G. E. R. Gedyé

MARCH, 1938. I am sitting in a first-class compartment of a slow train at midday in Vienna Südbahnhof, wondering if I have made a good guess. There is no sign of any excitement. Peasants are getting into third-class carriages, returning from a morning's shopping in Vienna. A bagman shares my compartment, otherwise the firsts and seconds are deserted. Apparently I am off on a wild-goose chase after all—an infernal nuisance, with the office crammed full of uncompleted work, and the possibility of fresh Nazi disorders breaking out anywhere, while I am on the way to marooning myself in Styria. Ten minutes before the train is due to leave, a tall clean-shaven young man in horn-rimmed glasses and with a distinct limp appears on the platform. A friend is with him; two more come along to see him off. As the train steams away, they salute the lame man with the forbidden Hitler salute. He replies with a barely noticeable upward flick of the right arm. He looks into my compartment and his friend says, "Plenty of room—let's get in here." Marvelous luck for me—they are going to travel with me. But the lame man glances at me, hesitates and says, "Perhaps we'll find an empty one." That bit of luck didn't come off. At Judendorf, near Graz, the train stops and the lame man gets out. On the platform four obvious Nazi storm-troop leaders, not in uniform, freeze to attention and give a convulsive Nazi salute. Seyss-Inquart, the limping man with the horn-rimmed spectacles, just appointed

by Chancellor Schuschnigg to maintain law and order as Minister of Security, returns the illegal salute of the conspiratorial movement which is rapidly undermining the whole State.

At midnight my local Nazi informant phones my hotel in Graz. "Take a taxi and come straight to the Park Hotel. You'll see something." Through the darkness I see several thousand boys marching with military precision which told of long secret drillings, carrying torches and forbidden swastika banners. Outside one of the houses they break into the goose step with a crash, and the forbidden Horst Wessel song rings through the night. The windows fly open, and several men appear; in the center glitter the horn-rimmed glasses of Seyss-Inquart. For a quarter of an hour, Schuschnigg's Minister of Security smiles benignly down at the illegal marchers whom Schuschnigg has sent him down to discipline and correct. Suddenly one storm detachment halts, faces him, and sings the Horst Wessel song in his face. The Minister of Security raises his hand in the salute which his friend and Chancellor has declared illegal and so remains for an hour as the fanatical boys with glaring eyes and twitching facial muscles stamp past him. Next day I try to introduce myself to him in the hall of his hotel, but he breaks in on me—"We know one another already, Mr. Gedye."

"Do we, *Exzellenz*?"

"Ten years ago it must have been that we met at a big dinner party given by Kommerzialrat Julius Meinl. You and I differed sharply on economic questions—and on political matters. It was an amicable discussion, for after dinner we walked together to the Schottentor, arguing about Fascism. You rather disliked it, didn't you?"

So that was why he had avoided my compartment in the train the day before. The conversation of Seyss-Inquart, who was preparing the destruction of his country's independence, would certainly not have been suitable for overhearing by an anti-Fascist.

Friday evening, ten days later, in the American legation. A tense day of thrilling happenings is drawing to a close. In the morning Austria called up a year's class of recruits, while lorries careened round the city scattering propaganda for the plebiscite which Dr. Schuschnigg will hold on Sunday. The question is simple—are you for a free, independent, Catholic German Austria or not? But rumors have come in, then well-confirmed reports, that since midday a German army of invasion has been on the march from Munich and is approaching the frontiers. In the Kärntnerstrasse Nazis have been wearing the forbidden swastika and walking tirelessly up and down to give the illegal salute to every other swastika wearer encountered. More and more people are beginning to put on the forbidden Social-Democratic badge of 1934, the three arrows. The police are strangely passive toward both groups, awaiting some signal—but from whom? This badge-wearing has got on my nerves. For the first time in ten years I buy a flower for my buttonhole, a red carnation. Why not? Admirers of the Duke of Windsor, they say, wear red carnations. So do many well-dressed men who admire themselves. Curious, that the faces of several workingmen who have been looking glumly at the saluting Nazis break into a happy smile as they see me and murmur, "Thank you, Comrade." Perhaps they are flower lovers, too.

John C. Wiley, my good friend, the chargé, for whom I am waiting now in the legation in order to compare notes comes in. I have never seen him look so grave. I tell him what I know. He says a few words which are not for publication, even today, and adds:

"In a few minutes you will know everything, but until then my lips are sealed. Sit down and listen to the radio." It is the evening concert of light music. A lilting, Viennese cabaret song comes to an end, and the announcer says in tones which he clearly has difficulty to keep level: "*Achtung, Achtung*. In a moment there will be a very important announcement." John

Wiley is on the phone to the Greek Minister. "No, Excellency, we simply cannot dine tonight, after all. Terribly sorry, but it is quite impossible for me to leave the office." While he is still talking, I hear a familiar voice beginning to broadcast:

"Österreicher und Österreicherinnen!" A leader is calling his people—for the last time, and by the name which is about to be blotted out of existence by the Fascist jackboot. I pull at Wiley's sleeve. "Hang up the phone, quick. To hell with the Greek Minister. Here's Schuschnigg on the air."

The voice goes on. "The German Government has presented to the Federal President an ultimatum with a time limit, ordering him to appoint a Chancellor whose name would be given him, and a Government according to the dictates of the Third Reich. Otherwise German troops would invade Austria. Before the world I declare that the reports spread of workers' disorders, of streams of blood having flowed and that the Government could not keep order, were lies from A to Z. The Federal President authorizes me to inform the Austrian people that we yield to force. Because even at this grave hour we are not prepared to see German blood shed, the army has been ordered in case the invasion is carried out to withdraw without serious resistance—and await the hours which are to come." The grave, portentous tones took on a note of passionate feeling and conviction. "And so in this hour I take my leave of the Austrian people with a German word of farewell, which comes from the bottom of my heart: 'God protect Austria.'" (A week later I heard the new dictator of Austria, appointed by Hitler, roaring out Schuschnigg's last three words, in jeering tones and adding: "God has protected Austria—through Adolf Hitler!" while a shout of savage mocking laughter went up from his brown-shirted hearers.)

Good-by, Austria! The same night Schuschnigg, having refused all demands that he should flee and save the invader from embarrassment before a horrified world, is a prisoner. Hitler rules Austria.

A week later I am myself in the hands of the police. The Vienna chief of the Gestapo, a gigantic Prussian officer in the ominous black uniform of the Elite Guards, is cross-examining me. "Last night you were served with an order of expulsion. You wrote that you had heard and seen a German officer shout out to a group of Austrian staff officers a threat that if they did not go back at once into the Chancellery, he would give orders to shoot."

"Certainly I did."

"It was no officer—only a sentry."

"I am sorry, *Herr Oberregierungsrat*, but it was an officer. I saw the whole incident and I stand by what I wrote." The Gestapo chief is evidently not used to dealing with people who are not completely at his mercy and have no need to cringe before him like the unfortunate victims of Fascism over whose life, liberty, and death his word can decide. For after a while he says, "You were old enough to serve in the war?"

"Yes."

"Officer?"

"Yes."

"*Man merkt's*" (One sees it).

A telephone bell rings. The Prussian snatches up the receiver: "What, you've got the editor? *Einsperren!* Lock him up! Confiscate everything! Report to me! *Heil Hitler!*"

He turns back to me: "Your order of expulsion will be canceled."

"Thank you. But if you do so the cancellation must be unconditional. I must be free to report the facts here, otherwise you had better let the order stand."

"I leave you free to report facts, but you must make it clear that these are abnormal revolutionary days."

"To that condition I can readily agree, for I have only to look out of your window to see the truth of it."

Follows a week during which I am rung up half a dozen

times from the Berlin bureau of the *Times*, with endless variations of the same message. "The German Foreign Office wants to know how soon you are leaving. They say, Vienna is not a news center now but Berlin. They want to know why you are still there and why you do not go?"

"I leave voluntarily after the plebiscite as instructed by New York, but not a day before. And you can tell the Nazi press chief that he may as well stop wasting his, your, and my time by dropping hints of this type. It is up to them to expel me with or without notice at any moment. But they will not bluff me into going 'voluntarily' until I have done my job here." Next day, a Friday, at 7 P.M., I am in the hands of the police.

". . . to be out of Germany including Austria by noon on Monday, failing which forcible measures will be taken. Sign on the dotted line. No, we have no reasons to give you. There is no appeal and we shall not let you go by a later train."

Next Monday, 9:15 A.M., Vienna East station. Customs officers with swastika armbands search my baggage minutely, examine the turnup of trousers for bank notes or anti-Nazi literature, prod my soap with needles. A fly rod in its aluminum case is the object of deep suspicion. Finally comes the verdict: "You are not allowed to leave Austria. You have no certificate showing that your income tax has been paid."

"Just as you like. It is a matter of indifference to me, which you had better settle with the detective whom the Gestapo has put in charge of me. His orders are to see that I am over the frontier before noon." The detective wins, puts me aboard the nonstop train, shakes hands and wishes me luck. He is an Austrian, and stands modestly in the background, looking almost wistfully at the jovial crowd of colleagues, good friends of the last twelve years, who have come to see me off. In their midst appears a once familiar face, which I have missed for two years.

"I just had to come to see you off. Do you remember the farewell cocktail party you gave for me two years ago, while I was

arrested and expelled for spreading information from Nazi sources? Now I am back here again, the white-headed boy, and you are the black sheep. Good luck, and come back when the tables are turned once more, and I am expelled as a Nazi again."

Someone gives me a chocolate cake, another a book, yet another Hungarian peach brandy. Someone has brought red roses, another carnations, another an ode, piping hot from the ovens of the muse, in memory of summer nights in quieter times when we sat over cooling drinks in my flat until the songs of the early birds called him home. Hence its title—"To Old Bird Eric":

*The birds indigenous in Wien
Are, sadly, no more to be seen.
"Die Zeiten haben sich entfaltet,
Und Vogel, sogar, gleichgeschaltet."
Let's dote upon the present rage,
Yellow canaries in a cage;
They're not allowed to have their fling,
They're told the songs they have to sing,
They're told to linger on a note,
They're told the very way to vote,
And offered in most strident terms,
Most carefully selected worms;
That God ordained His Hitler weather,
That feathers are of equal feather,
That Germany does not end here
But rather in the stratosphere,
You're lucky in this hurly-burly
To be the first bird to leave early.*

Red carnations. The train is moving off from the city which during twelve years I have come to love as my own—and in four weeks to hate for what it has become. Outside the station

stand some of the great municipal workers' houses built by Socialists for Socialists, now smothered in the swastikas of the Fascists—to enable me to go into exile happy and dry-eyed. For this provincial German city ringing with the harsh Prussian accent of the Third Reich, its soft baroque palaces almost shuddering at the crash of the goose-stepping of the army of occupation, with ten per cent of its inhabitants, rich and poor, cultured and simple, flung on to the streets as pariahs overnight, because their veins are not filled with the unmixed blood of the Teutonic tribes which once before ravaged European civilization from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, with tens of thousands more treated the same way despite Germanic blood, because they loved their country's liberty too well, with every prison packed with harmless citizens whose only crime is that they failed to bow before the new Moloch in Berlin, with its press gangs driven out by brown-shirted brutes with slung rifles to degrading labor in the streets amidst the jeers of the scum of Vienna's slums and suburbs, with its hastening motor trucks, laden with loot for the Fatherland—this is not the beloved capital. I throw back a red carnation—someone catches it up; just a memory, a perfume of the Vienna that was before the betrayal of 1934, before the rape of 1938.

What was that vanished Vienna, what my life and work in it for the past twelve years? Now, on the threshold of a new life, in the last outpost of democracy in Central Europe, Czechoslovakia, let me run through the old files before I burn them.

Eight countries—now seven—432,700 square miles of territory, an area twice as big as France, a population of seventy-eight millions—twice that of France. That population speaking thirteen languages, divided not only externally by frontiers, but internally by language differences, rival religions, sometimes by centuries of subjection of a part of the population to

an alien rule and culture from which they have not yet been liberated.

Those countries included—before the *Anschluss*—one democracy, Czechoslovakia, surrounded by hostile autocracies. Two were self-proclaimed nonparliamentary, Fascist States—Austria and Greece. The latter has a militarist-Fascist dictatorship which has inspired a terror in the population not paralleled outside Germany. The former was a dictatorship which declined the name and whose rigors were often modified by the desire to hunt with the dictator hounds while running with the democratic hares of Western Europe. Two cabinets governed by a monarch's yes men under conditions which make parliament a façade and a farce—Bulgaria and Rumania. Another, Yugoslavia, governed by a dictatorship in decline. Hungary, the kingdom without a king, is ruled by a feudal caste in uneasy co-operation with the more autocratically minded small bourgeoisie. Albania, land of clans and chieftains, is ruled by a self-made king, born a chieftain, advanced to presidency by fighting and political adroitness, still uncrowned because his iron crown is in a glass case in the Austrian State Museum.

The countries are united with and opposed to one another, subservient to, rebellious from, or hostile to one or other Great Power or group of Great Powers in a sort of pull-Devil pull-painter tussle. Devil or painter can at any time pull hard enough to overthrow the other and start a war.

Such are some of the forces which were arrayed against *The New York Times* correspondent for central and southeastern Europe, whose general headquarters was, until recently, in Vienna. Pretty formidable? Yes. Against it he was able to put into the field a second-in-command (an army corps in himself, for he was born and brought up amidst this welter of races, languages, creeds, and political systems), an American-born secretary-accountant, one day and one night office boy, and in

each capital a garrison consisting of one local subcorrespondent. Then there were the irregular forces on whom he could rely for often irregular support—news agencies, newspapers, tip-off men paid and unpaid, a host of people with axes to grind such as press attachés of legations, *émigrés*, aboveground and underground political workers, subsidized news agencies trying to conceal the flavor of a pint of propaganda in a gallon of genuine news, volunteer suppliers of alleged scoops calculated, of course, to disconcert political opponents and others of that kidney. Doubtful allies, these—they might almost be reckoned with the enemy, in the war against deadlines to make headlines.

Another bunch could certainly be considered as hostile irregulars—the T.W.'s. They started sniping operations early and finished late—damned late—preferably bang on the deadline. They liked to take a potshot at me early, when I had been in bed a couple of hours after an all night story. Thus: bedside phone rings. "Is that Mr. Gedye? Delighted to make your acquaintance, Sir. I've just got off the seven-thirty morning train from Paris, after a comfortable journey and I'm feeling fine." (I'm not.) "I read an article of yours in 1929 about agricultural problems of Bulgaria. When can I come around and have a real good talk with you about it?"

(I've spiked that particular line of T.W. attack—the assault on the bed—by having my home telephone number removed from the book and put on the secret list and threatened the office boy with instant death if he revealed it to anyone but another member of *The New York Times* family.)

But at any other moment of the day and night, especially in the tourist season, you were liable to T.W. sniping. (Need I say that T.W. stands for Time Waster?) They would get me on the phone with greetings as of a long-lost brother and a tale which began with having met in New York "an editor" of *The New York Times*, whose name you would never find in the roster, and ending with an offer of an unheard-of bargain in Oriental

rugs. They came in—females, these, usually—all smiles and horn-rimmed glasses, and would like to spend the next four hours getting material out of me for articles in the *House Town Advertiser* and *Little Mudland Sun*. (Not long ago two of them thought that among the duties of *The New York Times* staff was to take tiresome and unprepossessing females winebibbing o' nights in *Heurige*—wine gardens.) Others, uninvited, blew in and offered to give, or sell, scoops, military secrets, proofs that Hitler is a Jew, that Dollfuss was a Nazi, and Cardinal Archbishop Innitzer an ally of Moscow, schemes to cure all the ills of the world by bimetallism, silver currencies, gold currencies, inflation, deflation, emigration, immigration, and assassination. Others again wanted to be supplied with information in great detail (and to cross-question me on it rigorously), on every conceivable angle of every imaginable problem, economic, political, and religious, of eight countries in particular and the rest of the world in general. They wanted to know the best place to stay to find rest, quiet, noise, gaiety, relief from hay fever and rheumatoid arthritis, the smartest, simplest and cheapest hotels, times of trains, Danube steamers, and airplanes, good restaurants in Budapest and the cheapest hotel in Skoplje, and, of course, and invariably, the date, place of outbreak, and final outcome of the next war.

And yet—with its profuse problems and difficulties, the constant struggles involved against the easygoing and utterly unreliable habits of officialdom in eight countries all touched in greater or less degree with the indolence of the Orient, Vienna was a good post—the best I could have wished myself. Nowhere was one safer from the risk of boredom, of having nothing to study, nothing to watch. Nothing to send from any of the eight countries there may be once a year. Yet that day has very likely involved more of the reading, talking, sifting, and rejection of possible stories which takes up ninety-five per cent of the foreign correspondent's time, than any other.

Vienna combined the post of resident correspondent and traveling Special like no other capital. I am pretty sure that I was the only resident *Times* man who had to keep a couple of hundred dollars in Traveler checks permanently in a drawer of his desk. I had to be independent of banking hours and equipped and ready to dash off at any hour of the day or night by rail, automobile, airplane, or seaplane to any corner of eight countries. The journey might be by air to Belgrade, by seaplane to Durazzo, by automobile to the Czech frontier, by rail to Athens—or merely by taxicab to the nearest street barricade in Vienna. In every case it meant getting off from the starting point at the word “go.” During the last ten years I have made such taxicab dashes to Vienna barricades in 1927 (burning of the Palace of Justice), in February, 1934 (counterrevolution and shelling of the workers’ houses), and in July, 1934 (assassination of the Chancellor by Nazis and storming of the Nazis in broadcasting headquarters by the police). I have dashed to Yugoslavia to see the outbreak of war with Italy—which was averted. To Bucharest I have gone by rail and flown half a dozen times on critical occasions connected with its royal house, when revolution constantly threatened. I have rushed to Athens to see an exiled King of Greece return in triumph and to St. Pölten to see a King of England and Emperor of India arrive in exile. I have marched with Nazis at Graz; watched Hitler enter Vienna. I have sailed the length of the Adriatic to Albania to see a chieftain and president make himself king, and made a dash by rail and seaplane to see his best friend try unsuccessfully to dethrone him. I have hurried to the Czechoslovak-German frontier to find out whether Hitler was really about to invade the country, flown often to Prague to hear from Eduard Beneš assurances that he was the least-disturbed statesman in Europe over Germany’s repeated threats to his country. I have gone hurriedly to Yugoslavia to witness electoral terrorism—and left even more hurriedly before I could write a line, in the company of secret police who

deposited me gently on the Austrian frontier. I have been told in Bucharest by the head of the secret police, "If you are not over the frontier within twenty-four hours, you will be somewhat painfully thrown over it by gendarmes"—and have stayed on untouched. I have walked in top hat and morning coat across the dusty square of Tirana past the execution place where from sunrise to sunset the day before the bodies had dangled of the last three enemies of the monarch who was receiving me in audience. I have found myself amidst riots and street fighting, revolver and machine-gun fire, got to know rulers and revolutionaries, assassins and martyrs, conspirators and those whose lives were devoted to hunting them down, with some degree of intimacy.

Those are some of the reasons why the *Vienna Times* man might have died in a number of ways, but never of boredom. Those are just the high lights. In between was the fascination of studying the manifold problems of eight countries, of keeping in touch with political currents above and below ground, of trying to be sufficiently close to monarchists and republicans, Fascists and Communists, Nazis and Jews, the ruling and the revolutionary classes in order to understand the plans and aspirations of each—all multiplied, for the Vienna post, eight times. And often having understood the day-to-day situation of each country, and got somewhere near the truth—a task made so infinitely harder in any dictatorship, with its silencing of contradiction, criticism and of all popular voices—hidden behind official propaganda, there was the separate problem of how to tell it without avoidable collision with the forces who want it concealed. Ever present, too, was the problem of selection—of how far you over there can be expected to take an interest in the affairs of these small countries, of making you realize why and how it is worth your while to do so. . . . One makes mistakes. Once I thought an exclusive interview in Zagreb with Dr. Vladko Matchek, in which this national leader of

the Croats outlined a startling program of complete separation from the Serbs, was worth a six-hundred-word cable. The powers that be decided that, in the then state of Europe, no one was interested in "a peasant leader," and that cable never went. Journalists' lottery! It's all part of the game.

And now let a few episodes take up the story of what this game is to me.

Breakfast at home on a summer morning in 1927. (Watermelon, coffee with Schlagobers, fried Rheinanken from the Salzkammergut lakes.) Telephone bell. Tip-off man speaking: "Better get out on the Ringstrasse quick. The workers only learned at six this morning that the three Fascists who shot down a Socialist worker and a child at Schattendorf have been acquitted. All factories struck and men and women are marching in procession to Parliament." Within ten minutes I was standing among them outside the Parliament building—old men with sparse, bent frames and lined faces, young bronzed giants from the machine room and goods yard, streetcar drivers in uniform, women of all ages, an escort of workmanlike uniformed figures, the Republican Defense Corps (the Socialist Party Guard), whose job it is to control this demonstration of hundreds of thousands and prevent violence. The demonstrators carry banners—"Down with reaction," "Punish the Murderers," "No class justice." They are resentful, determined but quiet. The procession halts—and remains halted for half an hour. Something is blocking the road. Soon I see what it is.

Away on the left, sabers flash in the brilliant sunlight as mounted police—too few to control, enough to infuriate the marching masses—are charging. Stones and brickbats whirl through the air at them. Revolvers of foot police spit viciously and workers drop and lie still. Someone has blundered. The police, up all night, expecting trouble from the unjust verdict

reached at ten on the preceding evening, have stupidly been dismissed to their beds at 6 A.M., the very hour when the Socialist workers first learn of the verdict from their outraged party organ on reaching the factories. Socialist leaders have warned the police chiefs that a peaceful demonstration is essential, as an outlet lest worst should befall. The police should be visible, in force, but not provocative, or there will be an explosion. . . . But the police are in bed in a thousand scattered houses; those who are not are just enough to anger without overawing the crowds and some lose their heads. A terrible snarling noise begins in the crowds and rises to a roar. The Republican Defense Corps is brushed aside. Railings are torn up, cobblestones piled, weapons and barricades improvised. I am caught between police charging and firing, and demonstrators retreating, throwing missiles as they run. I try to look like a member of a nonintervention committee and presumably succeed, as neither side hits me. The police dash past and I get a nice snapshot of the business end of police revolvers engaged on business. . . . At mid-day dead and wounded lie in the roadway. I notice an old ice-cream seller under cover of a garden wall ringing his little bell in the din and selling impartially to perspiring police and sweating demonstrators as the battle sways this way and that past his shelter. Vienna remains Vienna, in need of ice cream though the air is heavy with death. . . .

Columns of smoke rise over one of the great buildings on the Ring. The Palace of Justice has been set alight, though at the risk of his life, Karl Seitz, Burgomaster of Vienna and Socialist Party Chief, has been pleading with the crowd for peaceful action. Gradually the police drive back the furious masses. Then, at midday, when all is really over, the police get carbines, whose savage crack goes on all the afternoon. General strike. No telephones, no telegrams. By car to the Czechoslovak frontier, through armed strike and Government troops to Brati-

slava, to file the story there. That was the *Fünfzehnte Juli*—July 15, 1927. In three days the strike is broken—largely by Heimwehr, now heard of for the first time. With the strike, though they will not know it for another six years, breaks the great Social-Democratic Party. For Chancellor Monsignor Seipel refuses reconciliation or pardon and builds up month by month, year by year, the illegal Fascist Heimwehr in order to destroy the Socialists utterly. Though he dies before *Der Tag*, it is really his day when it comes.

Four days later. The gates of Vienna Central Cemetery. Between black smoking censers on a vast black catafalque, draped each with the Red Flag of the proletariat beside mountains of wreaths, stand eighty-five coffins containing the bodies of workmen and women. As the coffins are removed one by one on the broad shoulders of the comrades of the dead and carried into the cemetery, there are scenes which do not bear description—scenes which I want still, after ten years, to forget—as despairing men and women flung themselves sobbing across coffins, shrieking for vengeance with clenched fists, and then staggering with almost animal howls along the cypress-lined paths behind them.

My taximan says, scowling at me: "You, correspondent of some capitalist sheet, no doubt—will you tell the truth about this picture?" I promise him I will—but it is done in a hurry, for I have another funeral assignment already, and next day am in Cotroceni Palace, standing by a royal bier as his subjects file past the open coffin of King Ferdinand of Rumania. His gray shrunken features around which flies keep buzzing are strangely peaceful considering the physical suffering which has been his for the last three years. Two days later I go by special train filled with the world's press on the five-hour journey to Cortea de Arges, burial place of Rumanian kings. The free lunch provided on board is so excellent, and the wine so abundant, that we draw the blinds at stations, lest the peasantry see

how jovial Government officials and hard-boiled pressmen can be at a royal wake.

Through three miles of peasantry in national costumes, collected from every corner of Rumania, and forming a picture of brilliant color such as I have never seen equaled even in the Balkans, I plod from the station to Cortea des Arges mausoleum, for there are no conveyances. The peasants all hold long candles in their hands. Here and there a girl sits, her embroidered blouse wide open, unconcernedly giving the breast to her child. The track—it is no more—is many inches thick in dust. In one hand I clutch a top hat and black gloves, in the other a portable typewriter. The red dust rises from the road in thick clouds as I scurry along to reach the cemetery before the royal cortege. The sun beats down, sweat pours down my face and neck. My stiff winged collar sags and collapses, a ridiculous wet rag. The red dust coats it.

Behind a tree in the cemetery I sit down and pound out my lead. A tall, beautiful woman in widow's weeds, her eyes glistening with tears which the film men dutifully record, looks my way, and I shamefacedly hide my machine and try to look reverent before the widowed Queen Marie.

It is over. The coffin is lowered into the mausoleum. With an Italian colleague I head a wild rush for the station. Military officers, their breasts glittering with more medals than three generations of gallantry could ever earn, try to block my path. "*Allez-vous en!*" I cry frantically, waving my official press card at them. "*Je suis un haut invité de M. Bratianu.*" At the station, my Italian Fascist colleague leads me gently to a cracked mirror in the waiting room. "*Regardez, mon cher, comme vous avez l'air d'un haut invité de M. Bratianu!*" My collar, melted and reddened with dust, has become stiff again—baked by the sun into a series of red and white ridges. My tie has a heavy list to starboard. My topper has got red measles beneath its black fur, now rubbed the wrong way. My face—my face would bring

down the house in any music hall, scarlet red from sunburn, brown from dust, liberally streaked with half-dried up rivulets of sweat.

But—I have found a friend who is a close friend of Carol's. He smuggles me and my Fascist on board the royal funeral train which leaves two hours ahead of the press train. A pale girl in deep mourning—Princess Ileana—looks out of her compartment as we stand trying unsuccessfully to look like part of the furnishings of the gorgeous coach, in justifiable wonderment. Why we are not thrown out, I hardly know. My friend must be a very big friend of the court to get us through. Hungry and parched with thirst but unable to move lest we are discovered, we stowaways find the journey interminable. But we are first in Bucharest and get our beat. Then I look for food. "Everything closed—national mourning." Then I mourn too. The barman at the hotel takes pity on me. I can have a quick Amalfi (Vermouth with Tsuica), a glass of soda water, and a sandwich. Even the sandwich is affected by the atmosphere of royal mourning. As I lift it, a somberly clad figure in brown scuttles away. It is a cockroach. I am so hungry I eat the sandwich.

A cocktail party in Vienna, end of 1933. A Government supporter who knows a lot buttonholes me. "You are going to have a busy year, I fancy."

"So do I. You can't go on much longer fighting this war on two fronts, against Social Democrats and Nazis, without provoking an explosion."

"That's what I mean. The explosion's coming—soon."

"From one of them or from you?"

"From us."

"Who is going up?"

"Your friends the Social Democrats. Keep it to yourself, of course. This is not for publication."

"Good God, man, are you crazy? Dollfuss will have the whole

Western world against him if he attacks them. As it is, they support him for fighting the Nazis, but detest his treatment of the republican elements and his suppression of civil liberties and Parliament. What do you imagine England will say, and France?"

"Precious little. Britain's National Government is afraid of Germany, and Dollfuss is a buffer against Germany, so they'll shut their eyes to things he may do which British labor won't like. And if the Socialists come in again in England, they will have got used to a new regime here by the time they take office, if we act quickly. France is moving towards the Right—there will be no trouble there. Italy and Hungary are urging us to act. Since the Socialists got Italy into international hot water by revealing her secret traffic in illegal arms through Austria to Hungary last year Mussolini has inscribed on his banners 'Socialist Austria *delenda est*.' We're pretty well decided. I tell you as a friend who I believe will repay me by keeping his tongue and pen quiet, for your own information."

Somewhere in Austria, early in 1934. A politician who has sent for me to see him looks at me gravely across the table. "I have no scoop to give you, Mr. Gedye, and no news. On the contrary, I am going to put on you the heaviest burden you newspapermen are ever called upon to bear by telling you news which you must not reveal. The Dollfuss Government, in alliance with the Heimwehr-Fascists, is preparing to strike the final blow at our Party and at the Republic. We ought to have hit back before. But they have been very clever in undermining our positions without ever giving us a good battle cry to call out the masses. Now we have announced quite openly that if they do one of the four things the Heimwehr threaten—occupy the *Rathaus*, suppress the Socialist Party, dissolve the trade unions, or abolish Parliament—we shall draw the secret stores of arms they know we have—and fight. We believe the fight is also a matter of days. We believe the Chancellor has notified France

that he can no longer be bound by the promise not to touch our Party, on the strength of which the French Socialists voted for the 'Lausanne credits' last summer. We believe the Heimwehr is preparing to occupy at once a series of provincial *Rathäuser* and not to disband until the Fascist program is fulfilled. We have our backs to the wall, and we shall fight—armed defense of the Republic, of Parliament and of the workers' rights. The Government knows it and is preparing."

February 12, 1934, 11 A.M. The telephone doesn't work. The electric doorbell doesn't ring. The elevator is stationary. On the Ringstrasse, the streetcars stand still. I ask a driver, "Is it a general strike?" "We don't know. Fascists and police have raided a Socialist club in Linz for arms, they defended themselves, Government artillery has fired, all Linz has struck work. Power is cut off in Vienna. That's all we know."

A taxicab to a Socialist newspaper. Outside, the usual two police with their flat caps. The door bolted and barred. Excited youths of the Republican Defense Corps open it to an American Press card and slam it to. Inside everything deserted, disordered. I ask a Socialist journalist, "What is up?"

"Everything. A fight to the finish with the motto, 'Peace with any Government except that of Dollfuss and the Fascists.' General strike, though our communications are cut and workers have no parole yet. Armed resistance. Good-by—I'm off by the back door. The police will be here at any moment."

The Republican Defense Corps men have gone. An old doorkeeper lets me out. I was inside barely four minutes, but now there are two hundred steel-helmeted police with rifles in the roadway. The officer says, "You are arrested! Who are you?" I show my press card. "Stand where you are, or you'll be shot. I'll speak to you later. Company—load with live rounds." I am facing the company. I hope they aren't nervous, and edge away to a flank. A kindly police-lorry driver says, "You an American newspaperman? Get out of this quick. They'll never notice you."

Here, slip behind my lorry and down that side street. Vamoose!"

All night long the air is heavy with explosions. Thud, thud! Thud, thud, thud. CRASH and THUD. Machine guns rattle an accompaniment as the shells make breaches in the model dwellings of the Socialists, behind whose walls determined though despairing workingmen stand by their plentiful rifles and few machine guns. At daybreak, many hand in their rifles, break the General Strike parole, and go to work. At dusk they slink back through the Government lines, draw their rifles again, and fire all night. Death they risk bravely—but not unemployment, and starvation for wives and children.

Next morning I and my colleague, Emil Vadney, after getting between two lines of fire several times in the disorderly battle line, manage to reach advanced Heimwehr headquarters. They have just stormed the Workers' Club in Ottakring and they take us in. The building is wrecked with shells and scarred with thousands of bullets. At one window on the courtyard hangs a man—one of the defenders, driven mad by shellfire, has hanged himself to avoid capture.

Karl Marx Hof. I stand by the howitzers pounding the building. An Italian colleague looks on approvingly. The Chancellor is doing their bidding at last. Presently the white flag goes up, and fifty workers, pale and shaken, unshaven and filthy, their hands above their heads, run the gauntlet of Heimwehr and police into the open and are rounded up. It's all over, bar reprisals.

Saturday, 4 P.M. Bratislava, just across the Czech frontier. "We had no alternative. It has been terrible, but it was a better way to go down, with colors flying, than, like German Social Democracy, to strike the flag without firing a shot. German Socialism is dead and unhonored. Our dead have made an epic of Austrian Socialism which will one day enable it to rise again from its ashes." Thus one of the two escaped leaders, with a price on their heads, speaks his epilogue to me.

Three hours later I am in the Ballhausplatz in Vienna. A high

Foreign Office official tells me, "We respect and pity the misled workers, but as for their cowardly leaders, who were in Prague before the fighting began, their pockets full of money . . ."

I beg his pardon. "Three hours ago I was talking to Otto Bauer and Julius Deutsch—not in Prague, but in Bratislava, where they arrived two days ago, after the fighting was over, practically penniless. Deutsch has been wounded."

"Socialist propaganda."

I pull a photo out of my pocket. It shows Julius Deutsch with a bandaged eye. "This was taken in Bratislava. I saw the doctor who attended him. I got his medical description of the wound here—hit by a ricochet bullet. Temporary blindness. Will recover."

The official shrugs his shoulders and turns away.

Next morning, Sunday, there is a triumphant reception of the Press at the headquarters of Major Fey, the Heimwehr-Fascist commander. The preceding Sunday he had told his men on parade, "The Chancellor is with us in everything now. Tomorrow we start in, and we'll make a clean sweep." It was Major Fey who ordered and directed the shelling of the workers' houses till resistance collapsed—his "clean" sweep. This morning he is doing his stuff for the Foreign Press finely. There is propaganda, sandwiches, and sherry by the cask. The propaganda we find hard to swallow. The sandwiches and sherry, quite impossible.

July. This year 1934 has been a hard one, but vacations are near. In one week now I shall be lying on my back on a Riviera beach, drinking in the blazing sun which takes all weariness out of my bones, reinvigorates my brain, and sends me back with an appetite for the game again. The French travel office is on a corner of the Kärntnerstrasse and I come out elated, ticket to Nice and sleeper in my pocket. On the next corner there is a small crowd, keeping carefully away from the roadway. In a sidestreet, the Annagasse, stands a policeman, pistol in hand.

Pop! He has let fly, apparently at the roof. Pop, pop—at a window. I go up and ask him what is on. "Is this just a criminal affair, or something political?" Pop—"Political, I think—I don't know." Pop, pop.

"Who's in that house you're firing at—Nazis or Communists?"

Pop-pop-pop! "Oh, get out, or you'll get killed." Pop, pop. "Nazis, I think. But"—pop, pop—"GET OUT."

I phone the office from a telephone booth. "I'm not coming back. There's shooting on here—looks like a big story."

"Can't be as big as all that. There's a much bigger story on. The radio has just announced that Dollfuss has resigned and Rintelen has formed a Cabinet."

I just stop to hand back my ticket and sleeper for cancellation to the travel bureau, who think I am a lunatic, and off to the Johannesgasse, the radio headquarters in the next street to the Annagasse, to inquire. The street is blockaded with hundreds of steel-helmeted police, some carrying hand grenades and rifles, others mounting machine guns, and training them on Broadcasting Headquarters. At last it dawns on me—the two big stories are one story. The Nazis are in the Ravag, and they have announced the change of Government.

While I watch the battle, the roar of machine guns, the crash of bursting bombs, I see an armored car pass the end of the Kärntnerstrasse, and move slowly round the Ring. I seize a taxi and follow. At the Ballhaus Platz it draws up and stops. A string of Heimwehr begins to get into position. But the great doors are closed and most of the blinds are drawn. Clearly there is no story here; these are just precautionary measures, and I dash back to my battle. Wrong move. The story was behind the closed doors of that quiet, dull-looking building, where Austria's Chancellor was already bleeding to death and one hundred and forty desperate Nazis had barricaded themselves in.

That night it was another automobile dash to Bratislava to phone the story, for the Austrian censor had cut the wires.

A Vienna prison, March, 1934. I am shown various star Socialist prisoners—Karl Seitz, Mayor of Vienna, scornful of his captors and unyielding, city councilors, and party leaders. Their cells are tiny and silent; the humiliation must be unbearable. But they all agree—no ill treatment. The Government are right to invite me to convince myself of this.

Passing through corridors, I stop at a door. "Who is in here?"

"Nobody much. Just rank-and-file Socialists. You wouldn't be interested."

"Please—or am I refused permission to go in?"

They unlock the door. Twenty unkempt, weary-looking men. "How are you treated?"

"Treated? Here, well. The food's rotten."

"And before?"

A pause—then tongues begin to wag. "At the police station—he was kicked. I was beaten. They were knocked silly." I am hustled out, and the door is slammed.

Again 1934. A sunny camp. Boys, brown as berries and half naked, are playing football, lounging in the grass, reading. In the hutments, photos of best girls adorn bedsides. It is rough, but no rougher than the average soldier's hutments. The Camp Commandant appears, and a chorus of abuse breaks out. The Commandant blushes, and I feel sorry for him. He has no easy job running the Austrian concentration camp—or rest camp for Austrian Nazis at Wöllersdorf.

It is the second time I have been in a concentration camp. The first was in Germany—Dachau, in Bavaria—a Nazi concentration camp. I enter a hutment with the Commandant. A shrill command, and every prisoner leaps to his feet and freezes to attention. "Please ask them what you like," smiles the Commandant.

I go to speak to a man at the far end of the room. "Are you," I begin—then stop. There is sheer terror in his eyes. With half a glance over my shoulder, I see that the Nazi officers have followed me right up to the man. I change my intended question about ill treatment and ask him—"married or single?" I may be hard-boiled—but I am not going to be responsible for what will happen after I leave, if his feelings get the better of his discretion. "How long are they here for?"

"Oh, as long as we think fit. Months, years—a few forever." "What are they charged with?" "Oh, they won't be charged. We know them—that's enough." (I am the first individual journalist to see a German concentration camp, and find it all rather new and hard to understand.)

An indiscreet orderly takes me to the gate, and with a few quiet questions I get my story. "What, you haven't seen the machine guns? We have them all around the camp in these little huts. Didn't the Commandant show you the live electric wire surrounding the camp which it is instant death to touch? Nor the punishment cells? Nor the place where we buried four whom we shot yesterday while attempting to escape? Oh, you've missed the best of the camp!"

The New York Times office in Vienna. "How soon can I have a private airplane ready to fly to Tirol? How much? All right, I'll take it."

No—I'm not in the habit of doing this on my own account. The *Times* (together with *Wide World Photos*) is footing the bill. A scientist has just arrived in Tirol from a long journey, that's all, a journey which no one has ever made before. He's come back from the stratosphere. We start, and come down to refuel at Salzburg. Sunny and peaceful. Pilot looks grave. "We can't go on—there's three thunderstorms coming up three Alpine valleys and we'll meet them at Innsbruck." Consultation with *Wide World*. "We must go on. Will you fly us, or do you re-

fuse?" "I'll fly you—I was through the war. But I've warned you."

Over Innsbruck we met the three storms all right. A magnificent spectacle. Far below us the sides of the blackening Alps seem split asunder to disclose a molten interior as the lightning flashes back and forth. Gusts of hot air play on our faces. The thunder crashes below, around, above. We drop through air pockets so deep, and hit the air at the bottom with such a bang, that the photo man's pencils fly out of his pocket and hit the roof of the plane. All the landscape is blotted out except the silvery line of the River Inn, and I hope we fall into that. It seems a cleaner death, somehow.

The pilot passes in a note. "I'm beat. We've got to land." Somehow he does. The photo man tells him, "You've got to go on. Piccard's landed on a glacier and so must you." The pilot gives us a bitter look and says, "Then you'll have to fly yourselves. I've had enough of flying newshawks. I'm going to look for a nice quiet war somewhere."

We are dismayed. All this rush and expense for nothing. A stranger greets us. "Jump into my car. I'll drive you to Zwieselstein and you can climb the mountain to Piccard." Who, what and why he was, I never discovered. He drove us five hours through torrents of rain, waited all night, paid his own bills, drove us back, and refused all payment. "But if you could mention my name in the paper, I'd love it," he said. Sportsman! He saved our lives. He got his mention.

At Zwieselstein, no mules. We slog it up to Obergurgl, getting there at 2 A.M. Piccard, of course, in bed and must not be disturbed. All very well, but I must get my story. Tomorrow the whole pack will be here.

I reconnoiter the corridors with the boots, and slip him a tip. He points to a vast pair of boots, and I knock. (I have seldom felt more ashamed, but it's all in the game.)

"*Herr Professor—bitte schoen.*" At length the door opens.

A gaunt, bespectacled figure, his long legs protruding from a peasant nightshirt which stops short of his knees. "*Um Gottes willen!* What's up?"

"*Herr Professor*—a thousand apologies. But the whole world, and in particular *The New York Times*, wants to know—are you all right? How was it in the stratosphere? What discoveries have you made?"

"This is outrageous! Yes, I'm all right. And I've discovered that the stratosphere is a far pleasanter place than the earth—it has no journalists. Now leave me in peace."

An agitated *Wide World* man dashes from cover, flashlight in hand. "Just one picture—just one, *Herr Professor*. Get into bed, if you like—just your face will do."

"How dare you?" screams the outraged savant. "That is the worst of all—a photo in bed? What do you take me for—a film star?"

Next day he generously forgives me, drives off the news-hungry pack, and scrambles over the rocks to solitude to give me an exclusive story for *NANA* for which he has contracted. Only when I suggest his bedroom for privacy does he hit back. "What—you believe I have privacy there, after last night?" But his eyes twinkle all the same. He is a very lovable as well as a very famous person. We have a hard job detecting the spies with notebooks and cameras who try to creep up through the grass to us as we talk amidst the crags of Obergurgl.

A very simple inn at a little market town in Czechoslovakia, near the German frontier. I am lunching with a pleasant-mannered young man, athletic-looking despite his gold-rimmed spectacles—no wonder, for he is a gymnastic teacher. I have come all the way from Vienna to have this simple lunch of boiled beef, potatoes, and beer, and have spent a week in Prague getting it fixed up. My companion's talk is all of democracy and of Parliamentary Government in which he tells me he really be-

lieves. "But why, Herr Konrad Henlein," I ask him, "do you not stand for Parliament yourself, if you are so democratic? You know they call you the Czechoslovak Hitler—as you tell me, without cause. Why do you follow Hitler's tactics so closely, even to leading a party which is represented in Parliament, but yourself standing aloof?" For the first time in our long talk the spellbinder who has convinced half Downing Street that he is not a Hitler, but the best barrier against him (if only the Czech Government will give him his way), hesitates. "Well, you see"—he speaks with charming diffidence and a convincing appearance of sincerity—"my Czech is so bad, I should not understand all the Czech deputies said in Parliament." "But you could speak in German?" "Oh, yes." "And your Party's deputies, do they all speak perfect Czech?" "Oh, no—but you see, as leader"—he smiles deprecatingly. "But I am studying Czech hard." "And then you'll stand for Parliament, I suppose?" "Well, yes, if I can perfect my Czech before the next elections, I suppose I shall." But he seems doubtful about it, doesn't like the question. "Our party anti-Semitic? A libel, Mr. Gedye. We haven't any clause excluding Jews from membership." "Have you a large Jewish membership?" "Not so big, no." "Have you any at all?" "Well, not here, perhaps, in the provinces. But in Prague, I believe, there are one or two Jews in the Party." "Are you sure?" "I believe it is true." (I don't.) Henlein pays the bill, and a lad at the next table gets up and follows us. "My bodyguard," murmurs the leader of the Sudeten German Party, but does not say against whom he needs one, in this ultranationalist district of which he is uncrowned king.

I am not exactly won over, but I am impressed. Konrad Henlein is hard to resist. He may not have heard of the old school tie, but he can do its stuff all right. Then I am handed over to one of his lieutenants, who introduces me round, and I begin to get the goods. I am told what they think of the Czechs—it is largely unprintable. There are telling little phrases—"this so-

called state"—"we have stood it far too long"—"thanks to the nightly broadcasts for us from the Reich, we know"—"corrupt democracy and rotten parliamentarianism"—"ah, when Hitler comes"—soon I know enough. Oh, Konrad Henlein, London is far away, and Downing Street has lots to think of. You may go over big there; you may even put it across the Royal Institute of International Affairs to some extent; but before you convince a newspaperman on the spot of your enthusiasm for this state, for democracy, and of your complete dissociation from Hitler, you must try to convince your too enthusiastic supporters of all this. All the same, when Beneš suppressed the Nazis as a party which openly sought to use the principles of democracy only to destroy it, the hardheaded bosses behind the Party showed unusual acumen in picking this attractive young man as figurehead. But if I may paraphrase:

*I somehow like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But all the same, I know full well
I don't quite trust thee, Dr. Fell.*

Next day I am with the Opposition—which in this case means the German Social Democrats, Catholics, and Agrarians who support the Government—one-third of the German population against two-thirds who follow Henlein. I talk to trade unionists, dismissed and boycotted because they refused to join Henlein's Sudeten German Party, see men whom his storm troopers have beaten up on the good old Nazi model, drive along the Czech side of the German frontier while my guides quietly take out their revolvers and hold them on their knees. There have been too many kidnappings here to take any chances, and one could throw a stone at the dread figures in black SS uniforms across the road and hit them. . . . As I leave my hotel for the station, a gentleman sitting outside takes out a pair of field glasses and

studies the hotel façade, turning his shoulder towards me. He is a Czech secret policeman and his "field glasses" have a "round-the-corner" lens and provide him with half a dozen snaps of me—as I am told later in Prague. They like to know who talks to Henlein down there.

It has been hard enough to get to him, anyway. The Czechs had known I was after him—and took measures accordingly. If you associate with enemies of the regime in Germany, you are likely to get beaten up. In Austria, expelled. In Czechoslovakia you are asked out to lunch—and to dinner. Unsought interviews are thrust upon you. Also theater tickets. In fact, you are kept so busy with "legitimate" activities that there is no time for you to meet the undesirables.

Prague, 1937. The palace of the Hradschin, high up on the cliffs above the lovely old city—the palace of the Bohemian kings. I am ushered through long suites of rooms into the presence of a little man, with furrowed face and twinkling eyes and a gay smile. Ex-schoolmaster—now President of the Czechoslovak Republic—probably Europe's shrewdest statesman, certainly its most optimistic. The audience is private—not for publication—and illuminating, penetrating in its harsh, realistic analysis of the situation. Without permission, I may perhaps quote its conclusion:

"I've seen you many times in the last ten years, Mr. Gedye. You have put before me so many problems. You have laughed at my optimism sometimes. And now look back—was I not right? You asked me, would the Hungarians move against us? What would we do if the Habsburgs were restored? Where would we stand when the Little Entente collapsed? How could we go on if France dropped us? How could we face a German invasion? And each time I told you, 'Rest assured—nothing will happen. Just exactly nothing.' And I told you why. Well, was I not right? Has anything happened? Yes, I'm an optimist, a reasoned optimist—a reasonable optimist. And I tell you

again today, when the world's press is uttering jeremiads again about Czechoslovakia, the same thing that I have told you before—nothing will happen. We have taken the necessary measures, and we have taken care that it is known. Let the cares of Central Europe slip quite easily off your shoulders, my poor, worried friend. Nothing will happen. . . .” Beneš will always be the best tonic in Central Europe for me—until it *does* happen. And then no tonics will help any of us any more.

By train to Bucharest. Not a big story this time—no kings to be buried, no revolution, no war threatening. Just a few of the world's weakest, the most unfortunate, have been suffering. Agencies have cabled stories of the merciless beating-up and torturing of the long-suffering Jews of Rumania, fair game for any bully in this country today, as in the Russia of the czars. I go to Parliament and talk to Jewish deputies in the corridors. They are vague. “Yes, they were beaten up. But what can one do? This is Rumania. From time to time we have always been beaten here—we always shall be.” I talk to a little old man with red-rimmed eyes, an aggressive manner, and a straggling beard. It is Professor Cuza, the anti-Semitic leader and Fascist colleague of Octavian Goga—“Gaga” and Goga. “Have you yourself a drop of Jewish blood in your veins? Not one? Then I can speak to you—not otherwise. Jews beaten? Certainly, sir—and very necessary, too. My program? To beat the Jews and beat them again. Beat them down to the sea, and into it. Every single Jew. Where should they go? That's not my affair—Africa, perhaps. But out of Rumania, every single one.” Very nice, too. “Exclusive Interview. Program of Rumania's Anti-Semitic Leader.” The *Times* will use it. But about those particular Jews? New cable, “Go and see for yourself.”

A long automobile drive from 6 A.M to 5 P.M. Turgo Fromos. A desolate, down-at-heel, primitive village in Moldavia. Haggard peasants, their clothes so patched that the original garment

has vanished beneath patches. (It is the Balkan way. One pair of trousers must last most of a lifetime, and just any old rag makes a patch.) Scraggy chickens and scrofulous children roll in the dust with mangy dogs. I find the local rabbi; he gives me excellent Turkish coffee, and tells me the horrible, sordid story. A quiet summer evening disturbed by the clattering of a dozen motor trucks. Students get out, wreck Jewish shops, batter, kick, and insult the owners. They load up and depart. . . . The rabbi seems a little detached, a little hopeless, helpless—like the Jewish Member of Parliament, used to it all. But the cables said, "See for yourself." Could I perhaps meet the victims? Certainly, nothing easier.

We stroll down the line of little timbered booths called shops—nearly everyone Jewish-owned. Many have their windows broken—some doors are battered and clumsily repaired. The news spreads like wildfire: "A gentleman has come all the way from New York to investigate the raid on our village." In a trice we are surrounded, and pandemonium breaks loose. Here are Jews of the West, Jews of the East. Among the latter are wonderful old heads—Moses and all the prophets seem to be around us waiting with quiet dignity until the vociferous young men have had their say. Some venerable heads are bandaged.

But what is this the young men are saying? "As I saw them holding Ephraim by the beard and spitting in his face, I went mad. I broke the leg from a chair and went for them. Two I knocked senseless, another ran screaming with a broken nose. . . ." "Cuza's son was with them, and got a few for himself. . . ." "They howled for mercy, but we gave them hell. . . ." "They ran for their trucks and carried their wounded with them. . . ." "Look," holding up a blood-stained student's cap, "this'll never see Jassy University again. . . ." "So they arrested us, but it was worth it." A roar of approval, a babel of a dozen Ulysses, each telling his Odyssey at the same time. I laughingly disengaged myself. The biter bit—and bitten hard. Good

enough! Why don't the Jews do it oftener? In Whitechapel they seem to have done it to Mosley.

Next morning, in another desolate Rumanian village, Tighina, on the banks of a muddy, sluggish river. A railway line runs out on to an iron bridge and stops—stops like the bridge, which hangs, a twisted mass of rusty girders, into the muddied stream. Across the river the same picture. So this sundered bridge has stood since 1920. There are half-collapsed trenches on the bank. They, too, have been here since 1920. I take some photographs, and the sentry on the other side of the river signals to me to go away, or—

For this is the end of the world, the world of capitalism. Over there is a new world, where no one, they say, can employ a man and profit from his labor. Purgatory or paradise? I gaze across the great gulf fixed by General Wrangel when he blew up this, the main line to Odessa, on his retreat before the Red Army so many years ago. The Red sentry, exasperated, unslings his carbine, and I desist from musing and get back into the trench. (They repaired the bridge only two years ago, 1936, and trains cross it again after seventeen years. But the gulf is still unbridged.)

I'm back in Bucharest in my hotel. At 10 P.M. my local correspondent is coming for me to show me something which may one day produce a little local color—the great annual fair of the capital, which all the royal family attends. At nine I go up to my room to wash and change my dripping shirt. But what is this on the bed? A bug—undoubtedly. Damn! And beneath the pillow two more. Really, this is too early. I am not even in bed. If this is the advance guard, what will the main body be like? I am reminded of the man who was only signing the visitors' book when a bug ran across the page. He told the porter, "This is too much. He's looking for my room number already." In the bath, trapped, is another.

I collect the three heroes on the bed beneath a tooth glass as

corpus delicti to show to my local correspondent, and bombard them with the insect powder, without which I never travel. I raise a mountain of it, which seems to cause them great delight. They run around and seem to be snowballing one another with it. Downstairs, I meet my local correspondent and tell him I must move. Bedbugs. He tries to look sympathetic. I take him up and show him the tooth glass. He cannot suppress a smile. "Oh, Mr. Gedye, only three? You can't move for that—you will insult the manager." I tell him the story of the man who complained that he found he had slept on a dead bug to the hotel director, who replied, "Why complain of a dead bug? It couldn't bite you." The man answered, "I don't complain of that—only of the visits of condolence all night long." I suggested that without making a fuss about the advance guard, I might at least express fear of the main army. But he was adamant, so I had to have a telegram recalling me to Vienna—and drove to another hotel. When we returned from seeing the annual fair and the horrible brothels adjoining, where soldiers and peasants sit quietly in the courtyard, sipping wine, talking, playing cards—and waiting their turn—I entered my new bedroom, thereby surprising a vast army of cockroaches who scurried back into a hole by the radiator. This time my insect powder worked. Behind the barrage I put down outside the hole, black antennae waved menacingly, but could not cross it.

Two days later I was back in Vienna, having had enough of Rumania for a few months. A private telegram comes in to the office from Bucharest.

UNCLE FRITZ SINKING FAST STOP COME QUICKLY.

AUNT ANNA.

Uncle Fritz? Good God, that's the exiled Prince Carol—a cipher message to beat the censor. A scoop! But what does it mean? Where's the code? The code is years old, long forgotten

—lost. Frantic searches through dusty files. Ah, here it is at last, attached to a letter from our Bucharest correspondent:

Uncle Fritz = Carol
dying = left France for Rumania
sinking = arrived in Bucharest
slowly = by train
fast = by air
rapidly = by automobile
too late = has been arrested
no hope = fighting has begun
little hope = heavy fighting
come quickly = everything quiet.

Now we have it, and the lead can be sent.

BUCHAREST, June 6. After five years in exile former Crown Prince Carol made a dramatic return to Rumania tonight. He arrived in Bucharest from Paris by airplane at 6 o'clock this evening. . . . All is quiet in Bucharest.

For this lively year (two civil wars in Austria alone), October 9, 1934, has been a dull day, one of many when there are no high lights. Masses of routine work—editorials to wade through, articles on complicated economic and financial problems of Central Europe to ponder over, a round of not very productive Legations to visit, a call at the Foreign Office, phone calls to a couple of “my” capitals, masses of newspapers, news-agency sheets, propaganda material sifted. Accounts checked, signed, correspondence dealt with—also one T.W. It’s hot too. Perhaps one might steal an evening at home, leaving the first mate on the bridge? Evening papers arrive with big headlines: “Alexander and Barthou assassinated this afternoon in Marseilles.” Out with the dollar-check traveling reserve, phone the airport. Yes, one plane free for Belgrade tomorrow morning.

Thank God, I shall make it. Call local correspondents Belgrade, Zagreb—get first reactions. Call Vienna papers—what will your editorials say? Call Sofia (assassin said to be Macedonian). Call Belgrade again—any signs of revolution? Call Budapest—is Hungary quiet? Was the assassin staying in Hungary? Any warlike movements? Call Zagreb again—anything happening among the Croats? Get down to it—do background story—who loved, who hated Alexander in his own country? And why. Personality stuff—Dictator, Tyrant, Patriot, Hero, Democrat, Money-Maker, Self-Seeker, Self-Sacrificer, Man Who Ruined, Man Who Saved, His Country. Sort it out, cut it up, patch it, change it, revise it, rewrite it, phone Belgrade again, phone Zagreb, change your lead and—watch the clock—watch the clock. You want headlines, but they've got deadlines. Telephone home—pack for early start, please. Tropical clothes for heat, solemn clothes for funeral, the dress suit for possible audience with Prince Paul. Body's to be brought by sea to Split, so throw in a swimming suit—might get a dip while waiting. Don't forget topper and black gloves for funeral. Secretary—get out all those cuttings on Alexander, Macedonian terrorists, Croat unrest, Matchek's arrest and trial, Italy's support of Croat disorders. Didn't I once write something about Hungary and a Croat terrorist camp at Janka Pusta? Have a look, anyway. Yes, and once I interviewed Gustav Perchitch, the Croat terrorist who probably ran this murder. Get it quick. Oh, I didn't write it? Then I was a bloody fool—it was a story. What, Paris on the line, want my copy? Blast 'em, they would. . . .

Belgrade airdrome. Rows upon rows of army airplanes, ready for anything—rebellion in Croatia, rebellion in Macedonia, invasion from Hungary, invasion from Italy. A black-draped capital, hushed, frightened, bitter, angry—finger on the trigger. "What does it all mean? Did we love him? Well, no—he was a tyrant and we are democrats. But he was our tyrant, and they killed him. We hate them for that. They shan't get us that way.

Now we stand together, feuds forgotten. And after the last cartridge we've got our knives." It was all primitive stuff. Red-blooded. Unreasoned, stupid—but meant, every word of it. Glad I'm not an Italian or a Hungarian in Belgrade today.

Split—six days later. Lovely old Venetian-built, palm-clad Dalmatian seaport, famous for its bathing beaches and its girls, lovely up till twenty-two or so, when they marry and disappear, to cook, to sew, to clean the house, and to have children. (At 50 they appear again—silver-haired, with shoulders bent from household toils and wonderful lined faces—lovely still. . . .) It is not yet dawn, but all night the narrow Callés of Split have been filled with the murmur of hushed voices, with muffled footsteps. A hundred thousand men and women have been gathering all night in this ancient city of forty-five thousand inhabitants to see their King's homecoming. The voices of peasants in their red-black national costumes of Dalmatia, the picturesque cloaked Sokols with the falcon's feather in their caps, women who quietly weep, aged Komitadjis from the Turkish wars, in picturesque red uniforms and carrying muskets—are all hushed throughout this night of half sounds. I cannot sleep—the eerie reverence of the whispering voices, like ghosts of the old Venetian pirates who built this city centuries back, come softly up to my window in the little quayside hotel. Sometimes I feel I can hear the great crowds breathing. The scared, suspicious and embittered people seem to be drawing closer to one another in the night, seeking solace and courage to resist the unknown in the company of their fellows. They have killed him—our King—the tyrant. Yes, he was a tyrant. But still, our tyrant—hard to us but a very present help against all those outside the wall who want us, who want our country. His hand was stretched out above us—struck us, but let no one else strike us. And now—what? Hush—he is coming home.

Over the black archipelago dawn is breaking. But before the orange light began even to touch the tips of the mountains, I

had watched the movement of the warships' lights, far out in the bay. Six destroyers slipped softly from their anchorage to greet the *Dubrovnik*, bearing home the body of the King. And now a low slender hull is silhouetted on the horizon against the purpling night sky, streaked with the orange tints of the sun's fiery struggle for rebirth. Crash! The first salute booms with a flash out of the darkness of the mountains behind us. Crash! Crash! Amid dead silence, without the clanging of a single bell, the ship is brought to the quayside and made fast, while officers and men stand rigidly to attention. Alexander has come home. And from the narrow streets rise the voices of men and women in the melodious, mournful, heart-wringing dirge of the Slavs of Croatia and Dalmatia.

Split, seven months later. Same hotel, same balmy air, same glassy sea. Again excitement, again a big story. The Callés are again filled with crowds. But they are not reverent now, but noisily angry, inimical, ironic, disillusioned. I have just got back to my hotel, where I had arrived from Zagreb at 8 A.M. and left again after a hurried breakfast. They had asked for my passport—but I made an excuse and slipped away. The previous night a big man in a sombrero had strolled into my hotel in Zagreb and said in a broad Chicago accent, "Say, sonny, we've got you taped. You want to cover these elections in Croatia. Well, beat it. There's nothing to see, nothing to cover. The Government will give you the figures in Belgrade. Sure, I've lived in Chicago. But now I'm here again in our own secret police. Boy, if you want a story of corrupt elections, get back to little old Chicago and write it—see? But keep out of here—you might get hurt." So in Split I kept my passport in my pocket.

I had motored up and down the Dalmatian coast that day, had seen overwhelming proofs of the electoral terrorism and corruption of Premier Jeftitch. Croat voters were arrested in batches, and released when the polls were closed, roads closed,

and motor transport seized, all to keep the opposition from the polls. Gendarmes with rifles guarded the polling booths against all but Jeftitch supporters. Despite it all, on a two-hundred-mile drive through the barren but beautiful Karst plateau through a score of primitive villages, I had not heard one voice raised for Jeftitch—only wild shouts of “Zhivio Matchek, Zhivio Matchek!” My car had been garlanded with oak leaves. That rich capital of unity, devotion, and loyalty which I had seen in being seven months before had been completely dissipated, squandered.

Now I was back in my hotel with a story. I got out my typewriter, ran in a sheet of paper, and hit a couple of keys. Bang on the door. Enter an officer in dazzling uniform, complete with sword and revolver, followed by half a dozen shady-looking civilians, with secret police written all over them. “You want, gentlemen?”

“I am the Chief of Police of Split. You cannot remain in Croatia. We have elections, and foreign journalists are a nuisance. Either you take the next train to Belgrade, or I put you across the frontier.”

“But, what complaints have you? I have not had time to write a line.”

“Please do not waste my time. You have spoken with Dr. Matchek, leader of the Opposition. That is enough. Shall I have you escorted to Belgrade or to the frontier?”

“Am I arrested?”

“No.”

“Then why are these gentlemen fumbling in my suitcase? There is no money there.”

A sharp word in Serbian, and the two gentlemen look sheepish and leave my property alone. “And now, since I am not arrested, get out of my bedroom.”

“I am sorry—impossible. We stay with you until you are over the frontier, or in Belgrade.”

“As I could not hope to get out a word of the truth past the

Belgrade censor, you had better make it the Austrian frontier."

Aboard the train, my detective allows me to take a sleeper, himself sitting up in the next car. When the conductor arrives, I have no ticket—in the rush to catch the train I must have forgotten to pick it up at the booking office. My detective comes to the rescue: "You took it all right, and put it in a cardcase which is in your left-hand trousers pocket." It was.

"You are a credit to the force," I tell him. "Never will I travel in this country without a detective to look after me."

"Detective—you are arrested?" my fellow travelers ask, glaring at the detective. He retires, embarrassed, followed by hostile glances, and I am hard put to it to avoid all the pressing invitations to drink without giving offense. A prisoner of the Government is a hero in Croatia. I conclude my dispatch to the *Times* from the Austrian frontier next day with the words: "If the Government is so blind as not to recognize the amazing triumph of the Matchek cause, it will have destroyed the touching unity among Croats and Serbs before the bier of their murdered King which this writer saw so convincingly manifested in this same area only six months ago." That Government has passed, but its successor, the Stojadinovitch Cabinet, completed the destruction of that unity and even managed to create new causes of discord.

To counterbalance his troubles, a newspaperman has a few privileges: his calling card, for instance, is often as good as a *laissez-passer*. The price is—keep out of politics. It is a necessary price, but on occasions it is a hard one to pay. Here are two occasions when I failed to pay the price and would have had no excuse to offer my newspaper if I had got into a mess. The scene of each is somewhere in Balkan Europe.

"Look here, old man. Charlie is scared stiff. The Blues are after him. We're sure of it. He's got just one chance—to slip out casually with a crowd, when he won't attract so much attention.

Will you help? He's done nothing, anyway. You are leaving to-morrow. Can I come with you and bring Charlie? Then, if they do arrest him, at least I shall see it and do what I can from London to save him."

For sufficient reasons, too long to detail here, I agreed. The journey proved nerve-racking. As we got nearer to the frontier, so Charlie's pink and white complexion took on a greenish tinge, which faded to an ashy hue. We plied him with brandy and smutty stories—no good. He could not listen, he could not drink. His eyes wandered from one of us to the other. A dozen times he repeated, thinking he was making a new observation: "I'm sure it will be all right. Yes, it is sure to be all right." Every time he saw the conductor's uniform, he started.

We stood in line on the quayside, waiting to show our passports. On board the steamer was safety. Two uniformed police dealt with the passports; brutal stupidity was writ large on their bovine faces. Beside them stood another man in different uniform—the most dreaded of all in this country. He was the cat's pajamas. He was the last hand to touch the passports. He was Nemesis. Occasionally he took a list of names out of his pocket and compared it with the passports. Charlie, behind me, muttered brokenly: "I can't go on—it's all up. He's waiting for me." At that moment, Nemesis noticed the fourth man in front of us, sprang to attention, gave the approved salute, grabbed the big man's attaché case, and officiously escorted him towards the steamer. Charlie still had a chance.

The policemen seemed deliberately to slow up their passport examinations. But at last number four was passed, number three and number two. And—there was Nemesis, hurrying back to us from the gangway. There was just one moment to act. I had an inspiration, and muttering to Charlie "Go ahead, you fool" and shoving him forward, I lifted one foot and brought it down heavily on the toes of the fat man in front. He started, dropped his passport (which I politely returned), and then turned on me.

It took him nearly three minutes to finish what he had to say about my ancestry, my appearance, and my hopeless future. Meantime the bovine ones had stamped Charlie's passport, and he was halfway to the ship before Nemesis resumed his post with the passports.

When we landed, Charlie ordered oysters to start with—at fantastic prices—and there was champagne at the end. The bill came to a tenth of Charlie's total capital, but he insisted that he must pay and sulked when we refused to allow it.

The second occasion. A hotel waiter rouses me from slumber. "M. Braun." Before I can scream my indignation at this intrusion, someone has slipped in. He isn't called Braun, but I know him all right.

"Look here," he says in perfect English, "I wouldn't do this myself, but my wife is going to piéces. Two days ago I was arrested on suspicion, but my false passport passed muster. They held me the night and yesterday I was released and told not to leave my hotel pending further investigation. I've done nothing terrible from the standpoint of any democratic state, but, of course, I am an *émigré*, back with a false passport, and certainly wanted. It means fifteen years, at least. I hate to ask you, but Muriel, splendid as she has been all through, has panicked at last. You know I'm no bomb thrower—just a lover of liberty and a democrat like yourself. Can you lend a hand? If it's asking too much, say so. I don't want to get you into trouble."

Sure I could lend a hand—who wouldn't? I knew pretty well what "Braun" had done—come back from safety to peril, pulled his underground party together, got a dozen local organizations going underground. "Braun" had done more than a man need to, even without coming back—but he was a Jew, and they had said that the Jews were cowards, egging the others on to take risks and then bolting. So he came back.

Two days before, a large German Mercedes had arrived in this country, containing a well-to-do American merchant—an

idealist—with his wife and chauffeur. I got him round—what about it? He was all for it, of course, but a car, he thought, wouldn't do. Precisely automobiles would be scrutinized. But he was going to be in on the game all right.

Three hours later a train stopped at the frontier. In a first-class carriage were a touring American and his wife, a newspaperman, and two people who knew all about Balkan third-class slow-train traveling but practically nothing about a first-class express. Their passports would not have stood a close examination. They were described as "M. and Mde. Braun," and her English birth was not even mentioned. Customs—outgoing. Customs—incoming. Finance control—outgoing. Finance control—incoming. Would the passport man never come? Yes, at last. He was in the corridor looking at passports there. He was slow, methodical, and efficient. Of course, there was a list in his pocket. I pressed Muriel "Braun's" hand:

"Don't worry—it'll work out all right for him."

When he opened our door, he found the wildest bunch of rubbernecks imaginable. We had obviously had several over the eight. We deluged him with silly questions in English, broken French, halting German, and even tried a few words of the local language to placate him. Which was the smartest night club in the capital of Ruritania? And the most luxurious hotel? Didn't he know? Hadn't he ever ever crossed the frontier into Ruritania? Hadn't he ever tasted their wine? Never been drunk on his own country's? Why couldn't one get a decent sidecar on the train? (For a couple of genuine members of the intellectual proletariat, lifelong teetotalers, vegetarians, and nonsmokers, the "Brauns" showed an enthusiasm for alcohol and other pleasures of the table which would have done credit to a Savarin. But then, they were very well read.) With distaste and resentment written all over his face, the passport man glanced curtly at the passports of this bunch of ill-mannered plutocrats and slammed the door on us without a farewell.

Peace descended on the compartment. The "Brauns" wrung our hands. The Mercedes stood outside the wayside station, and we got in. The "Brauns" leant out and waved to us as the train carried them on into the heart of Ruritania—not to night clubs and champagne, but to *émigrés'* fate—freedom to breathe, certainly, but for the rest—enforced idleness, penury, suspicion, neglect, oblivion. How many hundreds of thousands of Brauns sit hopelessly around the tables of tiny cafés in Europe today!

We are in the gay city of Budapest. (Behind its gaiety I always see the specter of nearly two million landless unemployed starvation-line peasants away on the great plains, but that's not for this story.) A fashionable night club is packed to the last inch of standing room. All eyes are concentrated on one box, in which sits a large party of a dozen visitors. Glance around the other boxes, and you will see almost every great name in Hungary represented among the three thousand guests where one normally sees fifty. (I too have a box though not of Hungary's great, and the obligatory bottle of wine. But it's not my party, and I am not here to enjoy myself—I'm on the usual game.) As they dance, all seek to keep their eyes fixed on that box. Suddenly they all go crazy, shouting "Eljen, Eljen!" and applaud wildly a slender young man with a well-shaped head who laughingly takes the floor in the wild Hungarian national dance, the czardas, with a slim brunette, a single, huge, seemingly unset diamond glittering in her severely coifed dark hair. As they stamp out the fiery measure, spin around with outstretched hands on one another's shoulders, break away, advance, and unite again, the aristocratic and plutocratic assembly threatens to bring the roof down with its wild enthusiasm. . . .

Who are they? Is it a young Hungarian national hero and a Magyar society beauty? Can it be that the austere brought up Otto von Habsburg has secretly returned and unbent to find a way to the heart of Hungary through its beloved national dance?

No—you've guessed it already, of course. It is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who within two years is to renounce the greatest throne in the world under pressure of his ministers, who forbid him otherwise to find happiness and peace with his partner of tonight—Wallis Warfield Simpson of Baltimore. A few times more I shall see him in Central Europe as Prince, then as King Edward VIII. And then, on a gloomy, bitter December evening I shall see him, without a single one of these gay friends—for "Rat Week" has come and gone—step on to a drafty Vienna platform and gravely face the battery of press photographers. The Duke of Windsor has reached his first refuge in exile.

Two months later at a dinner gathering I am told: "Come in the next room, will you? His Royal Highness wants to ask you some questions," and for the next half hour I have to give an account of every detail of a foreign newspaperman's work to the man in the tuxedo and soft shirt, whose face is so much older, whose manner is grave, but who somehow looks more quietly satisfied thus than in the days of royal visits to Central Europe. . . .

It is 11:45 at night. A cool wind blows down from the Karawanken on to this little wayside station of Arnoldstein. The express halts, and from the last car I watch a boyish figure jump lightly down and reach up to give a hand to his bride. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor have arrived at their first home—at Schloss Wasserleonburg.

No, when the end comes, it certainly won't come through boredom.

3. *Land of the Free*

By F. Raymond Daniell

THE DECADE BEFORE THE DEPRESSION has been described as the era of wonderful nonsense. It was a period of hippodromed murder trials, lurid divorces, Babylonian welcomes to Channel swimmers and transatlantic fliers. Municipal and national scandals received a cynical glossing over in the public prints and public forums. "Social conscience" was a phrase used by bespectacled ladies in settlement houses, and for the average man, economics was something undergraduates studied and forgot.

The stock-market crash in October, 1929, marked the end of the binge. A puzzled people began to sober up. A nation which had done little thinking about finance and had paid but slight attention to its government, sprouted overnight with messiahs of a new order. Fashions in news, which move in cycles, like styles in women's hats and gowns, began to change and the emphasis shifted gradually from individuals and personalities to philosophies and movements.

In the predepression era the big stories of the day were the "bunion derbies," the transatlantic flights, the prison riots, the dance marathons, and the murder trials and divorce suits. I had my share of all of them. I have sat through some of the country's most sensational murder trials—the Hall-Mills case, the Snyder-Gray trial, to mention a couple—and I was present when Daddy Browning and his bride, the buxom "Peaches," engaged in their ludicrous separation suit in the courthouse at White Plains,

when seemingly sane men and women clawed and fought each other to touch the hem of her garment. I saw Samuel Seabury, little by little, weave a net around the dapper, jaunty Jimmy Walker, and sat in at the hearing which ended in the resignation of that fallen idol of the predepression era. I have lived to report bits of local current history that have convinced me that there is more to municipal reform than the mere ousting of a figurehead for a corrupt machine. I have seen laid bare the corrupt alliance between politics and the underworld and have heard enough to satisfy me that racketeering flourished in our big cities because businessmen condoned and encouraged it.

With the coming of the depression, my assignments ran more and more to politics and to matters of national concern. My unaccustomed typewriter began to tap out a song of social significance and I began to obtain a firsthand impression of this "land of the free," an impression which clashed with the picture that school and college had left with me.

I saw Herbert Hoover renominated at Chicago in 1932 at a time when he later said the depression was ended. In that same city Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated, and the scene as William Gibbs McAdoo drove the dirk' into Alfred E. Smith rests in an opposite corner of my mind to the memory of the once "Happy Warrior," sulking in the drawing room of his train with drawn shades on the afternoon when Mr. Roosevelt flew to Chicago to accept the nomination for the Presidency.

In that historic campaign of 1932, I traveled in the special car with Smith, heard his sour "Mable's room" address at Newark, New Jersey, and saw him stop the defection of the Catholics in Massachusetts and Rhode Island with the great speech in which he advised his New England friends not to waste their votes by writing his name upon the ballot because, "I ain't runnin' for nothin'." Then on that dark, dreary day when the financial structure of the country was tottering, and it seemed that chaos, not prosperity, lay around the corner, I stood under the august dome

of the Capitol as the New Deal began with President Roosevelt's confident inaugural assertion that "the only thing we have to fear, is fear itself."

Between the beginning of the depression and the election of President Roosevelt to his second term, there came a period of political-economic lunacy which for entertainment value seldom has been matched in our history. Political medicine men with weird economic nostrums won great followings of troubled and puzzled men and women in this unhappy land. They held national conventions of their converts, nominated candidates for national office, and talked confidently of seizing the government for the common people. The tent-show technique of politics, aided by the radio, had come of age.

There was Dr. Francis E. Townsend in his high starched collar dreamily assuring the aged that all the problems of the country would solve themselves if only the rest of the citizenry would tax themselves to give the oldsters a pension larger than the average citizen earns in his most productive years. The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, with his mellifluous radio voice, won millions of converts to his own peculiar brand of "social justice," while Huey P. Long and his self-anointed apostle, the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, preached a gospel of redistribution of wealth to those who had none to share.

Utopians, Technocrats, and other sects stemming from the philosophy of Thorstein Veblen and Edward Bellamy added their prescriptions, and Upton Sinclair chimed in with a pamphlet and a movement to "End Poverty in California." As many brands of reform and recovery were offered as there are denominations of the Protestant Church, not counting those offered by the National Administration. Each had its following and each its own peculiar comic aspect. One thing they all had in common. All represented a national distaste for facing difficult, complex facts, the national yearning for an easy way out, and a general desire to reap the benefits of collective action without swallow-

ing the prescription of Dr. Marx. Viewed separately, they were evangelical revivals but in combination they were economics in swing time.

The revolution they sponsored never quite came off. It exploded with a feeble pop on Election Day, 1936. The era of political comedy was at an end, and with the rise of John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization, the period of economic realism had arrived. The historic sit-down strikes in the plants of General Motors and Chrysler were followed by the less successful but more violent old-fashioned walkout in the scattered plants of "Little Steel," through the valley of the Mahoning in Ohio, and along the shores of the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Chicago. In Chicago I attended the inquest and the funeral for a dozen men who had been shot in the back by Chicago policemen firing into a parade of striking steel workers. Later at Youngstown, Ohio, and Johnstown, Pennsylvania, I watched the slow evolution of antistrike sentiment in accordance with the so-called Mohawk Valley formula for breaking strikes, and at Monroe, Michigan, I was mildly gassed while watching the local vigilantes break a picket line around a plant of Republic Steel.

The steel strike served as a reminder to me that violence, intolerance, and disrespect for minorities were not the exclusive weapon of the economic royalists. At Monroe, Michigan, a handful of a hundred strikers, promised the support of the automobile workers of Detroit and the glass workers of Toledo kept more than a thousand men idle for a month, until an ambitious mayor, the American Legion, and the so-called "loyal workers" routed them with tear gas and shillelaghs. At Youngstown and Warren, Ohio, small minorities of armed men blocked the highways and the mails and intimidated majorities of men, who no matter what may be said about their class loyalty or social conscience, certainly had the right to work.

After the great automobile strikes were over in Detroit, lead-

ers of the United Automobile Workers of America boasted of the manner in which they had used "social pressure" in their astoundingly successful drive for membership. This pressure, more antisocial than social, it developed, consisted of filling nonunion employees' lunch boxes with axle grease, slugging nonunion men outside the factory gates, and, in extreme cases, dipping the heels of recalcitrants in barrels of hot tar. I had heard boasts of similar outrages not long before in Arkansas from the other side in the struggle between capital and labor. I was to hear even more astounding tales later in Federal Court when the United States brought the coal operators and peace officers of Harlan County, Kentucky, to book for resorting to murder, kidnaping, and bombings to maintain the open shop.

In ten years I have met Southern Democrats whose outlook is more tory than that of the blackest Republicans from Maine and Vermont. I have heard violence defended in the name of Americanism. I have heard the New Deal attacked as Fascism and again as Communism. I have encountered bigotry and intolerance on the Left as well as on the Right. Huey Long was called a radical, but his program for Louisiana and the nation was more reactionary than any less picturesque figure would have dared to espouse. Phil LaFollette, like his illustrious father, was denounced for years as a radical but only recently he expounded to me a political and economic theory for his new National Progressive Party, which will appeal to conservatives rather than to the reformers on the Left. Radicals call him a Fascist now.

Frequently I have heard it said that the C.I.O. is dominated by Communists from top to bottom. But I have heard John Lewis explain his ideas of democracy; I know how Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky fought Communist infiltration into their unions, and I know Phil Murray for the pious and devout churchman he is. Out of it all has come a conviction that labels don't count, and also that democracy of the sort which provides for no

check upon majorities is likely to become dictatorship, either of the Right or the Left.

It was in the South that I first realized that the incomprehensible and unbelievable book-burning orgies of the Nazis could, save for the grace of God, be duplicated here and realized that the Mussolini castor-oil treatment was unknown here chiefly because our folkways dictated tar-and-feathers and flogging. Instead of a soft gentle land with stately mansions and gallant gentlemen, I found a mean country, defaced by hovels and shanties and populated by poorly clad, undernourished embittered men and women. Instead of the rich culture that I, a New Englander, expected to find, I encountered ignorance and bigotry in the vast majority of cases, with sectionalism as highly accentuated as among the nations of neighboring European powers.

In the spring of 1933, I went to Alabama to cover, for *The New York Times*, the case of the hapless Negroes who have come to be known as the Scottsboro Boys. These nine Negroes, charged with the rape of two white hobo girls, Victoria Price and Ruby Bates, probably were as innocent of that crime as I, yet the cards were so stacked against them, that they had no more chance of acquittal than Trotskyists in Moscow. They were colored, and they stood accused by women whose skins, if not their reputations, were white. To make matters worse, their cause had been taken up by Communists who sent New Yorkers, and "Jew lawyers" at that, to defend them. Finally the Supreme Court of the United States had affronted local pride by reversing the original conviction which the Supreme Court of Alabama had upheld.

Led by Samuel Leibowitz, the defense had dared to challenge the system by which Alabama along with most other Southern states had maintained a "Jim Crow" jury system since Reconstruction. This added to the flames of bitterness which swirled about the Negroes when the trial opened. Threats to lynch not

only the defendants but their lawyers and your correspondent were made openly and often. *The Birmingham Age-Herald* denounced me for quoting with exactitude a jury commissioner who solemnly assured me that he placed upon the jury roll the name of every citizen with "moral turpitude like the statute says." *The Montgomery Advertiser*, whose editor, Grover Hall, prides himself on his liberalism, charged that I was trying to "lynch the fair name of Alabama," in an editorial headed suggestively, "Speaking of Lynching."

Day after day while the trial lasted, I sat in the fetid, reeking courtroom at Decatur while the tobacco-chewing crowd jeered every ruling adverse to the defense and cheered each tactical victory for the state. When it ended I thought there might be a chance for an acquittal, but I had underestimated the force of prejudice and sectionalism. Mr. Leibowitz argued logically against a conviction, but the state, represented by the late Lieutenant Governor Thomas E. Knight, Jr., then Attorney General, appealed to the jury to vindicate the court which had convicted the Negroes before; to put this defendant to death as an object lesson "to other rapists," and to "show them that Alabama justice cannot be bought with Jew money from New York."

The verdict was returned on Palm Sunday, 1933. Before the jurors came into the courtroom, they could be heard laughing. Surely we thought, these twelve men, smiling as they lined up before the bench, could not be about to put a man to death. Yet that is exactly what they decreed should be the fate of the blinking Negro whose life the law had entrusted into their hands.

Seemingly, I was not alone in my view of what the evidence showed. Some months later Judge James E. Horton, who had presided at the trial, set aside the verdict as against the weight of evidence. In doing so, he dismissed the testimony of the two women, who had contradicted each other on the stand, and relied upon the testimony of a physician called by the state. For this courageous act, Judge Horton was retired from the bench.

He told me later that what hurt him most was the realization that his belief in the fairness of the people of his community had been misplaced.

Judge Horton had permitted the defense to show that Ruby Bates and Victoria Price were in the condition in which the doctors found them because of an illicit romance in a Chattanooga "hobo jungle," the night before they charged they were raped by a dozen Negroes on a freight train. William Washington Callahan, the judge who presided at the next trial, ruled out all this revelatory evidence. So strait-jacketed was the defense at subsequent trials that it seemed that every bit of testimony which might shed any light on the truth was excluded from the record. At one trial Judge Callahan, in charging the jury, instructed them on the various degrees of guilt they might find and the degrees of punishment they might mete out but he forgot to tell them that if they did not believe the state's case, they must acquit. The defense reminded him of his oversight, and he corrected it.

Throughout all the trials before Judge Callahan there was a marked change in the atmosphere around the town. The old tension was gone, and everywhere assurances were heard that there would be no violence. The reason soon made itself apparent. It was because there was no doubt in the minds of anyone about the outcome of the trial. One deputy sheriff put the whole matter very succinctly when he said:

"There'd be a lynching all right if they was acquitted but they ain't goin' to be no acquittals."

He was right, though at the fourth trial Patterson escaped with a seventy-five-year sentence, chiefly, it turned out, because the foreman of the jury was a friend of Judge Horton's and wanted to vindicate him. It was the first break in the sequence of death sentences. For a time the foreman held out for a straight acquittal but at the end he agreed to what amounted to a life sentence. It is a disheartening thing to sit through a trial

day after day, hearing the same evidence retold and knowing that the only thing that is in doubt is the extent of the punishment to which a man you believe innocent is to be condemned.

During an intermission at one of the trials, a bewhiskered farmer in overalls made the startling statement to me that Negroes were only half human. As he explained it Cain fled to the Land of Nod after slaying Abel. According to Holy Writ, this hillbilly sage explained, there were no women there, yet Cain had issue. The conclusion was inescapable, he continued. Cain must have had intercourse with a baboon, and the Negroes were the offspring of this unnatural union. All this, said my informant, was explained in a scientific work which he had bought for twenty-five cents some years before. The name of the anthropologist escaped him, and he had lost the treatise. Other natives of the region recalled the masterwork, and I have learned since that it was circulated also in the hills of Kentucky.

Seven years after the Negroes were first arrested, the Alabama officials hit upon a plan which, it was hoped, would satisfy local opinion and at the same time still the rising clamor of protest from outside the state. It was as inconsistent and unjust a solution of the problem as all that had gone before, and it appeased neither those who thirsted for the Negroes' blood nor those who besought mercy for them.

One of the Negroes was condemned to death, two received seventy-five years in prison, and a fourth was condemned to ninety-nine years' imprisonment. Of the five remaining, four went scot-free, and the fifth, as though to even up the score, was sentenced to twenty years in prison, not for rape but for stabbing a white deputy sheriff. The evidence against all nine was the same—the word of a white woman that she had been raped by all of them, corroborated after a fashion by a troop of farmers who seemed unable to differentiate between what they had seen and what they had learned as hearsay.

A year went by in which it became apparent that the compro-

mise solution was no solution at all. Finally, after the Alabama Supreme Court had upheld the death sentence, Governor Bibb Graves commuted it to life imprisonment. Not all the pressure came from outside the state. Forney Johnston, prominent Birmingham lawyer, and Grover Hall, distinguished editor of *The Montgomery Advertiser*, were among those who advocated clemency. Some saw in the commutation of the death sentence a trial balloon. At any rate, shortly afterward Governor Graves consented to hear applications for pardons for the convicted Negroes, and it appeared that not only would none of them pay with his life for a stolen freight-train ride, but that it was equally unlikely any of them would live out his days in prison.

My experiences on the Scottsboro case taught me that people who have been hurt by a truthful statement that can be proved rarely complain about it, but select some trivial point over which to quarrel.

That this is no peculiarity of Alabama, however, was impressed upon me in Pittsburgh when I was covering the proceedings in Andrew W. Mellon's appeal against the government's assessment of \$3,000,000 for unpaid income taxes, payment of which, it was charged, he had evaded partly by fraud. I always have believed that it is the duty of a newspaperman to make sure of his facts and then state them as simply and clearly as possible so that the most casual reader can understand. It makes no difference to me whether such a method helps an Alabama Negro or hurts an ex-Secretary of the Treasury.

The transactions involved in the tax suit were complicated and difficult to explain to newspaper readers. Yet it was clear that Mr. Mellon was selling short on certain stocks at the very time when he and his chief, President Hoover, were advising a somewhat puzzled country that business was fundamentally sound and that the prosperity which had swept them into office had just ducked around a corner for the nonce.

I explained all this as simply as I knew how, and Frank J.

Hogan, Mr. Mellon's lawyer, immediately took me to task for the frankness of my stories, not because they contained factual errors but because, as he phrased it, they provided "ammunition for the radicals." He was always suave and urbane about it but the inference was very clear that unless I mended my ways, he would be forced to take up the matter with my publisher. About this I was concerned not at all because the only rule that I knew on the *Times* was to present the news fairly, honestly, and intelligently.

The hearings went on and on until one day when the dealings between the former Secretary of the Treasury and his daughter came up for examination. Here perhaps I was guilty, in my desire for clarity, of oversimplification. I sent a story which began:

"When Andrew Mellon and his daughter Ailsa sat down to trade, one or the other of them sometimes won, but Uncle Sam always lost."

That statement was true but it did not include the idea that they did no more than the income-tax law of that time permitted. Just before it was printed Robert H. Jackson, counsel for the government, had established that Mr. Mellon was worth at least \$100,000,000 and that \$20,000,000 of his fortune was invested in tax-exempt bonds. Mr. Hogan called me up that night and said he wanted to tell me something for the sake of keeping the record straight. The truth of the matter, he said, was that Mr. Mellon was worth \$200,000,000 and that his tax-exempt bond holdings amounted to ten per cent, rather than twenty per cent as was indicated by Mr. Jackson's analysis.

This, if true, cast a different light on the exempt holdings of the former Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Hogan assured me it was the gospel truth, as indeed it later was proved to be. He stipulated, however, that he was not to be quoted. I used the figure in my story of that day, pointing out that while the gov-

ernment contended Mr. Mellon was worth \$100,000,000, his associates estimated his worth at twice that figure.

A day or two later, Mr. Hogan said that Mr. Mellon was vastly annoyed and would like to talk to me about the stories I had been writing. He proved to be a gentle old man, more pained than angry. He complimented me for the accuracy of my stories; said that he had been unable to detect any factual errors. It was the story given to me by his own lawyer in mitigation of the size of his holdings in tax-exempt bonds to which he took exception. Sadly he said, "Of course, I really don't blame you—not at all. You wouldn't understand. But it is most embarrassing to me to have the public prints report that I am worth \$200,000,000."

"But Mr. Mellon," I asked, "you are worth \$200,000,000, aren't you?" fighting down the impulse to tell him the source of my information, despite the confidence Mr. Hogan had imposed.

"That is beside the point," he said. "It is very embarrassing. Why, even before all this started, I received dozens of letters every day from people asking me to help them. Now it will be terrible. Why, I'll need half a dozen secretaries to answer all the letters."

I told him that I was sorry for the embarrassment he had suffered and said that if the statement about his wealth, or any other I had made, was inaccurate I would be glad to send in full any statement he wished to make. Mr. Mellon said there was nothing further he wished to say, and that ended the interview.

The tax case was drawing to a close in Pittsburgh when I got a telegram from my office and a telephone call from a friend, telling me that my wife had gone to a hospital and that I had better come home. I knew the reason for the summons and was in a great hurry to return. Court had adjourned early that day, and it was midafternoon. However, there was a story to be writ-

ten—two columns—two thousand words. My mind was in Harkness Pavilion in Upper Manhattan.

At last, however, the words strung themselves one after another somehow. There was a plane leaving for New York at 7 P.M. It would be in Newark by nine o'clock. Every place was filled, however, and I was about to resign myself to the twelve-hour train journey when the clerk at the airplane desk, to whom I had confided my worries, called up and said, if it cost him his job he was going to toss out one passenger and get me aboard. He did, and I arrived at the hospital along about eleven o'clock to meet my two-hour-old son, who I hope will one day understand my tardiness in greeting him, as his mother did.

To those who look upon the United States as the "land of the free," and the best of all possible countries, I recommend a trip to northeastern Arkansas where I went in the spring of 1935 to investigate the plight of the share croppers under the Triple A. There the dominant planters prided themselves on their Americanism while resorting to the most un-American tactics to perpetuate a system of exploitation and feudalism which developed out of the chaos of Civil War and Reconstruction.

The middle class had been ground down by usurious interest and absentee ownership until it had been almost liquidated. The producing class, the vast majority of them share croppers, lived under conditions of peonage in abject poverty. Politically, they were unimportant; socially, they were outcasts, and spiritually they were without hope. They were entirely at the mercy of the planters and their agents, the hired overseers. Their homes were squalid, their children for the most part without shoes, proper clothing, or decent educational facilities. Few of them saw more than three hundred dollars in cash in the course of a year.

Encouraged by Socialists and outside organizers from the North with more zeal than tact, these disinherited toilers of the cotton fields had sought to improve their living and working conditions through unionization. The reply of the planters and

the overseers was immediate and typical of this part of the country. Bands of vigilantes, including the law-enforcement agents of the community, clergymen, members of the American Legion, and adolescents hot for excitement, spread terror over the countryside by night.

The town of Marked Tree, Arkansas, in the center of the region where the union showed the healthiest signs of growth, anticipated Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City by nearly three years and adopted an ordinance flouting the Bill of Rights in its provision that no public meetings could be held within the town limits without the express permission of the mayor, who told me with astonishing naïveté that he would grant permission for any meetings except those of the union or those at which "outside agitators" might speak. Meanwhile, the Negro churches in Poinsett County were fired upon by night riders, "to put the fear of God" into prospective union members, and bullets were shot through the windows of the home of H. C. Carpenter, a local lawyer, whose sense of justice had driven him to defend the share croppers' rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Norman Thomas and other Socialists who had gone to Arkansas to direct the work of organization were driven out of Birdsong, Arkansas, by a mob while sheriff's deputies looked on, and there were open threats by planters, businessmen, and even clergymen to flog, tar-and-feather, and even murder "outside agitators" who sought to change the *status quo*. Such were conditions in northeastern Arkansas when I arrived there.

At Marked Tree I met one of the planters, who I had been told was more open to reason than the average, and convinced him that I was not a propagandist or an organizer. He took me to a luncheon of the Rotary Club in the basement of the Baptist church, where I met all the leading citizens of Poinsett County. I told them that I was there to get the facts in the controversy, listing some of the charges that had been made against the cot-

ton planters by the tenants. If the charges were untrue, I said there was no reason why they should resent my presence among them or object to my interviewing their tenants. As a matter of fact, I suggested, that if conditions were as good as they maintained, there was no reason why they should not let me inspect their books and records.

A few called my bluff and made their books available, either because they thought I was too stupid to figure out the entries, or because they saw nothing amiss in what the books disclosed—average cash family incomes of from two hundred dollars to four hundred dollars a year, and interest disguised as service charges running to twenty per cent, among other things. Most of the share croppers I saw assured me when I called on them in daylight that they worked for the best of all possible landlords and that the one thing they most desired was the dissolution of the hateful union. Revisited at night, the croppers told a different story. They told of families “run off the place,” with their crops half made, for complaining about abuses; of Negroes being whipped on suspicion that they had talked to union organizers; of night riders and vigilantes terrorizing white and black alike.

There was no use complaining to prosecutors or sheriffs. These officials were in league with the terrorists and if they were not, the jury system was so rigged that the share croppers had no chance of receiving justice. As for abuses under the Triple A, the croppers were in the same sad plight, for the county administrative boards were composed entirely of planters and their agents. Disfranchised, for the most part, by the poll tax, these poverty-stricken people were helpless. Even the clergy was aligned against them. Snobbery had driven the ill-clad illiterate rustics from the churches in the towns, even as their children had made it impossible for the barefoot, overalled “brats” of the croppers to go on to high school after finishing their rude grade-school education.

Harlan County, Kentucky, presented the same sorry picture of freeborn Americans living the lives of serfs. There in a mountain-ringed community which produces coal worth \$45,000,000 every year, the great mass of the seventy thousand citizens live in conditions more squalid than would be tolerated in any city slum. With the exception of twelve thousand persons who live in the three incorporated towns, none of them has a voice in their local town government. United States currency is legal tender there but precious little of it is handled by the residents of company towns, who live on credit advanced by the mine operator and trade at the stores he designates just as the share croppers with their "doodlum books" shop at the plantation commissary.

In Harlan a paternalistic aristocracy developed, controlling the schools, the churches and even the courts of justice in many instances, and paternalism, even in its best and most benevolent form, never is conducive to that self-reliance and responsibility which are essential to the development of the kind of citizenship this country must have if the American system is to survive in a world which draws ever closer to a choice between one or another system of dictatorship.

In between excursions here and there to cover this and that, I was virtually commuting between New York and Louisiana where, under the reign of the late Huey Pierce Long, I was getting a preview of the methods by which a shrewd politician, greedy for power, could gather it into his hands within the Constitution by selling the people the idea that he knew best what was good for them, and letting them ratify his decisions afterward for the sake of appearances.

Huey took the first step toward establishing his dictatorship when he became governor in 1928. By bribery, cajolery, patronage, and blackmail he whipped the legislature into line until by the time he died the vast majorities in both houses were behaving like so many trained seals. With the legislature in line he used it to seize control of the election machinery of the state so that the

opposition had little chance against him. It was only a matter of time before he controlled a majority of the Supreme Court of the state and a dictatorship had been established firmly in Louisiana. In the space of seven years, Huey had succeeded in grabbing control of the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches of the government of his state, and from his seat in the United States Senate had his eye on the national government.

Crude, uncouth, noisy, and tempestuous, Huey was the antithesis of the urbane Franklin D. Roosevelt, yet there is at least circumstantial evidence that the President learned a few lessons from the Kingfish—when he asked a predominantly Democratic Congress to grant him the power to enlarge the United States Supreme Court. I recalled what had happened in East Baton Rouge Parish, Louisiana, only a couple of years before, when the ambitious Kingfish found his would-be domination of the parish government thwarted by the vote of the electorate of that community. There the police jury, the governing body of the parish or county, stood nine to five against him. Huey, having failed in the election to attain a majority on the board, promptly had his legislature give him one. He drafted a bill which was passed easily, enlarging the board to double its former size and empowering the Governor to appoint all the new members. Governor Oscar K. Allen obligingly appointed right-thinking men who could be counted on to let Huey do their thinking for them. Huey said he had to do it that way for the good of the people of East Baton Rouge. Where did Roosevelt's plan for the Supreme Court differ from this?

Assigned to cover Huey's activities, I came to know him well. Somehow or other Huey felt that I would not abuse a confidence, and whatever false whiskers he may have worn at mass interviews came off when we were alone. He revealed to me the whole scheme by which he hoped to establish himself as the dictator of this country, and often provided me with a great deal of mate-

rial which would have been highly entertaining to his opponents had they known about it at the time.

Most valuable of all to me, though, was the insight Huey gave me into his real character, and right here let me say that for all his bluster, his tomfoolery, and his obliqueness, Huey was a lonesome crusader for a quack nostrum in which he believed with all his heart. That ideal was what he tried to sell the people under the label of Share Our Wealth, in reality nothing more nor less than capitalism, drastically controlled by taxation.

He regarded himself as the country's smartest politician, an economist inspired by Holy Writ, a lawyer without a peer, a great football coach, and something of an author as well. He really was a great actor also, as he demonstrated at the Democratic convention in Chicago where he simplified the Roosevelt forces' hardest job by making a masterly lawyerlike defense of the right of his delegation to be seated after staging as outrageous a burlesque as ever has been perpetrated before committees of a national convention.

The manner in which he set about learning the technical aspects of modern football after the firing of Buck Jones, the coach at "his university," at Baton Rouge, was typical of the way in which he did things. It occurred soon after Huey went on the wagon, not as was reported, because of the influence of the Reverend Mr. Smith, but because the Kingfish believed alcohol irritated his snout. He was a hay-fever sufferer, and it was as much as one's life was worth to light a cigarette in his presence that last summer of his life.

Anyway, one night while Huey was still engaged in lapping up liquor, a certain sports writer, who bore a striking resemblance to the gentleman from Louisiana, stumbled out of a speakeasy and fell into a taxicab, giving the driver his address. Huey at that time was living at the Mayflower in Washington—it was prior to the time that the Broadmoor Hotel decided his

publicity value was worth more than any rent he could pay—and the driver after one glance at his fare 'drove to the Mayflower.

Somehow, the taxi chauffeur got his fare to Huey's suite and rang the bell. It was quite late. One of Huey's bodyguards opened the door a crack and peered out. Behind him was the Senator in gaudily striped pajamas. The frightened driver took one look at the Kingfish and his own knees began to sag.

"I thought it was y-y-you, Senator," he stammered.

"Well, if you thought you had me you'd better bring him in before somebody else sees him and gets the same idea," said Huey.

So the sports writer was taken into the nest of the Kingfish, undressed, and put to bed. Before dawn, he awakened, and, finding himself in strange surroundings, decided to explore. His reconnoitering took him through Huey's bedroom where the Kingfish was propped up in bed reading his favorite book, *Pilgrim's Progress*. Huey fixed his guest with a fishy eye, pointed to a bottle of Bourbon on a dresser, called the sports writer by name, and said:

"Have a drink. You'll feel better."

"Thanks," mumbled the reviving one, "but how the hell did you know my name?"

"Oh," said Huey, "I read your mail while I was putting you to bed. By the way, I've been reading your stuff and you seem to know a hell of a lot about football. How long would it take you to teach it to me?"

The sports writer said he didn't know, but that if Huey really wanted to learn about it, he would undertake to teach him. Huey suggested that he start then and there, whereupon, a little shakily, the sports writer began drawing diagrams on paper. Huey became impatient, seized his telephone, and called one of the hotel's assistant managers. While the sports writer fixed himself another drink, Huey said over the phone:

"Say, you know them little gilt chairs you have in your damned ball room. Well, I want twenty-two of them up here right away. That's right, and hurry."

As the receiver clicked, Huey jumped out of bed and began pushing furniture against the walls. A few minutes later five porters arrived with the gilt chairs piled high above them. These the Kingfish and his football mentor proceeded to line up like two football teams, with Huey shifting the chairs in one backfield according to the instructions of his teacher in the other.

"Now show me that Notre Dame shift," he said.

From that time on, the lesson progressed more satisfactorily. At the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans after one of the special legislative sessions, which Huey had called to rewrite the laws of Louisiana according to his pleasure, I had an amusing experience with his impetuosity. My telephone rang about six o'clock. Drowsily and a little peevishly I said, "Hello."

"This is the Kingfish," said an unmistakable voice. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to sleep," I said.

"Come up here right away," he said. "There's a young lady here who wants to meet you."

I said I didn't think any young lady wanted to meet a red-eyed unshaven reporter at six o'clock in the morning and I knew damned well that I didn't want to meet her. Finally I hung up and fell asleep again. Ten minutes later there was a terrific pounding on the door, and I staggered over and opened it. There in bare feet and pajamas was Huey, looking very hurt.

"Come on, we're waiting for you," he said.

"All right," I said, "I'll come up as soon as I get dressed and shaved."

Huey must have suspected that my bed had greater attractions for me than the charmer in his room, for he insisted that I come with him just as I was. He did let me brush my teeth, however,

and consented to climb the one flight of stairs to his suite instead of riding up in the elevator.

In his twelfth-floor suite, which was a citadel that few reporters were permitted to enter, I was introduced to the petite, attractive Alice Lee Grosjean, the former secretary with whom enemies of the Kingfish had tried to link his name scandalously some years before. With her was a stoutish, gray-haired woman, who turned out to be her mother. They were sitting on a couch. Across the room was a tiny studio piano at which a slick-haired young man was seated. Perched on top of it in the best Helen Morgan style was a girl singer from one of the honky-tonks in the French quarter.

"I got 'em to try out a song I've just written for my campaign," Huey explained, jerking his head toward the entertainers.

"Let 'em have it."

The pianist thumped and the singer sang to his accompaniment. The song was "Every Man a King," the same as the title of Huey's book about himself, and it was a darned good marching song. After the musicians had run through it twice Huey disappeared into another room and came back with a guitar, plunking away, more or less in tune with the piano. Suddenly he stopped the music with a shout.

"Right here," he said, humming a bar, "change that eighth note to a sixteenth note. In a campaign the music's got to make them stomp."

Huey Long was kind, and he was cruel, gentle, ruthless, and withal unpredictable. He was a fascinating character to know but he was so uncouth, so vulgar that few took the trouble to know him. Shrewd as he was, he was a sucker for those, who in the guise of friendship, sought to use him. He could condone the blackjacking of photographers by his bodyguards, and then go to infinite pains to protect a reporter who had tippled too much.

I recall one time when he invited me and two other visiting correspondents to drive from Baton Rouge to New Orleans with him. He had showed us his music school, with the eighty grand pianos—"count 'em"—the big concrete stadium in the back of which he had built dormitories to "avoid waste space," and he wanted to tell us how he had solved the difficulties of building a road through a swamp when engineers had told him it was impossible. So we started out, two of us in the back seat and the third in the front with the driver. Ahead of us was a car loaded with bodyguards armed with machine guns and behind us was another load of gunmen. Every time we stopped they stopped too and covered the highway before and behind us.

All this seemed like a lot of monkey business at the time, but in the light of what happened later, perhaps there was some sense to it. The point is, however, that my colleague in the front seat was tipping from a whisky bottle all the way. He seemed only slightly stiff when we passed the cemetery outside New Orleans, where Huey remarked that of all forms of human vanity the building of monuments over graves seemed to him the silliest, and my friend in the front seat predicted, with ironic accuracy, that one day Huey would have a finer one than any in that cemetery.

Finally we rolled up in front of the Roosevelt Hotel. One of the bodyguards opened the doors of the car and my confrere on the front seat toppled out upon the sidewalk, where he lay inert and unconscious. Huey took command, ordering the reporter, a man of considerable journalistic standing, removed as quietly as possible by the service elevator to a room on the same floor as his. A little later the Kingfish called me in my room.

"Ray," said he, "I'm in a hell of a fix. I've undressed so-and-so and put him to bed, and I've taken his money and his watch and had them locked in the safe downstairs. Now I'm trying to write his story for him, and I wish you'd come up and see if it's all right."

The last time I saw Huey alive was about a week before he was assassinated by Dr. Carl Weiss in the capitol at Baton Rouge. I never will forget that leave-taking. Huey was scheduled to make a Labor-Day speech in Oklahoma City on his way back to Louisiana. He wanted me to go with him, but I said I couldn't see much news in a Labor-Day speech by a statesman who sounded off as frequently as he did. Huey said he wasn't thinking of the speech but he said that hell would "begin popping as soon as I get back."

It did, but not quite in the way the Kingfish anticipated. He explained on that night when he went home to die that he had been away from Louisiana for six solid weeks, longer than he had ever stayed away before. His enemies had had plenty of time, he said, to prepare a witches' broth, but he was ready for them. He had his plans, he said. One of them was to prosecute the publisher of a hostile newspaper in New Orleans for embezzling the earnings of newsboys. He had other highhanded schemes which included prosecution of Federal income-tax investigators, WPA administrators, and others who were being egged on by the administration to "get" him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "if you think I'm going to take it lying down, you're crazy. If they want to fight dirty, I'll fight dirtier. Hell's going to begin popping when I get home."

I said I'd wait until it began to pop. Less than a week later, while I was in New York, a friend of mine said there had been an announcement over the radio that Huey Long had been shot.

While Huey was alive the Reverend Mr. Smith gave up a rich pastorate in Shreveport to tie himself to the coattails of the Kingfish. Although he had something of a reputation even then as a rabble rouser, he was as meek as Moses when Huey was around. I understood from Huey that the preacher was on a salary and drawing account and that his mission was to recruit members of the Share Our Wealth Society throughout the country. In other words, Brother Gerald was a hired hand.

With Huey dead, the Reverend Mr. Smith blossomed forth as the heir presumptive to the powerful machine which the Kingfish left behind him. He preached the funeral oration over Huey's grave, and spent a couple of days screaming over the radio that his leader had been done in by politicians who feared him. Then by a *coup d'état*, which failed only because Brother Gerald was outguessed by less ambitious but more practical men, the satellite sought to lift himself to Caesar's throne. In the middle of the night while Governor Allen was still wringing his hands and Seymour Weiss, Huey's first lieutenant, was worrying over the outcome of income-tax indictments against him, the preacher went to New Orleans and named a ticket which seemed well-nigh invincible.

It looked for a couple of days as though the preacher had put it over. Even Governor Allen said he would support Brother Gerald's ticket. The preacher glowed with happiness and pride, told how he had learned his lessons well in the service of the deceased Kingfish, and boasted that he had it all arranged to become the next Senator's secretary and establish Share Our Wealth headquarters once more in the nation's capital.

Gerald had his moves all figured out. In 1940 he believed Roosevelt's spending would have exhausted itself, and the CCC camps would be breaking up and disgorging six hundred thousand youths in "overalls, not uniforms," in search of jobs. With more than four years to build an organization, Gerald reasoned he would have millions of followers—enough, at any rate, to provide him with a forum from which to initiate a campaign for repudiation of debts and lift himself into a position of national power.

Alas for pious hopes! Scheming politicians outsmarted Huey's pupil, and the would-be Savonarola, who seemed more like Elmer Gantry, capitulated without a fight.

In the next few months little was heard of the former Shreveport preacher except that he was washed up with the Louisiana

politicians. It was rumored that he had gone to California and it was not surprising to encounter him in July, 1936, at Cleveland, sharing a suite with Dr. Townsend and virtually running the convention of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Inc. As a director of the O.A.R.P., Gerald hovered close to the good gray doctor night and day and according to other members of the board, jealous over his ascendancy, he had become a sort of Svengali to the founder.

Gerald actually had taken Dr. Townsend to Valley Forge where the two of them with hands upraised swore a mighty oath that they would stand together until "the common people of this country take over the government of the United States." So they both told their followers.

Huey's former henchman told the story of his conversion to Townsendism with considerable candor. It seems that after he was forced to walk the plank in Louisiana, he found himself in the position of a general with no roster of his army. He had heard in some way that the membership list of the Share Our Wealth organization had become the property of the old-age pensions organization. Realizing that he could not forever barnstorm the country yelling about his six million followers with no membership list to back it up, Gerald hied himself to California, resolved to reunite himself with his mailing list. By the time he had wormed himself into the confidence of Dr. Townsend, however, he found he had been misinformed, and he said at Cleveland that he was "like a bridegroom still trying to catch up with my bride."

He was a big shot at the Townsend convention, which was one of the strangest assemblages of its kind that I ever have seen. There were the old men and women, their eyes bright with trusting faith and hope pouring out their nickels and dimes and quarters as often as the hat was passed among them. They lived in rooms without baths, in tourist camps on the outskirts of Cleve-

land, traveling to the convention hall in busses and trolley cars, and carrying bags of oranges and bananas for lunch.

Then there were the sleek, prosperous go-getters, the high-pressure salesmen of Utopia, who constituted the inner circle of Townsendism, living in expensive suites at the best hotel. They ate well and drank far into the night while the followers of the messiah in the high stiff collar—political heirs to the Anti-Saloon League—sang hymns and prayed for the day when his prophecies of a pot of gold at the rainbow's end would be fulfilled. The first order of business at their convention was the adoption of a resolution prohibiting the use of tobacco in the convention hall. One felt that here were men and women with a purpose, who would like to make the whole world over in their own image.

Gerald had at them several times. Then came Father Coughlin, who ripped off his coat and his rabat, and stood before them as Gerald had, perspiring in his shirt sleeves. When these masters of the art of oratory had finished and the founder had announced his intention of voting for William Lemke, the three messiahs of the new order posed with their arms about each others' necks, and there was nothing for the Townsendites to do but cheer and shout their approval.

The tide of Fascist philosophy embodied in the organizations founded by Huey Long, Townsend, and Coughlin, and fostered by the Liberty League and the Republican Party backers in the last campaign, began to ebb before the 1936 Presidential campaign was well under way. It appeared to have dried up and evaporated when the votes were counted, showing that President Roosevelt had carried all but two of the forty-eight states and that Representative Lemke had received less than a half of one per cent of the total vote. The Townsend movement remained a pretty good business, but it ceased to be an important factor in national politics. Father Coughlin announced his retirement

from politics, somewhat superfluously, and the daffy years drew to a close.

In 1936 and 1937 there were floods in the valley of the Ohio. Everywhere I went, from Pittsburgh to Cairo at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi, there was talk of rebuilding and of flood control, but nowhere did I hear it suggested that the flood-ridden communities themselves should bear the cost. On the contrary, the mayors, the chambers of commerce, and the Rotarians looked to Washington to pay the bills, and at Cairo, with the waters rising steadily against the walls and levees, the men scrambled out of town with the women and children and left it to the WPA, the CCC, and other "boondogglers" to save the town. Back in 1913 the town of Dayton, after being washed out in a flood, dug down into its pocket and built its own flood-control system, and in 1927, as one old Negro in Cairo told me, "the richest man in town was out on the levee carrying sandbags along with me."

In the years between 1929 and 1938, the country has experienced many fears, not the least of which have been the twin worries of Fascism and Communism, which have been struggling for ascendancy in a world that we helped make safe for democracy twenty years ago. I have heard it said that we are living in a transition period between capitalism and a more abundant life, that our economic system is giving way to collectivism just as feudalism yielded to capitalism when it had outlived its usefulness. I don't know about this, but I do know from my travels to all parts of these United States that the mental attitude on which Fascism feeds exists here just as it does in Germany and Italy, while the seeds of Marxism fall upon barren soil.

Often I have wondered why it has not happened here. Americans like other peoples have been baffled by the increasing complexities of life, and like others have shown increasingly a predilection for ducking responsibilities and letting self-appointed leaders do their thinking for them. It is a long jump

from the old-fashioned New England town meeting to the modern national convention, but our people have made it without even being conscious of the effort.

This is democratic practice in 1938. Had it been the controlling philosophy of 1776 and 1860, the Revolution and the Civil War would never have been fought, and there would have been no Thomas Jeffersons, no Henry Clays, no Abraham Lincolns to stir the national pride of this softer generation, which reveres their courage but seldom emulates it. To me, proud of a New England heritage, this resignation, acceptance of the inevitable, shirking of responsibility, and flouting of the rights of minorities are the most alarming phenomena of these unhappy times.

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4. Graustark

By Frank Nugent and Douglas Churchill

WHETHER HOLLYWOOD INTENDS TO OR NOT, the movies are painting our picture for posterity. It won't be too accurate a portrait. We are going to be prettified and sillified. There will be little of the restless spirit of our times in it, scant mention of the depression, of hunger, unemployment, and industrial unrest. Future generations will see 1938 on the screen and wonder if this truly had been the age of rebellion and war, TVA and SEC, of the test of strength between dictatorship and democracy, of the intense scrutiny to which all the rules and laws of our twentieth-century civilization have been subjected.

If Will Hays, our Hoosier movie czar, is left for posterity, along with our 1938 film output, he may be able to explain—as so many of our pictures do—that “the events and characters depicted in this photoplay are entirely fictitious; that any similarity to life is purely coincidental.”

Coincidental Mr. Hays's eye! Purely miraculous! We know it, but will future historians know it? Probably not, and in that lies a source of worry, if you feel like worrying about posterity's opinion.

We are being libeled, no question about it, and libeled so cheerfully that millions of people are paying each week for the privilege. What's more, they regard the source of it all—the place called Hollywood—with a degree of admiration which totters on the brink of worship. They clamor for all the known

facts about it, delightedly accept the falsehoods, and present the illusion generally—and we must, for our sanity's sake, believe it is only an illusion—that the majority of the people of these United States are the prize escapists of all time.

By maintaining such a realistically aloof attitude, such a marvelously sustained detachment from contemporary life, Hollywood has become the eighth and ninth wonders of the world. It is all things to all men and all things and Robert Taylor to most women. Nothing we hear about it is too incredible to believe and, incredibly, most of the unbelievable things are true.

Too many people have tried to give it a nutshell description and wound up in the nuthouse after the third paragraph. Neither Doug Churchill (who is the *Times* correspondent in Hollywood), nor I will try it. The best we can offer is that it exists only partly as a place (a suburb of Los Angeles) but primarily as a state of mind, an abstraction like Fascism, justice, or democracy. It goes beyond geography, beyond finance, and beyond industry. It is Graustark.

Graustark on the Pacific has its own code, its own policies, its own people. There are rulers and commoners, courtesans, jesters, scribes, and prophets. There are high priests, artisans, merchants, and traders. It has its own diplomatic corps, and a most diplomatic corps it is, which tries to maintain the friendliest relations with all foreign powers, including the Pennsylvania State Board of Censors. And visitors to this strange land, even when they come as plenipotentiaries with press cards, are not to be blamed if what they see and hear renders them if not speechless, at least incoherent.

My introduction to Hollywood was more gradual than Churchill's. He awoke one morning to find a telegram on his desk bearing the words, "File fifteen hundred words on Hollywood for Sunday and get it in on time." He hasn't been quite the same since and probably never will be. But that's his story, not mine.

Mine is the epic (all Hollywood stories are epics) about the reporter who was shunted into the motion-picture department as an assistant, was sent to review the "other" picture when two opened on the same day and was responsible for producing at least two movie interviews for each Sunday's paper. It was just about the time when *Esquire* printed a color drawing of a luscious wench in negligee bending an ardent look on a timid soul with a notebook in hand and newspaper wrinkles in his pants and he was saying: "But Miss Zilch, the *Times* never prints full-page photographs."

I found soon enough that you shouldn't believe everything you read in *Esquire*. No one ever turned loose any glamour on me, unless it was Charles Laughton who met me in his hotel room one noon wearing a robe but no slippers and, barefooted and tousled, answered questions while he plopped breakfast prunes into his mouth and spat the pits into his hand. Sally Eilers had on red lounging pajamas when I saw her, but she wasn't capitalizing them. Marlene Dietrich rigidly held herself to "yes" and "no," refused to be quoted about Hitler. Myrna Loy scolded us all—me and the attendant press agents—for not noticing that her cigarette needed lighting. (And very petulantly she extended her hand to the box near her elbow and lit it all by herself.)

Having heard all those funny Goldwyn stories, I'll never forget what a disappointment it was when I met him and, in spite of his slight dialect, discovered that his words made such good sense that I had no desire, even if I had been able, to add a new trophy to the Goldwyn shelf. Darryl Zanuck helped restore my faith, though, when, speaking about the then threatened California State Income Tax, he remarked it would reduce some actors to a net, above agents' fees, etc., of \$320 a week. "And a man can't possibly get along on that," he said. (I think I was making fifty dollars at the time.)

Adolphe Menjou was another help, but not to my glamour, when I got him talking about clothes and he suddenly gripped me by the lapels, tugged and twisted, and exclaimed, "See! Buckram! You've got buckram in your coat! Good clothes, properly tailored clothes, don't need buckram. They're made to drape properly—like this." I think it was Verree Teasdale (Mrs. Menjou) who interceded to save me and the rest of my two-pants suit.

Still, by the time I had stopped being the assistant in the department and actually had the right to open mail addressed to the editor, I thought I knew enough about Hollywood and its people to be reasonably proof against shock.

I knew, generally, that most of the glamour children were only human after all and that many of them were not nearly as clever as the characters they played. I knew, from chatting with some of the practical writers and directors enjoying eastern vacations, that there was a deal of stupidity and inefficiency in Hollywood, and I knew, further, that some of the stupidity was on the literary and directing sides. I recognized, too, that, while there was madness in the method, there was also method in the madness—and skill, ingenuity, and remarkable talent.

As a critic, as well as editor, I realized early that producers preferred favorable reviews to unfavorable ones and occasionally tried to "do something about it." Cocktail parties and luncheons are harmless enough, but one producer made the mistake once of putting five thousand dollars on the line for a story. ("You must have one in the bottom of a trunk somewhere; every writer has; just retype it and send it along.") I admitted to the producer's uncomfortable emissary that most of his boss's stories sounded as though they had come from a trunk, but that my past sins would remain buried. It has been part of a critic's education, too, to give a quick hearing and forgetting to vague offers of studio jobs, at salaries beginning usually at four hundred

dollars a week, and to discount the first-night ovations when a picture is having its Broadway *première* before a celebrity and company-packed audience.

Still, these minor disadvantages were outweighed by the job's advantages and, with the editorial typewriter clicking along without pressure from publisher or advertising manager, the editor was able to enjoy his ivory tower to the full, spending his days whittling out phrases and feeling that as Hollywood was full of such wondrously funny things, we all should be just as merry as kings. At least, as merry as kings used to be.

It came as something of a shock, then, when the mail from Churchill on the coast revealed that all was not beer and skittles on his side of the fence. He had just been banned from one studio, was in disgrace with another, and was eyed with more or less suspicion by the rest. A day later I heard on the q.t. that the publicity heads of several companies had met at the Hays office to discuss the feasibility of revoking his press credentials (those issued by the studios, not the *Times*, naturally) and putting him in Coventry.

I had been intending to go West anyhow, and Churchill's last stand was all the invitation I needed. So one November night I boarded a TWA local and we went loitering Westward at 160 m.p.h. And, while I am killing seventeen hours, perhaps you will listen to an abridgment of the stentorian squawks Churchill was rehearsing for my arrival. Come in, Doug, and use the third person if you must.

This is Churchill speaking.

Hollywood as the world conceives it is a great center of which Los Angeles is a suburb, filling the plain between the Sierra Madre and the sea, and peopled entirely by beautiful women, handsome men, and geniuses. Above all, by geniuses. Well, the world is partly right. There are the beautiful women and

the handsome men and even a genius or two, in a small way. He probably wears overalls, or sits all day over a drawing board at forty-five dollars a week, and he never, never gets his name in the papers. If he did, his boss—who knows he is a genius—would fire him.

A few years ago the *Times* dispatched a gullible gent to Hollywood and Vine Streets with the instructions, "File 1,500 words for Sunday and get it in on time." No suggestion was made as to what those fifteen hundred words were to be, other than that they were to have some relation to the screen. Being slightly embittered because his forebears had neglected to lay aside a few millions before passing on, a trifle that would have protected him from such curt command, he determined to salvage what he could from the wreckage of a career of idleness.

The method that occurred to him was to do as little work as possible, an ideal still vaguely in view. So he approached the studios in high hope and some assurance and said, in effect, "Let's be philosophical about this thing. By force of circumstance we are both compelled to labor. Let us be reasonable and fair to each other. Let's co-operate, do what work is necessary for our bosses, and go swimming."

It is nice to recall that at one time the gent had such an outlook on life, for within the proverbial nine days his eyes were opened and he has indulged in no such daydreaming since. There is no such thing as co-operation in Hollywood. The newspapermen covering the town must ride or be ridden. They do not "write as they please" unless they have won that right through long battles in which they have had the support of militant news organizations. And, to the discredit of the profession, the boldest romanticist cannot name more than a dozen newspapers which have given that support to their screen writers; and apparently none of the news services.

It is this disintegration of spinal columns that has allowed Hollywood to reach the place it maintains in the news pages and

to assume the arrogance toward the press that is everywhere evident. The fifty-fifty relationship sought by the writer is impossible. The industry either threatens or patronizes the press, except in those rare cases where the papers have put their backs up and kept them there. The "patronage" is so great that Hollywood is not content merely with preparing its own news stories but even writes its own reviews for a surprisingly large number of papers.

A press agent, new to the town, was employed by one studio and told to prepare two reviews of a certain picture, one seven hundred words long and the other about two hundred fifty. (These, printed in press books, are lifted bodily by small town and small city papers which do not have reviewers of their own or are so fearful of advertising pressure they are content to accept the studio's opinion of its own product.) The fledgling press agent wrote the reviews and promptly was fired. He had written one lauding the picture, the other rapping it; and asked why he had committed such an offense, he had innocently replied, "But maybe some paper won't like the picture."

To return to Douglas Churchill, Esq., he quickly learned that the studios had no intention of giving him material suited to his paper's needs and standards. Joan Crawford's eating habits, the clothes of Kay Francis, the romances of Errol Flynn and Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power, the consummate artistry of each and all their brothers and sisters, the superlative quality of all photo-plays, the literary magnificence of scenarios, the glamour of everybody—these were the subjects at his disposal. And strong disapproval was voiced about the writing of other topics.

He learned he could not, with impunity, discuss mistakes that cost stockholders millions, or hint there was a trace of stupidity among the ranks of producers, or drop an inference that picture themes were not of the most mature thought content. Such remarks, he heard, would be read in the New York home offices and might even come to the attention of the investors and the bankers who sit behind the Hollywood thrones. And when, with

deplorable persistence, he kept digging out these bits of news, one studio banned him for eight months for making the reigning executive unhappy. Another outlawed him for six weeks for making a dismal prediction about the future of that organization following the death of its production chief—a prediction, incidentally, justified in every detail by subsequent events. . . . But here comes Frankie Nugent.

As the big plane taxied along the runway at United Airport, I caught myself peering through the window with some vague expectation of seeing a troupe of Busby Berkeley girls straining at the barrier, waiting to hurl themselves upon me for the benefit of a studio photographer who, like as not, would be “Frenching” the shot—using dummy plates in his camera. That shows that I wasn’t actually as Hollywood glamour-cured as I had believed.

There were no Berkeley cuties, nor was there a photographer. But the first familiar face I saw belonged to a press agent, an ex-Broadway man, and two minutes later Churchill puffed into sight bearing his three hundred pounds with the dignity of a man who represented *The New York Times* in Hollywood. Or maybe it was just with the dignity of a man who represents three hundred pounds. Anyway we adjourned to the airport bar, discussed the weather, outlined the agenda for the next three weeks, and had another drink.

What happened during the next three weeks makes very little sense, and it wasn’t because of those drinks, either. Being a preferred visiting fireman—the hospitable Hollywood term for any outlander—I saw practically everything, which is almost as bad as seeing practically nothing. I talked to some of the people I wanted to talk to, and to most of those I didn’t. Curiously I forgot to ask to interview Garbo, but I had lunch with Jimmy Cagney. One of the studios put a car and chauffeur at my disposal, and I discovered the first day out that the driver wanted to be an

actor. I saw a tree on the Warner back lot which I knew must have been a century old and knocked a chunk of plaster off when I rapped on it for luck. I watched a prop man carefully tossing crumpled toilet tissue into a make-believe sewer (the *Seventh Heaven* Paris sewer), and I had my hair cut by the same barber who trims Fredric March's.

And it was on an evening when I felt especially like a March hare that I confessed to Gene Fowler that I couldn't possibly write those magazine pieces on Hollywood the paper expected from me. "The longer I stay and the more I see and hear, the less I know about the place," I told him. Gene was sympathetic and not surprised.

"There are only two kinds of people qualified to write about Hollywood," he said. "Those who have been here three days and those who have remained for thirty years." He is probably right, but I never said I was qualified.

The first dinner I had in town gave me the first visual proof of the caste system about which the world has heard. All of the cafés catering to the picture mob separate the Brahmins from the Untouchables. We were at the Vine Street Brown Derby. Snobbery is less prevalent here than in most of the restaurants but the respect for caste is evident. The tables against the wall and at the front of the café are for the Grade A, No. 1 Triple-X personalities, and Bill Chelios, the *maître d'hôtel*, serves as a human grading screen. He sifts the de-luxe from the run-of-mine and the run-of-mine from the culls. You know whether a celebrity's last picture was box office by his table at the Derby. A personality moves toward the front with success and into the center tables and back toward the kitchen as his popularity recedes. It simplifies matters for everybody. Throughout Hollywood headwaiters assume the prerogatives of critics. They know when a producer, director, actor, or writer has turned out a bad picture almost as quickly as the victims themselves. They know when an option has been dropped and when it has been exercised. They

know when a salary has been cut and when it has been boosted. They grade their patrons and tables accordingly.

But it extends to other fields. A press agent mentioned the A and B cocktail parties when he was talking about Simone Simon's first picture. While she was waiting around for a story and for production to begin, Miss Simon got few invitations and then hesitant ones, chiefly from the Class B players. The day after the *première* of *Girls' Dormitory*, she received at least fifty—all from the Class A people. A new star had arrived, had been recognized.

"You mean there's no fraternizing between the classes?" I asked innocently.

"Well, hardly any," he as innocently replied. "You may see extras and bit players together, but never an extra with a star or featured player. Has anyone"—he asked the others at the table—"ever heard of a star marrying an extra?" No one had. The closest was Jean Harlow's marriage to cameraman Hal Rosson, but then cameramen are a select group. Sometimes, too, a writer manages to cross over the line.

"What you have," he continued, "is the bit player trying to get in with the featured player, and the featured player trying to get in with the star, and the stars sticking close and trying to get on good terms with the producers."

"And the producers speak only to God?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed. "Some of them are very democratic."

It was at the same table we met a onetime critic for a Hearst paper, now toiling in the publicity vineyards, who bragged that he had once knocked a Marion Davies film. He had five Missourians demanding proof. He offered it: "What I said was, 'It was too bad a brilliant comedienne like Miss Davies had to waste her talents on such an unsatisfactory script,' and nothing was said about the review, either." We congratulated him and left. Suppose you take it from here, Doug. . . .

Seldom is an accurate picture painted of Hollywood. The town is filled with Mr. Glogauers and their malapropisms and stories of their stupidity are widely circulated. Occasionally an obsequious writer pens a piece or a book in which he accepts the stories put out by press agents as gospel, and the result is as erroneous as it is nauseating. Hollywood is a vast commercial enterprise which has become one of the world's wonders because it is operated in violation of all business methods. It is the only industry in the world in which the customers pay for merchandise they have not seen and if they are defrauded they have no recourse. Its product is intangible—shadows across a screen, electric vibrations that emerge as intelligible sound, emotions, escape, glamour.

Glamour is, of course, the element that the screen sells and the quality that accounts for the cinema's success. It is largely responsible for Mr. Hays' claimed (and questioned) American audience of 86,000,000 people a week. In the screen's scheme of life, glamour is as justifiable as it is indispensable, for it is to celluloid what a pretty red label is to a can of beans or a cellophane wrapper is to bread. It's part of Hollywood's merchandising system. In the eyes of the screen it is as sound as any foundation on which business rests. Throughout the world 220,000,000 people go to the movies every week; the gross annual theater business in the United States is a billion dollars; there is \$2,650,000,000 invested in all countries in making, distributing, and displaying Hollywood's product; the industry employs 282,000 people in America alone; Hollywood's annual wage is in excess of \$85,000,000. Such figures prove that from a business standpoint, Hollywood is important. This importance has been created by glamour.

That Hollywood is unaware of its true importance and has never sought to take advantage of it is, of course, lamentable. A medium with such millions of eyes and ears at its command could be a great force in the intellectual progress of the world.

It is not. Few within the industry have any conception of the screen's potential power; if they had the product would differ vastly from what is now offered. Hollywood is comparable to a child with a stick of dynamite and possibly the world should be thankful that none of the industry's leaders has any notion how it can be detonated. In the inexpert hands of the screen's rulers havoc would result. Yet they have it in their possession and no outsider can advise them or acquire it for honest and intelligent use.

Yet in spite of such a dreary picture there is much in the town to command respect. For every ten knaves and fools there is an artisan of unexcelled competence. Certainly Hollywood is overrun with characters from *Once in a Lifetime* who create as ridiculous a pageant as is available to the American eye and certainly they predominate. But those producers, writers, directors, performers, photographers, publicists, make-up artists, and members of a hundred other crafts who are skilled and who are responsible for the best that is on the screen are earnest, talented men and women who would stand out in any company. They are in the minority, and those who are rascals and posers dominate the scene—a condition that accounts for the industry's reputation. But tell me, Mr. Nugent, how do *you* like Hollywood?

The studios are fascinating, but not in the glamorous sense you possibly have been led to believe. Physically they are not unlike storage warehouses: gaunt, concrete structures, windowless, standing blankly along wide, utilitarian streets. A few of the studios have decorative exteriors—Southern colonial, Spanish hacienda, serene Gothic. But those are just the false fronts. Once past the chicken-wire façades, there are the concrete vaults again, the lumber sheds, the carpenter shops, the undramatic chaps in stained overalls.

Wonderland lies behind the white concrete, though; a wonderland of counterfeit reality. The realism of the sets is uncanny. The plaster tree, the synthetic sewer were only minor

parts of it. Jungles bloom mysteriously amid vines of trailing electric cables; a Panama café springs up in a corner, and a troupe of authentic 'breeds are taking their places before the carpenters and painters have moved out; a dowager lolls in her boudoir, in complete privacy except for twenty-odd men of the technical crew: the camera is practically breathing down her neck.

The tricks of the trade are always more interesting than the lines the players are tossing. Picturemaking is one of the dulllest and most tedious processes in the world; but the tricks . . .

You have seen morning mist rising from a movie sea, or fog rolling sluggishly inland. Possibly you do not know that the mist is made by pumping a mixture of oil and dry ice—the gaseous kind ice cream is packed in—across the surface of a studio tank. The oil keeps the ice particles on the surface; the ice vaporizes slowly; and there's as nice a mist or pea-souper (depending on the richness of the mixture) as any nature faker could want.

Perhaps you have seen a picture in which a Gary Cooper and a Claudette Colbert strolled idly down Fifth Avenue, paused to wrangle in front of the main library, hailed a bus, and rode, still arguing, down to Washington Square. And perhaps you wondered, knowing how many autograph hunters there are in New York, how it happened that no one seemed to recognize the stars, stopped to stare after them, or tore off a souvenir.

The answer is the process shot. One bright day a camera crew rode down Fifth Avenue in a truck, quietly shot some pictures of pedestrian and vehicular traffic, took the needful close-ups of the famous lions. Months later their pictures, rigidly edited, are projected from behind upon a translucent screen. In front of the screen, on a treadmill, Cooper and Colbert are walking and talking. Another camera, and a microphone, out front, gets the entire scene—Cooper and Colbert walking down Fifth Avenue. Simple, of course, but consider the problem of maintaining the proper perspective always, the care that must be taken to see

that Cooper does not appear to walk through one of his ostensible fellow pedestrians.

Or take the process shot in another case. Our hero and heroine are speeding along a parkway in an open roadster. Trees and gas stations flash by; another car creeps up behind, swings down a side road; shadows of the overhanging branches occasionally touch the wind-blown young faces of our boy and girl. That is what you see on the screen.

But had you been on the set when the scene was shot you would have found boy and girl sitting in a roadster that had been conveniently sawed in two. Where the radiator had been perches the friendly camera, and its operating crew. The car is cradled on rockers and two or three huskies jounce it steadily to create the illusion of motion. Behind the car is the process screen, with its animated background of receding landscape. Last artful touch: a chap passing odd fret-sawed cutouts across a spotlight playing on the players' faces. That makes the shadow of overhanging branches. An electric fan is the wind in their hair.

These, of course, are merely the everyday tricks of the trade, not nearly so exciting as the tempests that rage in the studio tanks; or the locust plagues created out of coffee beans and closeups of grasshoppers; or the earthquakes contrived in miniature with hydraulic jacks and carefully gauged measurements of tensile strength.

Hollywood guards its secrets carefully, never lets more than half of them be known. Part of the great illusion would be destroyed, it feels, if the public discovered that scores of men, women, and children actually were not killed when the movie earthquake struck *San Francisco* or when Mrs. O'Leary's cow made things hot *In Old Chicago*. Graustark doesn't believe that it's fun to be fooled, but more fun to know. And it can't understand, at all, why some folks dismiss every authentic bit of daredeviltry with a sniff and "They do it with mirrors."

There are other wonders, though, and not so mechanical. One of the first to take your eye—and it will take it with a bang—is the sartorial magnificence of some of the directors. The players can't touch them, except possibly Jack Oakie whose coats are like a surrealist nightmare. Really to appreciate the wonders of herringbone, tweeds, and flannels you will have to put on your dark glasses and watch for Mitchell Leisen and Lloyd Bacon.

Lloyd Bacon is the chap who had never been to New York, got a vacation finally, and announced he was on his way. Henry Hathaway, one of his directing colleagues, checked him. "You don't intend to wear those clothes in New York, do you?" Mr. Bacon, who loves color, said he had taken care of that by ordering a blue serge and a gray business suit. He stayed in New York two days, then grabbed a plane home. "It was too drab," he explained. "It got on my nerves." He was wearing his plaids again.

Hathaway, when I saw him, was recovering from directing one of the Mae West pictures. He confirmed the impression you may have formed that La West actually believes she is irresistible to everyone in trousers. Most of the smoking-car stories bear her imprimatur, and she keeps a scrapbook on the set to show to selected visitors containing the "comic" Mae West cartoon books, art photos, and passion-pen letters she has received from some of her literate admirers. She has a business head, though.

"She made us write a Negro servant into her script," Hathaway said. "I told her there was no need to have one. 'Lissen,' said Mae, 'don't forget that one out of every four people in the galleries is colored. They're my public and I gotta show 'em I'm democratic. Write a colored boy in.' So we did. You'll find a colored maid or valet in every West picture."

William Wellman introduced me to another Hollywood phenomenon—the court jester. I was on his set, watching him direct Menjou and March in a scene of *A Star is Born*. Wellman had a hickory rod in his hand. At the scene's finish, when the technical

crew moved in to shift the lights and cables, Wellman was among them, his hickory pointer tickling them unexpectedly in the rear whenever they stooped to pick anything up. The outcries were terrific and prolonged.

"It's a gag," patiently explained an initiate. "The boys know they're supposed to 'take it' big. See that guy . . ." he nodded at a husky who had just let out a tremendous yelp . . . "well he's been with Wellman for years. He isn't much good for anything, but he always takes it big. Wellman calls him in for every picture."

Wellman's new diversion is safer, though, than the electrically wired chair he used to keep on the set to shock unsuspecting visitors. The studio had a pretty lawsuit on its hand a few years back, a suit handsomely settled out of court, when a pregnant woman sat in the chair and was startled to the extent of a miscarriage. I believe the settlement price was \$35,000. The chair was dismantled.

There are other paid jesters, one of the most celebrated of them being the chap with a trained parrot. Its vocabulary is exclusively profane, but it is fluent in several languages. Its trainer picks his spots carefully, rehearses the bird for weeks in the language of his prospect, then manages to get him onto the set. Although the owner is not much of a carpenter, the foreign directors are delighted to keep the bird around—and the diletante carpenter "goes mit."

Having absorbed, openmouthed, these phenomena of Graustark-by-the-sea, I was rescued by Churchill, as I was mooning around on the New York street in the Warner back lot, where a prop lamppost bore the legend TIMES SQUARE and a subway kiosk deceptively led to nowhere. I told him about Wellman and the parrot. He grinned. "My boy, you ain't seen nothin' till you've seen a *première*." I said I had been to *premières*, scores of them, knew every arc light on Broadway by its front name, had been stepped on by more two-hundred-pound cops than Union

Square could yell "Cossack!" at. He still insisted on the *première*, and put tickets in my hand. "Better than the opening of a vegetable market," he bragged. I doubted it, having seen what Hollywood could do when it opened a market (searchlights, free samples, celebrities, footprints in concrete, etc.). But he insisted and gave his reasons. Will you repeat them, Doug?

Hollywood's self-delusion reaches the full flower of perfection at the preview. In theory, the preview is a legitimate institution; in practice it is only partially so, said Doug.

When a picture is completed and assembled it is taken to a nearby town to test audience reaction. When producers want a candid reaction from the patrons nothing is said in advance. Often the first inkling the theater manager has of it is when studio employees arrive at 8 o'clock with the cans of film under their arms to make arrangements for its showing at 8:30. Producers, writers, directors, and players usually attend. They have been with the story too long to judge it correctly. Now through the eyes of a "cold" audience, they can see it as thousands of audiences across the nation will.

Previews reveal strange things. Scenes that were not at all funny in the projection room cause gales of laughter in the theater. (A sample would be the death of Pawnee, the Indian in *Wells Fargo*. Pawnee's only line through the picture had been a recurrent guttural "Ugh." Frank Lloyd thought a lot of Pawnee's death scene, when he was shot from the back of a running horse. A tragic moment. But, in preview, when Pawnee toppled from his saddle and hit the ground, the audience as one shouted "Ugh!" And laughed fit to kill. The scene had to be cut out.)

The studio staff listens for every sound from the audience and interprets it. They can tell by even the slightest movement where the picture drags; they know when a point is not understood. As the patrons leave the house, they are handed postcards on which they are invited to express their opinions, and this they do with

most candor. This type of preview is honest and essential. Audios learn from them and profit.

But there is a variation—a “sneak” preview with a studio-cked house. Word is spread through the lot in the afternoon at *Goldie’s Girl* will be screened that night, that they might ofitably attend. The producer and his minions march in, take air places in a row which has been carefully roped off for em. The picture goes on, and the applause, from the start, is emendous. The questionnaire postcards are distributed as usual and every opinion is the same—“terrific.” The producer director beams. The public has vindicated his genius. The employees go home content: they have seen their duty, they have me it.

But the real previews are held in or near Hollywood. To this e invited all those who had a part in making the epic, the press d the friends of the producer and director—these last predominating. If the venture is a programmer, merely a mild thunderolt, it is shown in Glendale, downtown Los Angeles, or in one of e Grade A houses in Hollywood. Sections are reserved for the vited guests, and the acclaim which greets each name flashed i the screen during the running of the credits is in direct proportion to the patronage its owner is capable of dispensing.

There was no preview held near Hollywood of *The Hurricane*, but the *première* attracted the same audience and it demonstrated the sincerity of the preview crowd. The names of Samuel Goldwyn, producer, and Jack Ford, the director, evoked tremendous enthusiasm. The players’ billing caused another demonstration. The writers, as usual, received polite, if somewhat restrained applause. But when the names of James Basevi, R. T. Ayton, and R. O. Binger were shown, not one pair of hands me together. Although they had achieved the seemingly impossible in creating and photographing Mr. Goldwyn’s shattering hurricane, they were only technicians and could offer no

jobs. The poor chaps hadn't a single yes man in the audience.

Most of the previews of a really stupendous nature are held in Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Generators and arc lights blazon the glad tidings in the skies. When the picture warrants it and when the attendance of Class A people is assured, thousands of onlookers jam the street in front of the house. The producers invite all other producers and the big stars. Never knowing from one day to another where they will be working next, they are all generous with their applause. Besides, they have pictures of their own coming up for preview. The safest theory is, "You pat my back and I'll slap yours." And, after the show, they stand around in the lobby congratulating everyone and convincing the producer his press agent has been guilty of understatement in merely letting the world believe he is a genius.

Well, Churchill's description was an understatement—the preview we saw that night was dazzling. The boulevard leading to the Carthay Circle—and it is not "Cathay," but "Carthay," a poetic tribute to the Mr. McCarthy who owned the real estate)—was closed for half a mile to all traffic not properly ticketed for the *première*. Searchlights at twenty-yard intervals lined the street and studio-hired policemen assisted the regular force in speeding the guests along.

Temporary wooden stands had been erected in front of the theater. Gawkers filled them, overflowed the police lines, surged back and forth as the celebrities arrived. The crowd oh'd and ah'd ecstatically and with a volume in proportion to the ranking of the player. A surer index than fan mail is this oral rating of box-office popularity. Some of the players looked as unhappy as the also-rans in an amateur hour contest when the master of ceremony holds his hand over their heads, and the audience gives them a commiserative spattering of applause.

Although there is a side entrance, near the parking lot, through which the stars might quietly enter the theater and take

their seats, none of them bothers. Bravely they face their public, run the gamut of irrepressible autograph seekers and—once in the safety of the lobby—turn to their escorts and rail at a public which permitted them no privacy. They also inquire—unless they are too certain of their position to worry—whether their little address to their “Dear public” has been through the live microphone or the dummy one outside the theater. The dead mike is there for the falling stars who still fancy the little amenities. Since the player cannot hear his own voice above the hubbub, it does no harm to let him use the prop—he is pleased, the public is satisfied, and, if there ever should be a kickback, the master of ceremonies can say it wasn’t a dead mike, that something went wrong with the equipment for a moment or two.

It was a fairish picture, certainly not worth the huzzahs it received that night, and obviously it did not merit the torrent of “superbs,” “brilliants,” and “magnificents” that crawled over most of the reviews in the Los Angeles papers the next day. “Bribery and corruption?” I inquired of Churchill. He thought not. It is just that the scribes of Graustark are expected to play Graustark’s game. They never disappoint.

The press of Hollywood is a phenomenon by itself. The Hays office which licenses the newsmen by issuing credential cards to the worthy lists two hundred and fifty men and women who represent thousands of publications throughout the world. There are around thirty who do daily columns and double that number who do weekly pieces. Probably twenty thousand words go out over the wires each day with each studio mailing from two to three thousand. Hollywood is recognized by the news agencies as second only to Washington as a source of personality news and is surpassed only by New York and Washington in the volume of wire copy. Then there are the writers for fan magazines who have subjected themselves to industry censorship. These journals are forbidden to print anything that has not been read and approved by the studio and star involved. Hollywood has

produced an amazing brand of journalism ranging from the honest but inefficient to the most efficiently dishonest. The honest and efficient souls in between are a heroic, unpopular, and underpaid crew who, in a land of fantastic salaries, subsist on from forty dollars to sixty dollars a week and who retain their self-respect by warding off the pressure, the blandishments, and the threats of the producers.

Most of the press delight in conveying the impression that they are palsy-walsy with the stars. Nothing could be further from the truth. In their occasional association with those of the dream world they are only tolerated. True, they are fawned upon during these infrequent minglings but it is only because they have at their command a product which everyone in Hollywood needs—publicity. Many of them like to tell their readers that they dash across the road to Kay Francis's to borrow a cup of sugar or that Louis B. Mayer insisted that they come to dinner to give advice on a story with which Metro is having some trouble. Bunk. Just plain bunk. One radio commentator conveys the impression at every broadcast that there are no celebrities in town whom he did not meet at the bus depot or the railway station when they were totally unknown. There are two reasons for this claimed fraternizing. One is that it is presumed that the public likes to read purportedly inside stuff by the chums of the stars and the other is that some of the correspondents like to bask in the reflected radiance of the great.

Being a land of opportunity, Hollywood attracts every type of individual. The press is not exempt. Success seems to come to those who adapt themselves to Hollywood's method of existence. There is one lady whom we shall call, say, Beverly of Graustark. Miss Beverly is the veteran of possibly three decades of reporting. To give the proper impression of her importance, let us say that her column has twenty million daily readers. With such a bludgeon at her command it is only natural that she swing it when the occasion necessitates. She demands that the studios

give her the news first and exclusively, and she is so inflated by her own importance that she believes that the press agents follow her orders. Being a Hollywood correspondent is an industry with her. They tell of a Christmas on which she toured the homes of celebrities and gathered up the annual loot. It was all placed in a cab and toward the end of the day the taxi driver absconded with the swag. A less magnificent soul than Miss Beverly would have notified the police, gone into hysterics, and hated all taxicabs for the rest of her life. She did none of these things but went quietly home where with great composure she reported the disaster to the movie Santa Clauses and promised to call around the next day and pick up duplicates of the stolen gifts. She got them, of course.

Another fable that involves her has to do with a birthday dinner. Forty of the more solvent among the select were bidden to her party. A few days before the event her secretary called the guests. "Please don't bring dear Beverly any gifts this year," she begged. "She has so much now and everything you could bring would only duplicate something she already has." The guests protested. After all—dear Beverly. "I know," cooed the secretary, "but if you want to give her something, why not a check?" Each of the forty thought of the writer's feelings and understood, and there was a tidy mound beneath her plate, the smallest check, according to one informer, being for five hundred dollars. Dear Beverly. Dear twenty million readers.

Less colossal, but still an achievement, is the house another Hollywood correspondent calls home. He had the land but couldn't build on it. No money. "Nonsense," said one of the producers. "We just happen to have a lot of needless concrete on hand and a crew of masons who are drawing pay and no work to do. Let us build you a foundation." The correspondent made the rounds. Another studio had some lumber, a third some paint, there happened to be some unwanted furniture at a fourth and an idle interior decorator. In time, the correspondent moved in,

shut the doors, and said he was through taking favors from Hollywood.

Of course, neither of these has the finesse of the trade-paper editor who has built a four-page leaflet into a Hollywood institution. He invites writers, directors, producers, actors, and technicians to buy advertising space in his paper, and, with complete candor, he warns them they need not think that taking an ad will guarantee them favorable mention in the news, editorial, or critical columns of his midget journal. All he can promise is that, if their work is good, the paper will say so; while, if they do not take the ad, the paper will not say so even if their work is good.

It used to be that taking an ad covered the situation, but it does not now suffice since the publisher expanded into the restaurant and night-club fields. Now it is requisite to put in an appearance at these establishments a certain number of times a month, not merely for the immediate benefit of their owner, but to lend that air of studio patronage which is so important for the success of every such Hollywood enterprise: it brings the outsiders in.

While making the studio rounds, I attempted to discover what power this enterprising journal had that made the residents of Graustark on the Pacific woo it so zealously. I found, to my surprise, that no one took it seriously and that everyone accepted its applause and its jeers for exactly what they were worth.

"But, even though you know it's bought and paid for," one producer ingenuously said, "it's nice to read something good about yourself in the paper."

These, admittedly, are the extremes, but there are other classic journalistic specimens, like the lad who arranged with studio press agents to write his daily feature or interview for him and mail it to his syndicate headquarters. All went well, until by accident or design, the ghost writers began sending his by-line

yarns on studio letterheads and finally one of them carelessly sent in an interview with a player supposedly working on the lot. The interview arrived in the office of one subscribing paper a few minutes after receipt of a dispatch revealing that the performer had been in an Eastern hospital for weeks. That ended the correspondent.

Churchill and I had a chance to scan that supplementary service the day we marched into one of the banning studios, our chips teetering on our shoulders. It was the studio whose producer had been made "unhappy" by Doug's writing. It was a good fight while it lasted, both sides claimed a moral victory and the dove of peace fluttered overhead. Then we had a look at the publicity plant.

Graustark is surprisingly realistic at times. Here the press was reduced to a series of cards in a cross index file. There were Class A papers and Class B papers, depending on circulation and influence. The A papers received the A service—first run photographs, exclusive if desired; specially written feature stories and interviews; wire or airmail service on news releases. The B papers had to be content with nonexclusive pictures, routine stories, ordinary mail service on news bulletins.

Each editor's likes and needs were carefully noted. "Uses leg art," "goes for candid camera shots," "has column of favorite recipes of the stars," "wants interviews," "grabs up fashion stills"—or doesn't, as the case may be.

The publicity chief was proud of his system, proud of his staff and its daily output. "We send out the equivalent of three front pages a day," he said, "including enough art for a full roto section."

One of his scribes looked up from a typewriter. "Give me a good name," he said, "something with dignity. Any name." There were a half-dozen suggestions, mostly facetious. One fi-

nally was found. I looked over his shoulder. There was the name of a well-known actor and then . . . "who returns from his European vacation tomorrow, is bringing with him one of the largest private collections of phonograph records in the world. Mr. [I promised not to use the actor's name] acquired the collection in London from the well-known authority, Tasker Blithestone. Awaiting him at his home studio is the starring role in Colossal's forthcoming production, *Blank Blank Blank*."

Blithestone was the "name with dignity" we had suggested. The squib was as fictitious as the name.

"But why?" I asked.

"It'll be used," said the press agent. "Items like that always are. Remember the one about Warren William's trained rooster—the one that could beg and shake hands? We faked the yarn and faked a picture to go with it. Tied some thread about a rooster's leg and pulled it while William pretended to give orders. All the papers ran it. Then the newsreels wanted to get a shot of the bird and William in action. We had to let them in on the secret."

"But with all the legitimate news here, all the really curious and interesting stuff that happens on your lot, why must you fake this stuff? And then this spinach about million-dollar legs, and Hollywood's best-dressed women, and the girls with the most beautiful knees . . . you can't expect to get away with it forever."

He looked at me with a trace of pity, and dragged out the files. The evidence was clear enough. Editors want spinach and editors know what their readers like. A picture of the girl with the most beautiful knees was reprinted all over the country; a cogent interview with a director who had something to say was used by one or two papers.

"So we give 'em what they want," said the publicity boss and scratched his okeh and initials on the story about the Blithestone phonograph record collection.

Graustark is a serene principality on its surface, but one need not scratch deep to discover that it is afraid of its shadow, still more afraid of the shadows it casts upon the world's screens. Fear is behind its production code, a fear of giving offense which might, in turn, produce an offensive onslaught on the box office. Fear is behind its players, writers, and directors—a fear that one bad picture will wipe out the memory of all their good ones. Fear is what makes Graustark the unreal world it is, fear far more than glamour, far more than wealth and beauty and the Southern California sunshine.

One afternoon I took Frank to see Grover Jones who writes scripts when he isn't tinkering with his private printing plant. Grover was pleased to find a bendable ear. He was not too happy about certain "suggestions" from the Hays office for the script he had been writing.

"Can't use this word, can't use that"—his pencil flicked angrily across the pages. "This change would kill my best sequence. 'Suggest other name for the villain.' 'Reference to Victoria must be amended.' Nuts!"

Mr. Jones, mind, had not been writing for the smoking-car boys. His script mightn't have been good, but it was moral. But somewhere he had slipped up and had violated the Hays office formula. Possibly his villain was not white, American, over twenty-one, without racial, fraternal, occupational, religious, or geographical connection. If not, it was a serious slip, indeed, for consider what might have happened.

If the villain were a Negro, societies for the advancement of that race would protest.

If he had not been an American, but a readily identifiable foreigner, the libeled nation would object. (Example: a writer for Warners' gave his villain the first foreign-sounding name he could think of and, as a result, all Warner films were banned from Poland. The name happened to have been that of a Polish hero.)

The villain could not, naturally, be an Elk, or Rotarian or member of any other lodge or club. Think what a boycott by the Knights of Columbus would mean.

He may not be a plumber or brush salesman or motorman (they take offense, too), and if he were a clergyman, physician, or attorney there certainly would be bitter resolutions passed by ministerial conferences and medical and bar associations.

Obviously he cannot be a member of a specified sect and he dare not risk being connected by name with any existing political party, not even the Communist. Even Communists buy tickets.

Still heedful about the penalties of being offensive, pictures dare not deal at all honestly with industrial or political themes. The coal industry made strong representations to Warners' when *Black Fury* was produced and the story was softened to meet their objections. The Standard Oil Company prevailed upon the studio to remake a portion of *Oil for the Lamps of China*, to take the sting out of the tragedy that befell the hero. The closest the screen dares go in dealing with labor trouble is to imply that all strikes are caused by racketeering agitators.

Commercial air lines will permit no scene of a fatal crash of a liner on a regular-run, or of a chartered, air liner unless there is a prefacing scene in which the pilot was ordered to stay on the ground because of bad weather.

Restrictions are even more rigid, and Hollywood's fear commensurately greater, in the case of films with foreign story backgrounds. Truth is no defense and no protection. Films of historical fact will be barred if the facts happen to be unpleasant. *A Farewell to Arms* had to be changed because Italy protested showing Italian soldiers in retreat. France was able to prevent production of *Paths of Glory*, and Turkey and its allies saw to it that plans for the making of *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* were shelved. Several dictators combined to keep *It Can't Happen Here* from happening anywhere in the movies, and it is ex-

pected that *Idiot's Delight* will be delightfully amended before it reaches the screen.

Why all this thoughtfulness? Graustark derives about forty per cent, though now it may be nearing thirty, of its revenue from its foreign business. Giving offense, even though innocently, can be costly, and the Hays office, which functions like a warning bell at a road crossing, tries to keep the studios safe and harmless. Of course, no system is perfect. After *The General Died at Dawn*, which was about a wicked war lord, China banned all Paramount films. Spain, prior to the civil war, compelled the same studio to call in all its prints and destroy the negative of *The Devil is a Woman* because it showed members of the Civil Guard drinking and officers accepting bribes. Even with Spain too busy now to bother with motion pictures, her interests are being watched. Walter Wanger's *Blockade*, which has a Spanish revolutionary background, is careful not to take sides, not even to betray by the uniforms whether its hero is a loyalist or rebel sympathizer.

If this is a fear which cramps its production, there is another which cramps Graustark's private life. Officially, stars may have no views on subjects other than love, sex, marriage, diet, exercise, beauty care, fashion, and the relative merits of stage versus screen.

When it was reported not so long ago that several players had contributed to a fund to feed the wives and children of striking lettuce workers at Salinas and those of the cantaloupe pickers in the Imperial Valley, regiments of press agents swarmed into the newspaper offices to assure them it was all a dirty lie. Similar efforts have been made to hush up reports of actors' contributions to Loyalist Spain. And when the anti-Fascist bloc started planning demonstrations against young Mussolini when he visited the studios last Winter, Hal Roach, his sponsor, hastily got him out of town. (The story that Il Duce summoned him

home was pure fabrication; the lad was too hot for Hollywood to handle.)

Not all this Leftist crusading is sincere. Affluence breeds ennui and, where a Preston Sturgis puts concealed microphones and loud-speakers all through his house and eavesdrops and interrupts from the control booth in his bedroom, other Graustarkians flap their Left wings while working out their income-tax returns with their right. Some of them read *The Nation* and *The New Republic*; others actually are suspect of subscribing to *The New Masses*. They go down to the picket lines on occasion, they drop twenty-five dollars or fifty dollars whenever a hat is passed, and they worry audibly over labor's plight. Still, with their \$300,000 a year and impressive annuities, they can afford to do a bit of worrying, even though some observers may classify their social consciousness as a form of entertainment.

Of course there are honest crusaders in Hollywood. Many of them have fought for an existence in other fields. They remember the hunger and privation in their own lives; they have been close to it in the lives of others. Circumstance have placed them where the horn of plenty is spilling its goodies but, while they may be leading Cinderella lives, they do what they can to lessen the burden of others. Hollywood regards them with suspicion and comments maliciously upon their "radical" activities. They have committed the unpardonable sin in Graustark: they have been flirting with reality.

But as a whole, Hollywood is singularly free from "propaganda" in Mr. Hays' sense, which is remarkable considering the power of the medium. There have, however, been a few local campaigns—local to California—which found the screen riding serenely over Mr. Hays' dictum. Since they were conducted right under our Mr. Churchill's annoyed nose, I will leave it to him to describe them:

The two most notable examples of the California statewide

use of the screen for propaganda purposes were over daylight saving and the campaign of Upton Sinclair for the governorship. It might be mentioned parenthetically that there was an attempt to enter the 1936 presidential campaign in support of Alf Landon, but feeling was so strong that theaters which had accepted pro-Landon films canceled the bookings after a few showings.

The daylight-saving issue is close to Hollywood's heart, or its pocketbook, which amount to the same thing. More daylight time permits more recreation time out of doors and, when dark falls late, more people would decide to go home instead of to the movies. Consequently, whenever the issue has come up for a popular vote, the theaters exhibit reels in ridicule of the plan. The arguments are not exactly models of logic, but they have been enough to defeat the measure every time it has been brought up.

When California was threatened with its favorite bugaboo, liberalism, in 1934, the horror of the cinema knew no bounds. Moscow's most formidable ally, Sinclair, was pitted against a staunch defender and respector of property rights, Frank Merriam. Merriam was a man that Hollywood normally would hate. An ex-Iowan who lived in Long Beach, a bluenose, one who viewed the giddy goings-on of the studio people with distaste, he had nothing in common with the industry. But he became a great champion of liberal living in the eyes of the populace, for he was the only man who stood between them and an iniquitous state income tax proposed by Sinclair. It was this single factor on which the campaign was conducted, but the public never knew it.

Aided by liberal contributions from outside the industry, the cinema swelled the war chest by compelling every studio employee to surrender a day's pay to the campaign fund of Merriam. This money was spent like water but principally for making motion pictures. Had Sinclair been one-tenth the villain or fool he was painted, the psychopathic officers would have had

him years ago if the Department of Justice had not nabbed him first. A more practical man than Sinclair would have lived the rest of his life in ease, for he could have sued the entire city of Hollywood for libel and collected. It probably was the most vicious, felonious, and reprehensible campaign ever conducted against a political candidate. Short films running five hundred to one thousand feet were made which the industry would not dared have shown unless it had had supreme contempt for the intelligence of its patrons, a contempt that appears justified, for political leaders attribute Sinclair's defeat to the splendid work on the part of the screen. Hysteria gripped the state. The Epic boys who were backing Sinclair strove valiantly to offset the attacks but the power of visual argument was too much for them. Tax collectors grabbing homes, fertile fields turning to deserts, unsullied womanhood ravished, Stalin making a tour of inspection of his new province—all these things would happen if Sinclair were elected (and passed the income tax law).

Thus Hollywood helped to defeat Sinclair, but it might be said in passing that one of Governor Merriam's first acts upon assuming office was to jam through an income-tax law. The industry regarded the issue as so safe that it had no lobby at the capital to oppose it.

Take it away, Frank.

If I were a confirmed debunker, I would be able to include in this report several chunky paragraphs headed "Nugent Tells All"—proving that the glamour children of the West Coast heaven are only as their cameramen have made them. Happily, I am not and they are not. Miss Dietrich would remain lovely even without her make-up man to paint a faint little line straight down the ridge of her nose to give it the chiseled delicacy it only ever-so-slightly lacks. Mr. Taylor, for you girls, is a very pretty young man. Bette Davis has wit, Claudette Colbert charm, and Jimmy Cagney swaggers naturally.

Most of those I met, both in Hollywood and in New York, are pleasant and interesting people (darned white of me to say so) and strangely like and unlike their screen selves. Mary Boland, for example, is no White Queen in person and Billie Burke doesn't flutter. Hugh Herbert, though, sifts comic whoo-whoos through his conversation, and Gary Cooper nervously bares his teeth when he is about to say something. None of them, alas, struck me as being the typical movie star. In fact, looking back over the hundreds I have met, I don't believe I ever met a typical movie star. Like the typical movie reporter, they seem not to exist in real life. Possibly the closest approximation was a minor player, feminine, who was trying to impress the world that she was a star. She was bored, blasé, and dumb. I've forgotten her name.

But somehow a visit to Hollywood tends to drive the stars farther away instead of bringing them nearer. They seem less important, much less interesting than the technicians, the directors, writers, and producers. Possibly it is because Graustark, being an unreal place in itself, absorbs the unreals and reduces them to background, to the status of natural resources.

One becomes used to hearing them spoken of that way. "I hear Smith is through." "Paramount is dropping James after his contract is up." "Swenton is a comer." All very matter-of-fact, abstract, scarcely up to the excitable style of the fan magazines which, in the next month's issues, will be telling the Cinderella stories of Swenton, Smith, and James. From Rags to Riches, or From Riches to Rags, or How to Charm Your Husband. Graustark does not shed tears for its departed. There is too wild a scramble for the dead star's shoes.

Some of those I talked to, men who tried to analyze Hollywood, were inclined to credit, or discredit, this for part of Graustark's all-pervading artificiality. "The pace is too swift, things change too fast, success and failure are too close together," they said. "You can't expect people to gait their lives

to the pace of the world outside. Normally a man builds all his life; he may succeed, enjoy a few easy years, and then he is ready to retire. Here success may come overnight and vanish overnight. How can you have that happen and expect to find people living as they do elsewhere?"

I wouldn't know and Churchill pretends not to know. He continues to watch the goings-on with glinting eyes, he calls his shots as he sees them, and he makes several people unhappy. Graustark does not approve of a correspondent with a realistic point of view. If it had the power, it would make all correspondents wear rose-colored glasses and write on tinted paper.

So I returned from bedlam marveling at its skill, amazed at its resources, more than ever certain that Hollywood has everything but courage. "Call it escapist entertainment, if you will," apologizes Czar Will Hays. There is no other word for it, no surer escape from reality than Graustark on the Pacific. It remains the only lasting mythical kingdom of the modern world. And yet, when Mr. Goldwyn began production of *Graustark* this year, he blithely invited King Zog's three sisters to serve as its technical advisers!

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5. *The Decline of the Money Barons*

By Elliott U. Bell

I COVER THE MONEY MARKET.

It has been my privilege to know at first hand the great bankers of the country—the men who are variously called financial statesmen and financial tyrants. I have had daily contacts with them in their hours of great power and prestige and in their hours of failure and despair. With all of them, in varying degrees, I enjoy a confidential relationship. It is inevitable that in talking to men, day after day, including days of great fear and danger, one should see and hear some things which are not for the record. With men in ordinary walks of life, such matters might be trivial; but the financial reporter is dealing with men whose smallest opinions and actions, if published, might shake the markets. In most reporting everything is “on the record” unless specified to the contrary; but in financial reporting, just the other way around—everything is off the record unless specifically authorized for quotation.

Within the limits of this code I have set down here something about the great bankers as they have appeared to me.

WHAT THE MONEY-CHANGERS ARE LIKE

Thomas W. Lamont once asked a high official of the Reich: “Just what sort of fellow is Hitler? Is he the sort you’d go fishing with?”

The answer was: "My dear Lamont, he is the nicest fellow in the world—always making jokes. You couldn't ask for a more delightful companion."

Almost without exception the big bankers are the sort of fellows you'd be glad to take along on a trip to your favorite trout stream. They are, in general, men of good will. Cultured and well bred (comparatively few of the present generation do not come from wealthy families), they are practically all charming people. They are, too, conscientious and hard-working and, according to their beliefs and traditions, concerned for the public welfare. When they are attacked as unsocial, predatory, money-changers, economic royalists, whose powers must be curbed and regulated, they are bewildered and dismayed. So little can they comprehend the point of view expressed in such attacks that they conclude it is dishonest.

A daily acquaintanceship for the past ten years has persuaded me that the despots of the money market are quite ordinary folk, neither exceptionally clever nor stupid, neither all good nor all bad. The record of the depression should be sufficient proof that there are few, if any, geniuses among them, while the power and position they enjoy is presumptive evidence that they are brighter than most of us. As for character, they are just as high-minded as people in, let us say, the cloak-and-suit business, or, for that matter, the newspaper business. They just aren't supermen. Unfortunately, the power and prestige they enjoyed and the problems that they faced too often called for supermen. It may be said against them that a good many of them have unprotestingly accepted in the past the efforts of the rest of us, particularly the conservative press, to pretend that they were supermen.

Those who paint the great ones of Wall Street as so many unscrupulous despots, consciously seeking to rob the common man of his birthright, are usually well-meaning victims of their own efforts to oversimplify social and economic problems.

The point where judgment becomes difficult is in that more subtle question—intellectual honesty. Many times in the difficult years of the depression I have been compelled to think that in their judgment of events, particularly events involving social and political changes closely affecting themselves, the great bankers have not been so “hardheaded” as they are cracked up to be.

The obvious example, of course, was the misjudgment by the bankers of the qualities of the New Deal. I am not here entering into the question of whether the economic policies of the New Deal were right. I mean simply that, in a critical appraisal of the “best banking minds” it must count against them that, with all their resources for gathering information, they so completely misjudged the strength of the forces behind Mr. Roosevelt; that, even after four years, a good many of them actually thought Mr. Roosevelt would not be re-elected and none of them, so far as I know, suspected that he would triumph so decisively as he did in the 1936 election. I say this fault involved a question of intellectual honesty because I am convinced that the bankers allowed their dislike and fear of some of the things the New Deal had brought to pass, and especially of some of the things the President had said, to warp their judgment.

Incidentally, I remember that one day a couple of years ago the head of one of the largest banks in the city remarked to me that he thought Mr. Roosevelt was “crazy.”

“You don’t really mean that?” I asked.

“Yes, I do. I think the man is absolutely unbalanced.”

I might have paid no more attention to the remark had I not gone immediately from this banker to another who headed a somewhat smaller but very important institution. To my surprise he made exactly the same comment.

“You don’t really mean that?” I asked.

“Yes, I do,” he answered. “I mean I think he’s a pathological case.”

Very shortly afterwards it came out in the course of a Senate investigation that an obscure and misguided publicity man had conceived the idea of undermining the President by a whispering campaign to the effect that his mind was unbalanced.

In matters affecting organized labor, bankers nowadays will nearly all tell you they believe in the principle of collective bargaining. But if any of them should ever tell me that he thought a labor union was in the right in any particular dispute I should be amazed. Their attitude in such matters is apt to be one of "benevolent despotism." Of course they would like to see a "more abundant life"; of course they believe in a higher standard of living; but they regard it as a "mistake" for either organized labor or government to seek to advance these causes by arbitrary moves.

In theory they believe in "keeping the public informed" about the affairs of the corporations and banks which they control, but they frequently reserve a very large part of their activities under the heading of those things in which "the public would not be interested." They regard stockholders who ask questions at meetings as "troublemakers"—probably with Socialistic leanings.

There are comparatively few banks in Wall Street today where the "right" of a reporter to inquire about the activities of the institution would be challenged; but even the most august figures sometimes feel that a higher public duty compels them to answer untruthfully.

Not long ago one of the most distinguished bank presidents in Wall Street handed me an announcement, in the presence of a dozen other people, with the remark that he was sorry to have lied to me about the matter a few days before.

"I am not much surprised," I said.

"No," he answered, "I knew you'd understand."

In general the bankers feel that the best interests of the country are served when they are allowed to run their businesses in

their own way with a minimum of "outside interference." A sound banking system depends upon management and "you cannot legislate sound management."

THE DECLINE OF WALL STREET

That the power and prestige of the Wall Street community—its influence upon national political economy, its control of credit and the financial markets—have fallen greatly in recent years must be fairly obvious to anyone who has followed the contest between Wall Street and Washington since the New Deal came into office.

There was a time, still within the memory of many in Wall Street, when financial titans booted the stock market about to satisfy their own feuds or ambitions; a time when the elder J. P. Morgan could call a handful of bankers into his awe-inspiring presence and bark out orders that would stop a panic. There was a time, much more recent, when government turned first to Wall Street's leaders for advice and means in meeting economic problems; when it almost seemed as though Wall Street regulated Washington.

In the early years of the depression it was not unusual for one of the big bankers to tell me that he had just been talking to President Hoover on the telephone about this or that proposal to accelerate prosperity's coming around the corner. The comments on these consultations were often by no means flattering to the Chief Executive. Those were days of great sport for the financial reporters. They had not merely a ringside seat at the spectacle of the financial collapse of the country, but they often had the inside story of what was happening at the political capital before the Washington correspondents knew about it.

Roosevelt has changed all that. Today the control of credit is firmly lodged in the hands of government. Banking, the security business, and the speculative markets are closely reg-

ulated. So far from having any inside dope on what is going on in Washington, Wall Street today lives in constant apprehension that new and unsuspected moves on the part of the government may suddenly alter the conditions under which it is operating. Not even the private adventures of the erstwhile Money Barons can escape the vigilant supervision of Washington. Wall Street's most august figures have been chastened by the rod of senatorial investigations. Freedom to speculate has been virtually abolished so far as the big operators of former days are concerned and not even a man's salary is his private business. And all this, in effect, has been applauded by the nation in its overwhelming endorsement of a President whom Wall Street hated and who personified the forces of social and economic change which have brought about the decline of Wall Street.

Today there are no more titans in Wall Street. The elder J. P. Morgan is long since dead. I know of no living bankers who could be called awe-inspiring. The most picturesque and forceful personality in the banking world today is not in Wall Street. He is A. P. Giannini, the California banker, a friend of the New Deal and a bitter hater of Wall Street. He is in the titanic tradition—a great fighter, a great hater, and a bold operator—but although he controls a substantial interest in one of the three largest banks in the country, the National City, and completely controls the fourth largest bank in the country, the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association in California, he has little influence outside his own state.

That Wall Street lacks today the heroic figures which colored its past does not necessarily mean that the big bankers of the present are lesser men than their predecessors, though Wall Street itself suspects that is the case. It does mean that the economic forces which batter the world today are much too big for individuals to dominate. It means, too, that a changing moral and social point of view has shackled the free play of specula-

tion and financial piracy out of which the Wall Street giants of the past emerged.

It means that government all over the world, partly due to the pressure of great new economic forces, partly in response to this changing social point of view, has intervened more and more effectively in financial affairs. It means, incidentally, that Wall Street news is not as colorful as it once was. The biggest financial news stories of modern times—the boom and crash of the American stock market, the fall of Great Britain from the gold standard in 1931 and the bank holiday of 1933—were vast impersonal tragedies. They involved, directly or indirectly, millions of personal tragedies, but the ruin of individuals was dwarfed by the mass significance of the events. No man or group of men could have been blamed for these things, nor could any man have averted them.

BOOM

One of the last examples, ill-fated as it turned out, of one strong individual attempting by a single-handed gesture to turn the course of financial events, occurred in March, 1929, when Charles E. Mitchell, then President of the National City Bank of New York, hurled defiance at the Federal Reserve Board and, by throwing \$25,000,000 into the call-money market, postponed for seven months the stock market crash which was to usher in the great depression.

I feel a proprietary interest in this episode because it gave me my first big "exclusive" story and because, if I had not gotten the story, a great many other things which grew out of it might have been different.

A contest was then going on, between the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, of which Mr. Mitchell was a director, and the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, over what steps should be taken to check the stock market boom. In those early

months of 1929 it was already apparent to sober-minded men in Wall Street that speculation had gotten out of hand and that sooner or later a crash was inevitable. The late Paul M. Warburg, head of the Bank of the Manhattan Company, was the only important banker who publicly warned against the impending collapse, but many others held a similar view. No one, of course, even suspected that when the crash did come it would bring with it the worst depression in history.

The issue between the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the Federal Reserve Board was not whether the boom should be checked; that had been agreed on for some time. The question was one of methods to be employed.

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which had been for years the tail that wagged the dog in the Federal Reserve System, wanted to tackle the problem along traditional banking lines. It wanted to raise its rediscount rate, thereby making credit dear so that speculation would become unprofitable. Such a course, it goes without saying, would have pinched not merely the stock market but business in general.

The Federal Reserve Board was reluctant to do anything that might hurt business. Having in mind the uproar which it had faced in 1921 when it was accused of having ruined the farmer by pricking the bubble of inflated commodity prices, it was fearful of stirring up popular resentment and of drawing down upon its head the wrath of politicians. It sought therefore to find a compromise, a means of making credit dear for the stock market while keeping it reasonable for business.

To this end the board issued in February, 1929, its celebrated "warning" which said, in effect, that a member bank had no right to borrow from the Federal Reserve Banks for the purposes of making speculative loans. Inasmuch as all banks were at that time borrowing heavily from the Federal Reserve Banks and were at the same time lending heavily to the stock market, the board's warning, if followed literally, would have meant an

immediate stoppage of the flow of funds to finance stock speculation. Not content with a mere warning, the board instructed its agents at the various Reserve Banks to call individual bankers upon the carpet and admonish them against overextension of stock-market loans.

This was the so-called "direct action" policy of the Reserve Board. While pursuing it, the board declined, week after week, to accede to the request of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York for permission to increase its rediscount rate. Wall Street bankers were solidly on the side of the local Reserve Bank, as was the accumulated tradition and doctrine of central-banking technique. In those days the head of a big Wall Street bank considered himself a much more important figure than any Federal Reserve Board member and it may be imagined how well such a policy of "direct action" went with the more important figures in the banking world.

Nevertheless the policy did begin to take hold. Call money—money supplied to brokers by banks and subject to call at any time—began to get dearer. At first the stock market paid little attention. So long as stocks went up fast enough, eight or ten per cent call money meant little. But finally there came a day in March when there was not enough money in the call market to go around. It was no longer a question of having to pay dear for money—money simply couldn't be had at any price. In the face of that there was nothing to do but sell. Stocks began to drop; call money soared to twenty per cent; a panic developed, and the big bull market nearly came to an end right there, March 26, 1929.

I had not been a bank reporter very long at that time, and I found the events of that day pretty exciting. Irrespective of the merits of the stock-market boom, I felt that it was a pretty high-handed, not to say undemocratic affair, that banks should suddenly refuse to lend money at any price, thereby deliberately precipitating a panic that was going to ruin a lot of people. This

was my first experience of a "banking conspiracy." I kept going around to see bankers and suggesting to them that the public was going to be pretty sore when they found out about it. The bankers didn't have much to say. It was pretty plain that they didn't like it much themselves. Finally, about 5 P.M., when I should have been getting back uptown to my office, I went around to the National City Bank for one last effort to see Mr. Mitchell, who had been tied up in conference earlier in the day.

He was still tied up. His secretary assured me that I was wasting my time. Nevertheless I waited. I waited an hour and a half. Finally when I was about ready to give up Mr. Mitchell sent out word that he was free and would see me.

I am afraid I pitched into him in a rather undiplomatic way. In effect, I asked him what the devil bankers meant by conspiring to bring on a panic. I have no way of knowing whether Mr. Mitchell had made up his mind in advance to make the statement he did or whether my naïve approach provoked him into it. Since then I have often heard and seen printed the statement that "Mitchell called in reporters" and "handed out" his statement. Nothing could be further from the truth. What he said was purely extemporaneous and was said to me alone.

He said that he had been in a series of conferences and had learned of the panic only late in the day, but that when he had found out what was going on, he had sent up to the Federal Reserve Bank and borrowed \$25,000,000 and thrown it into the call-money market. The dynamite was in a sentence which I carefully wrote down as soon as I had gotten outside his door. It was:

"So far as this institution is concerned, we feel that we have an obligation that is paramount to any Federal Reserve warning, or anything else, to avert, so far as lies within our power, any dangerous crisis in the money market."

Next day the afternoon papers had picked it up and were carrying it on their front pages together with the news that the

stock market was rallying sharply and that call money was going down as other banks followed Mitchell's lead. Carter Glass rose in the Senate to denounce the banker who had avowed his allegiance to a frenzied stock market, and Mr. Mitchell was already a marked man. As I walked along Wall Street, it seemed as though everyone was talking about my story. I kept hearing snatches of conversation: "And he said: 'So far as this institution is concerned . . .'" People took sides, and I found myself praised and blamed as though I had been an active agent in the matter. A money broker stopped me and asked me if I had written the story. "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said. "The First National Bank lent more money yesterday than Mitchell did."

In the years that followed the crash this statement was repeatedly used to bolster the charge that bankers in general had been "speculative-minded" and that Mr. Mitchell in particular was a ringleader of the bull movement in stocks. I do not presume to set myself up as a champion of Mr. Mitchell, but as far as this particular incident is concerned the charges are hardly just. His position was that banks had no right, even at the behest of the Federal Reserve Board, deliberately to precipitate a stock market panic by a concerted refusal to lend money at any price. Others certainly took the same stand, but they were not so frank as to let a reporter quote them.

Irrespective of the merits of his position, Mr. Mitchell's action meant the end of the Reserve Board's campaign of direct action. The stock market took the bit in its teeth and ran away, fetching up finally with the breath-taking crash of October 24, 1929, which formally ushered in the great depression.

CRASH

That was the day when the bottom fell out of the big bull market and when, in the light of subsequent developments, it be-

came plain that financial events had become too big for a few individuals, however powerful, to control. October 24, 1929, was not the first day of the big break in stocks, nor was it the last. It was not the largest day in point of volume of stocks dealt in and, on balance, the decline of prices was not large. Nevertheless, it was the most terrifying and unreal day I have ever seen in the Street, and it constitutes an important financial landmark, for that day marked the beginning of the great decline in the prestige and power of Wall Street over national affairs.

The big bull market which had begun five years earlier with the election of Calvin Coolidge reached its peak in September of 1929. Stock prices turned downward in the latter half of that month and by the third week of October a spectacular decline was in progress.

On Monday, October 21, the market broke badly on 6,091,870 shares. Washington, according to the headlines of the day, viewed the situation as "sound." Professor Irving Fisher said stock prices were too low and "bankers" predicted a rally. The next day there was a rally, and Charles E. Mitchell, returning from abroad, opined the "decline had gone too far."

On Wednesday, October 23, stocks crashed again. *The New York Times* average of 50 stocks, which had reached 311.90 on September 19, fell to 261 that day, showing a loss of $16\frac{1}{3}$ per cent from the high of a month before. Washington was "surprised."

This, then, was the situation on the eve of October 24, 1929. Stocks had been falling for over a month; had lost, on the average, about $1/6$ of their quoted value, and looked "cheap" according to the opinion of important bankers, economists, and government officials. Business was still good—the economic position of the country was "sound", and technically the stock market itself had been improved by a "healthy reaction." Practically everyone thought a good rally must be close at hand.

The day was overcast and cool. A light northwest wind blew down the canyons of Wall Street, and the temperature, in the low fifties, made bankers and brokers on their way to work button their topcoats around them. The crowds of market traders in the brokers' board rooms were nervous but hopeful as the ten o'clock hour for the start of trading approached. The general feeling was that the worst was over and a good many speculators who had prudently sold out earlier in the decline were congratulating themselves at having bought back their stocks a good deal cheaper. Seldom had the small trader had better or more uniform advice to go by.

The market opened steady with prices little changed from the previous day, though some rather large blocks, of 20,000 to 25,000 shares, came out at the start. It sagged easily for the first half hour, and then around eleven o'clock the deluge broke.

It came with a speed and ferocity that left men dazed. The bottom simply fell out of the market. From all over the country a torrent of selling orders poured onto the floor of the Stock Exchange and there were no buying orders to meet it. Quotations of representative active issues, like Steel, Telephone, and Anaconda, began to fall two, three, five, and even ten points between sales. Less active stocks became unmarketable. Within a few moments the ticker service was hopelessly swamped and from then on no one knew what was really happening. By 1:30 the ticker tape was nearly two hours late; by 2:30 it was 147 minutes late. The last quotation was not printed on the tape until 7:08½ P.M., four hours, eight and one-half minutes after the close. In the meantime, Wall Street had lived through an incredible nightmare.

In the strange way that news of a disaster spreads, the word of the market collapse flashed through the city. By noon great crowds had gathered at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets where the Stock Exchange on one corner faces Morgan's across the way. On the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, opposite

Morgan's, a crowd of press photographers and newsreel men took up their stand. Traffic was pushed from the streets of the financial district by the crush.

It was in this wild setting that the leading bankers scurried into conference at Morgan's in a belated effort to save the day. Shortly after noon Mr. Mitchell left the National City Bank and pushed his way west on Wall Street to Morgan's. No sooner had he entered than Albert H. Wiggin was seen to hurry down from the Chase National Bank, one block north. Hard on his heels came William C. Potter, head of the Guaranty Trust, followed by Seward Prosser of the Bankers Trust. Later George F. Baker, Jr., of the First National, joined the group.

The news of the bankers' meeting flashed through the streets and over the news tickers—stocks began to rally—but for many it was already too late. Thousands of traders, little and big, had gone "overboard" in that incredible hour between eleven and twelve. Confidence in the financial and political leaders of the country, faith in the "soundness" of economic conditions had received a shattering blow. The panic was on.

At Morgan's the heads of six banks formed a consortium—since known as the bankers' pool of October, 1929—pledging a total of \$240,000,000, or \$40,000,000 each, to provide a "cushion" buying power beneath the falling market. In addition, other financial institutions, including James Speyer and Company and Guggenheim Brothers, sent over to Morgan's unsolicited offers of funds aggregating \$100,000,000. It was not only the first authenticated instance of a bankers' pool in stocks but by far the largest concentration of pool buying power ever brought to bear on the stock market—but in the face of the panic it was pitifully inadequate.

After the bankers had met, Thomas W. Lamont, Morgan partner, came out to the crowd of newspaper reporters who had gathered in the lobby of his bank. In an understatement that has since become a Wall Street classic, he remarked:

"It seems there has been some disturbed selling in the market."

It was at the same meeting that "T.W." gave to the financial community a new phrase—"air pockets," to describe the condition in stocks for which there were no bids, but only frantic offers. (Mr. Lamont said he had it from his partner, George Whitney, and the latter said he had it from some broker.)

After the meeting, Mr. Lamont walked across Broad Street to the Stock Exchange to meet with the governors of the Exchange. They had been called together quietly during trading hours and they held their meeting in the rooms of the Stock Clearing Corporation so as to avoid attracting attention. Mr. Lamont sat on the corner of a desk and told them about the pool. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, there is no man nor group of men who can buy all the stocks that the American public can sell."

It seems a pretty obvious statement now, but it had a horrid sound to the assembled governors of the Exchange. It meant that the shrewdest member of the most powerful banking house in the country was telling them plainly that the assembled resources of Wall Street, mobilized on a scale never before attempted, could not stop this panic.

The bankers' pool, in fact, turned out a sorry fiasco. Without it, no doubt, the Exchange would have been forced to close, for it did supply bids at some price for the so-called pivotal stocks when, because of the panic and confusion in the market, there were no other bids available. It made a small profit, but it did not have a ghost of a chance of stemming the avalanche of selling that poured in from all over the country. The stock market had become too big. The days that followed are blurred in retrospect. Wall Street became a nightmarish spectacle.

The animal roar that rises from the floor of the Stock Exchange and which on active days is plainly audible in the Street outside, became louder, anguished, terrifying. The streets were

crammed with a mixed crowd—agonized little speculators, walking aimlessly outdoors because they feared to face the ticker and the margin clerk; sold-out traders, morbidly impelled to visit the scene of their ruin; inquisitive individuals and tourists, seeking by gazing at the exteriors of the Exchange and the big banks to get a closer view of the national catastrophe; runners, frantically pushing their way through the throng of idle and curious in their effort to make deliveries of the unprecedented volume of securities which was being traded on the floor of the Exchange.

The ticker, hopelessly swamped, fell hours behind the actual trading and became completely meaningless. Far into the night, and often all night long, the lights blazed in the windows of the tall office buildings where margin clerks and bookkeepers struggled with the desperate task of trying to clear one day's business before the next began. They fainted at their desks; the weary runners fell exhausted on the marble floors of banks and slept. But within a few months they were to have ample time to rest up. By then thousands of them had been fired.

Agonizing scenes were enacted in the customers' rooms of the various brokers. There traders who a few short days before had luxuriated in delusions of wealth saw all their hopes smashed in a collapse so devastating, so far beyond their wildest fears, as to seem unreal. Seeking to save a little from the wreckage, they would order their stocks sold "at the market," in many cases to discover that they had not merely lost everything but were, in addition, in debt to the broker. And then, ironic twist, as like as not the next few hours' wild churning of the market would lift prices to levels where they might have sold out and had a substantial cash balance left over. Every move was wrong, in those days. The market seemed like an insensate thing that was wreaking a wild and pitiless revenge upon those who had thought to master it.

The excitement and sense of danger which imbued Wall

Street was like that which grips men on a sinking ship. A camaraderie, a kind of gaiety of despair, sprang up. The Wall Street reporter found all doors open and everyone snatched at him for the latest news, for shreds of rumor. Who was in trouble? Who had gone under last? Where was it going to end?

I remember dropping in to see a vice-president of one of the larger banks. He was walking back and forth in his office.

"Well, Elliott," he said, "I thought I was a millionaire a few days ago. Now I find I'm looking through the wrong end of the telescope."

He laughed. Then he said: "We'll get those bastards that did this yet."

I never did find out whom he meant, but I learned later that he was not merely "busted" but hopelessly in debt.

THE CORNER

It was inevitable that the bankers' pool should have met at Morgan's and that its operations should have been carried out by that firm. The position of the House of Morgan is unique and in those days its right to leadership was undisputed. The basis of the Morgan power is not easy to explain. It is not a large bank, as Wall Street banks go. A dozen other institutions have much larger resources. True, the firm exercises a strong influence over a number of these larger banks—the so-called Morgan banks—but it has never been established to what extent that influence is based on financial control. The sheer money power of the Corner is, of course, great; but my own belief is that this is a minor factor in the firm's leadership. What really counts is not so much its money as its reputation and brains.

Morally and intellectually Morgan's stands head and shoulders above the rest of the Street. I don't think many people would dispute that regardless of what they think of the morals and intellect of the Street in general. That the Corner has made

its mistakes goes without saying; but institutions, like men, must be judged against the background of their time and environment and, as Wall Street goes, Morgan's stands pretty high. It should only be necessary to compare their record in the Senate investigations of the past few years with those of others, bearing in mind that these investigations probed exhaustively into the affairs of the firm, even going back as far as the period of the World War, in order to prove this point.

About the most damaging thing that was brought out in these investigations, to my mind, was that the firm made it a practice to allot a portion of the securities it issued, at favorable prices, to a long list of individuals including persons in positions of public responsibility, such as the directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. But the fact that so large a group of distinguished citizens felt no embarrassment at being on the Morgan preferred list should be sufficient proof that the firm was not behind the standards of ethics of the period.

Parenthetically, one of the cruel aspects of the Senate investigations of Wall Street was that they subjected past acts of people to judgment in the light of changed experience and morals. Many things that were done in 1929 seem reprehensible today, whereas at the time they were quite moral—for the fundamental reason that they were customary. Some day we may think it disgraceful for a congressman or senator to accept a campaign contribution from a manufacturer who may be interested in maintaining tariffs. I have already said that I think Mr. Mitchell was criticized too harshly for being "speculative-minded." Similarly, I feel that those in Wall Street and elsewhere who have adopted a "holier than thou" attitude toward Albert H. Wiggin do themselves little credit. Mr. Wiggin was a product of his time and not very different from a good many other big bankers. Of course he speculated, went joint-account in security operations with his own institution, used "inside information" that came to him by virtue of his position as a big

banker. But no banker ever became a millionaire by saving up his salary, and even today we have not reached the point where we consider it a sign of dereliction for a banker to be rich, though we may be approaching it.

But to get back to the Corner. It is not a mere bank; it is an institution. It has become a symbol of Wall Street itself, viewed variously as a predatory creature, exercising a "spider-web" control over most of the banking and business resources of the country, or, at the other extreme, as a semiphilanthropic organization whose benign ministrations cause great banks and corporations to flourish, giving employment to millions of workers and causing the stocks of "widows and orphans" to rise in value and give off dividends.

About it there is an extraordinary amount of romanticizing, friendly and hostile, which is participated in not merely by the financially ignorant but by a large part of Wall Street itself. Almost nothing happens in the Street that is not linked in some way with the Corner in the rumors and gossip with which Wall Street abounds. This is true even today when the firm's activities and influence have undoubtedly diminished.

This peculiar aura that surrounds the Corner is never openly acknowledged there, but it is tacitly recognized in the firm's relations with the press. The quality of this relationship may be conveyed by the old phrase *noblesse oblige*. It is a fixed policy that the inquiring newspaperman shall be seen promptly by a partner of the firm, received with courtesy, not to say cordiality, and his questions responded to. I should hesitate to estimate the dollar value that might be put upon the time of Morgan partners that I use up every year—it would certainly run into enormous figures—but I have never detected a sign of impatience at my efforts to draw news from them. I have called them up at all hours of the night, often to ask foolish questions, and have never found anything but unfailing good humor. I do not mean to imply, of course, that the Morgan partners unbosom

themselves to me or any other reporter or that they are invariably forthright in their answers to questions. They seldom volunteer information and are, particularly Mr. Lamont, consummate masters in the art of diplomatically avoiding what they do not want to talk about; but they are a good deal more helpful than most bankers and their example has certainly done much to promote the idea that men in positions of high financial power have an obligation toward the public that can, in some measure, be fulfilled by submitting cheerfully to the inquiries of the press.

To the Corner belongs by tradition the undisputed right of leadership in the Street; but it is a remarkable fact that, except for the bankers' pool, the firm refrained throughout the depression from exercising that leadership. For this it was severely criticized by some bankers, who contended that it was impossible for any other individuals or institutions to attempt to assert a leadership of the financial community so long as Morgan's existed and gave no formal notice that it had abdicated its traditional right to lead.

The steadfast refusal of the firm to attempt to organize and direct the financial community in an attack on the depression, to systematize the rescue parties, to prevent dangerously infectious failures such as that of the Bank of the United States, has been construed as a sign of weakness, an evidence of loss of that force which had made it great in the days of its founder. There are some bankers who believe that Wall Street might have staved off the subsequent "evils" of government intervention in business, government regulation of finance, had it followed the traditions of 1907, when the Clearing-House banks, directed by the elder J. P. Morgan, mobilized their strength and decided who should fail and who should be saved. But at the Corner there seemed never any suggestion of such a course. The attitude, as one of the partners expressed it, on hearing of the failure of Pyncheon and Company, was, "Too bad, but these ripe apples must fall."

There were probably two reasons for the attitude of the firm

on this question of "leadership." One was that there had been a fundamental change in the banking structure since 1907, namely, the organization of the Federal Reserve System, one of whose functions it was to assist banks in time of stress. The other reason, I suspect, was that the firm realized before most people did that this depression was too big. I think it realized that at the time of the bankers' pool, when Mr. Lamont made his discouraging remark to the governors of the Stock Exchange. If this is so, the firm may also have foreseen that Wall Street would not be very popular when the depression reached its lowest and that the public might then clamor for the heads of Wall Street's "leaders."

At all events, the Corner left it to the Clearing House and the Federal Reserve Bank to organize such concerted efforts as were made from time to time to combat the depression, and it must be admitted that none of these amounted to much.

SOME ECONOMIC ROYALISTS

Although I have seen J. P. Morgan hundreds of times, have talked with him occasionally, and have, from his partners, heard some of his opinions, I feel that I know very little about him. This certainly is true of Wall Street at large. The consensus of the Street seems to be that "the present J. P. isn't what the Old Man was." This, I have no doubt, is perfectly true, but I question the further conclusion frequently heard, which is that Mr. Morgan actually carries little weight in the firm and that the "real brains" are Mr. Lamont and Mr. Whitney.

It is no secret that Mr. Morgan in recent years has not put in very long hours at 23 Wall Street. He is abroad much of the time or cruising on his yacht. My own inclination is rather to construe this as a sign of "brains" than otherwise. With the kind of partners he has there is no need of chaining himself to a desk. I suspect, however, that when really big decisions have to be

made Mr. Morgan's voice is the important one in the firm's councils.

In appearance J. P. Morgan is an amiable replica of his fearsome parent. Big, red-faced, beetle-browed, and bald, he has a bouncing walk and a way of looking at you with an expression of mild astonishment. He plants his feet wide apart and shifts sidewise on them, making you feel like a small child before a good-natured but impressive elephant—a sensation that is no-wise diminished by the large, down-curving pipe in his mouth.

His voice booms. He chuckles frequently and puffs out his words in short sentences. In response to questions he has a habit of leaning forward quickly and letting his jaw fall, as though very much surprised. He fits the picture of an English country squire and is said to be nowhere happier than at Wall Hall, his country estate in Hertfordshire, unless it be upon the deck of his yacht, the *Corsair*. He never misses the grouse season in Scotland.

The most widely known partner of J. P. Morgan and Company is Thomas W. Lamont. He is the "spokesman" for the firm and is one of the most influential men in the country. The foremost example in our time of the "international banker," he scarcely fits the conventional cartoonist's conception of the type. Of short and slender build, slightly stooped, with gray hair thinning on top, he has a highly expressive face. His manner is altogether charming, invariably polite, with none of the brusqueness that is supposed to go with financial power; his method of rebuke is to look slightly bored.

Seated at the antique Italian refectory table which serves him for a desk in his small private office on the second floor of 23 Wall Street, he would, I think, be more likely to be taken for a man of literary pursuits than for a hard-boiled banker. That office is remarkable and gives, perhaps, a better clue to the nature of its user than a description of the man himself. Its walls are of dark oak paneling, the north side, overlooking Wall

Street, pierced by two windows in which hang small transparencies of the glass at Chartres.

The west wall, behind Mr. Lamont as he sits at his table, is lined with books set behind open wire grillings, while facing the banker is an open fireplace in which, on cool days, a fire of briquets burns quietly. Above the fireplace hangs an oil, the engagement between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* in 1813. The floor is covered with threadbare oriental rugs. The chairs, of well-wormed old Italian wood to match the table, are few—one, high-backed, carved, and very uncomfortable-looking in which the banker himself sits and two or three others for visitors. At one side stands a high chest, also antique Italian, surmounted by a china figure of Buddha. On the walls are autographed photographs of Mussolini and Colonel House as well as pictures of Mr. Lamont's family and of the present and elder Morgans.

The table itself is invariably buried deep under a mass of papers, books, trays of correspondence, and a variety of knick-knacks. There are four or five empty ash trays, innumerable small ornaments and antique objects of art, which serve as paperweights, and, usually, heaped on top of three or four modern books, biographies or current discussions of political economy in which are to be seen markers showing that someone has been through them beforehand and indicated passages of especial interest to Mr. Lamont.

Two telephones and a buzzer constitute the only accoutrements of a normal business office. These scarcely mar the picture of a private study, revealing in its details an owner who has traveled widely, read extensively, and cultivated an interest in art.

An interview with Mr. Lamont is for the financial reporter like a practice "stretch" between the novice fencer and the master. The latter, completely at ease, turns aside the most determined lunges with such deftness as to make it appear that

they were not turned aside at all, but simply aimed at a non-existent mark.

Mr. Lamont is Wall Street's outstanding diplomat—his acquaintance among foreign statesmen and financiers is prodigious and on his frequent trips abroad he is the confidant of prime ministers and dictators. His memoirs, when he comes to write them, should be fascinating. He is closer than anyone in Wall Street to the storybook conception of the international financier.

I had originally set down at this point an account of one of Mr. Lamont's adventures. It might have been taken from a novel. There were involved a journey, incognito, to a well-known European spa, a secret meeting there with a high official of a foreign government, the negotiations carried out in a private room of a hotel, the separate departure, as guarded as the arrival, of the two negotiators, and, finally, the theft from the mails, obviously engineered by the secret police of the power involved, of a report describing the entire affair. Unfortunately the tale, while entirely proper, involves in a slightly embarrassing way a gentleman who occupies a prominent but precarious position in a state where unpleasant things sometimes happen. As I said at the start, the financial reporter is not at liberty to repeat everything he hears. The story had to be taken out.

Morgan's is the nexus which loosely links a group of the largest and most powerful banks in the country. These include the Guaranty Trust Company, the First National Bank, the Bankers Trust Company, and the New York Trust Company. In addition the National City, although not strictly a "Morgan bank," has always been close to the firm, and the influence of the Corner is strong with a number of other institutions.

The Morgan leadership was unchallenged until 1933 when, in the midst of the confusion and terror of the banking holiday, Winthrop W. Aldrich, head of the Rockefeller-controlled Chase National Bank, issued a proposal for banking reforms which

struck so directly at the Morgan firm and its group of banks as to be construed universally in Wall Street as a scarcely veiled attack upon the Corner itself.

Most of the things that Mr. Aldrich condemned at that time, such as the mingling of investment banking and deposit banking, were practiced by his own bank; many of the reforms he proposed were already scheduled for enactment in a bill that had been prepared by Senator Glass, and all of them have subsequently been put into effect. Because of this statement Mr. Aldrich has sometimes been referred to as a "New-Deal banker," a characterization that is more than a little funny to those who know his opinion of the New Deal. He is, in fact, one of the most uncompromising critics of the Roosevelt administration and was an important backer of Mr. Landon in the 1936 campaign.

Head of the largest bank in the country, Mr. Aldrich is, in point of years of banking experience, one of the youngest bankers in the Street. Brother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., he had been a lawyer until December, 1929, when the death of Chellis Austin, head of the Equitable Trust Company that Mr. Rockefeller controlled, left that institution without a chief executive. Mr. Aldrich took charge, and the assumption in Wall Street was that he was merely filling in temporarily as Mr. Rockefeller's agent until a new president could be found for the bank. When he effected a merger between the Equitable and the Chase National Bank, managed by the wily Albert H. Wiggin, it was supposed that he had nicely solved the problem and would soon withdraw from banking and return to law. Instead the swift course of events in the depression years brought about Mr. Wiggin's retirement under a cloud and left Mr. Aldrich, three years after the start of his banking career, at the head of the largest bank in the country.

The situation in the Chase illustrates, incidentally, a curious aspect of this question of "control" of banks. John D. Rocke-

feller holds directly only three and one-third per cent of the stock of the Chase, but there is no doubt that he controls it. On the other hand, A. P. Giannini's Transamerica Corporation had until recently over ten per cent of the stock of the National City bank, and yet I have never seen that institution referred to as a Giannini bank. Control, it is obvious, involves something more than a stock interest. In the case of the Morgan banks I imagine that stock ownership has very little to do with the matter.

Of medium height, slender, stooped, Mr. Aldrich is a mild-mannered, soft-spoken man. He has a trick of looking up at you from under downcast eyes which, superficially, gives the impression of shyness. In his earlier contacts with reporters he was fretful and ill at ease. Extreme nervousness showed plainly on the day in March, 1933, when he handed out his statement attacking the Morgan practices. Similarly, he got off to a bad start in some of his early shareholders' meetings by showing reluctance to meet questions.

All that has changed greatly in recent years, however. He now meets reporters with greater ease and at his last annual meeting of stockholders showed complete readiness to answer their questions patiently.

Mr. Aldrich has made more speeches on banking and economic subjects in the past few years than any other important banking executive in Wall Street and has shown a remarkable flair for advocating things just before they happen. He and the Chase economist, Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., led the movement among bankers in advocacy of a rise in member-bank reserve requirements, a step the Morgans opposed.

In openly challenging the Morgan system, Mr. Aldrich displayed at its most daring his flair for anticipating events. Probably few people realized at that time, despite the attendant collapse of the banking system, how greatly the power and prestige of the Morgan firm had been impaired and how much it was to be clipped in the events that were to come. Mr. Aldrich by his ac-

tion made certain that the searchlight of the Senate investigation (already bearing upon his own bank) should be turned with full force upon the Morgans.

The decline of the power of the Corner is primarily a part of the decline of the power of Wall Street itself. But in the case of the Morgans it becomes personalized, particularized, and more readily discernible. Going back to remote causes, the clipping of the banking power began, of course, with the creation of the Federal Reserve System and the intervention of government in financial affairs during the War. Whereas formerly the big city banks had held the reserves of the country banks and had been the refuge to which those institutions turned in time of stress, after the creation of the Federal Reserve System the center of credit control shifted from the big banks to this quasi-governmental institution. At first there was not a great change. The records of events in the war years brought out by the Nye Committee show that Benjamin Strong, formerly head of the Bankers Trust, a Morgan institution, who became the first governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and who was the strongest man in the system in the formative years, shared completely the point of view of the big Wall Street bankers, consulted closely with them and presented their case before the Reserve Board and Secretary of the Treasury in Washington. The records show that a Morgan partner, H. P. Davison, was able to consult freely with the board and that the board on at least one occasion called up the Morgans to tip them off in advance about a statement it was going to issue.

Nevertheless, bit by bit the role of the big bankers in control of credit became lessened and the role of the Federal Reserve became larger; and it needed only the final touches, taken under President Roosevelt—the concentration of control of the Federal Reserve System in Washington—to deprive the Wall Street bankers completely of their once great influence on the monetary affairs of the country.

But the undermining of banker influence due to the Federal Reserve System was a gradual process which did not seem very important so long as the bankers had a strong influence with the Federal Reserve System itself. It was not until the New Deal came into office with a blast against the money-changers that the processes of Wall Street's emasculation became speeded up to an extent that was evident to all.

Since Morgan's is the heart of the Wall Street money power, an examination of the steps that have been taken to reduce the power and prestige of the firm is the best illustration of what has been done to the Wall Street community in general.

First, in the matter of prestige, there have been the Senate investigations. In these it was not so much what was actually brought out that counted as the fact that Morgan's with all their influence were unable to head off the investigations but were forced to submit to the indignities of having all their secret affairs trotted out in public. The incident during the Pecora investigation when a female midget came in and sat on Mr. Morgan's knee helped to make the investigation ridiculous and, as such, was looked upon by the Morgans as a lucky break, but degrading the investigation did not take the curse off the Morgan humiliation. Similarly, the fact that the affairs of the Morgan firm were trotted out into the open was a damaging blow, for it meant that the firm's customers, including foreign governments and rulers, could never feel assured that their transactions with the firm would not become public knowledge.

Publicity tended to diminish some of the aura that surrounded the firm. The mere fact that it is now compelled to publish a statement of its condition means that there cannot any longer be exaggerated ideas of the "unlimited" resources of the firm. As a matter of fact, the firm's balance sheet showed that its size had been considerably exaggerated in the past. Add to these factors the circumstance that the President himself had set a precedent for condemning the "money-changers," the "economic royal-

ists," and the forces of "entrenched greed" and that anyone seeking to identify these malefactors must, however unjustly, have been compelled to think of the Morgans.

In the spring of 1938 the prestige of the firm received another severe, if unmerited, blow when Richard Whitney, brother of George, a very important member of the firm, failed under criminal circumstances and was sent to Sing Sing for theft. The Morgan firm was in no way involved in the Whitney scandal save for the fact that he had been one of the firm's brokers and was a brother of one of its partners. But it was partly due to the prestige lent him by his close association with the firm that Richard Whitney rose so high in Wall Street. It was partly because his connections with Morgan's lulled suspicion that Whitney was able to carry on his career of theft so long without discovery. Even close to the end, men who knew that he was financially shaky lent him money because they thought that "Morgan's would never let anything happen to Dick."

Here again the case of the House of Morgan symbolizes the case of Wall Street as a whole. The financial community suffered a deadly blow when this man who had been so greatly honored by it, who had come to represent in the public mind the conservative element in the Street, turned out to be a crook. In the face of that exposé all further hope of resisting the New Deal's demands for reform were hopeless. The Street was licked.

Apart from questions of prestige, however, there were structural changes in the banking system which seriously impaired the Morgan might. The most important of these, of course, was the provision of the Banking Act of 1933 forbidding banks which received deposits from engaging in the security business. Morgan's in the old days did an enormous security business, much of it international in character. In the course of the War, for example, the firm arranged for the flotation of billions of dollars of securities for the Allied Governments and cleaned up enormous profits. This security business fitted in with its deposit

business beautifully, the one feeding upon the other. If the firm held the deposits of a foreign government or domestic corporation, what more natural than that it should get the security business of those customers and, if it raised money in the market for corporations or governments, what more natural than that it should receive the deposit of the proceeds of that financing? The profitableness of these types of business varied. Sometimes the security business was highly profitable, sometimes it was dull. The banking business was a steady source of income, but the security business brought in handsome bonanzas at times.

In addition, the security business was a potent source of banking influence. Such was the prestige of the firm and such its ability to pick and choose only the most attractive business that participations in Morgan syndicates were eagerly sought. Obviously every bank and security house in the country was anxious to stay on the right side of Morgan's so as to be included in its syndicate lists.

Another factor that has contributed to the diminution of the Morgan power has been the course of world-wide economic events which has, for the time being, at least, rendered international banking, as such, obsolete. Trade between nations is at a low ebb, monetary systems are disorganized, there is no more international lending to speak of. Even if the market conditions were right for American loans to Europe, there is the Johnson Act which stands in the way.

Finally, and most important of all, is the fact that the Morgans, like the rest of Wall Street, have been completely shut off for five years from access to the councils of government. In the past they were in close touch with the center of government. Their advice was sought by Presidents and legislators. They were privy to the plans of administrations. Today they have little inside information of what is going on in Washington or what is likely to happen there.

The Morgans are the heart and symbol of Wall Street and

they are pre-eminently fitted to be the protagonists of a story of Wall Street's decline. In character and position they represent the Street at its best. Classic tragedy required that the protagonist should be of noble character, for where mean men are humbled in the dust there is no tragedy but merely casual retribution. It is only the fall of the mighty that should have power to give us that catharsis of pity and fear, and the Morgans, more nearly than any others, fitted these requirements.

THE FUTURE OF WALL STREET

Wall Street has undergone a permanent change in the years since 1929. It will never again play quite as strong a role in the affairs of the nation as it once did. I do not say, as many in Wall Street do, that the Street is "finished." Obviously as long as we remain a modern industrial state there must be a central money market and that money market must be a vital and influential part of the social and economic structure.

But the old, freebooting, get-rich-quick days are gone. Gone beyond recall are the days of unregulated markets, of frenzied finance, pool operations, stock-jobbing promotions, mergers, investment-trust flotations, and the kindred manifold forms of financial manipulation which never served any sound economic purpose but were the means whereby Wall Street exacted the tremendous fee it charged for managing the nation.

The curtain was rung down on the old Wall Street in the mighty bust of 1929. In the black years that followed the Street found that it had been playing with something that had grown too big for it to handle. More and more the financial interests of the country, as the depression closed in around them, were forced to turn to the government for help. Not even the strongest institutions could withstand alone the crushing pressure of the great depression. In the end even the proud New York Clearing House banks, which had thought themselves impregnable, were com-

pelled to ask for a moratorium. Wall Street surrendered its independence.

Then came the New Deal with its series of restraints and reforms; its concentration in Washington of control over Wall Street's affairs; its establishment of new and powerful supervisory authorities. Wall Street, which once exerted an almost dominating influence over Washington, finds itself today completely dominated by Washington.

But the change goes deeper than a few New Deal laws. Even in Wall Street it is widely recognized that regulation of the stock market was long past due and that the New Deal, whatever else may be said of it, expressed the judgment of the people when it sought to put a curb on Wall Street.

It is quite true that Wall Street in its unregenerate days helped to build up the country. For all its grasping and unsocial ways, it helped to throw the rails across the continent, to float great industries, and to exploit the natural resources which made possible our great advance. But as the country matured it began to appear that Wall Street was exacting too large a fee for its services. The country was no longer willing to pay so high a price. Government control of the money market is here to stay, regardless of who is in the White House.

All of this means that Wall Street has had to go through and is still going through the bitter process of deflation. The Street is geared to a volume of business that it is not likely to have again. It has too big a plant for the amount of business it may expect to do. It has, as William O. Douglas, chairman of the S.E.C., remarked, too many mouths to feed.

The bright young boys, just getting out of college, had better look elsewhere. Money is not so easy now in Wall Street as it used to be. The young men growing up in banks will have to live upon their salaries. The opportunities for profits on the side, for "free rides" on new security issues, for inside tips on the market and for participation in other lucrative deals—these are things

of the past. As for the stock market, it is plain that the authorities are working steadfastly toward the suppression of speculation and the establishment of a strictly investment market. That means smaller business, lessened commissions, fewer brokers, and fewer customers' men.

Perhaps reform has gone too far; perhaps it has merely gone too fast. At all events it has gone too far to be recalled.

6. Britain—A Story of Old Age

By Ferdinand Kuhn

AFTER TEN YEARS in England my most vivid political memory is of a speech by Winston Churchill during the "panic election" of 1931, when the world-wide financial hurricane had just struck British shores.

It was in a stuffy and shabby hall in Peckham, in the south of London. (In New York it might have been Hunts Point, in the Bronx, or Williamsburg, in Brooklyn, near the Navy Yard.) The air was foul with bad tobacco smoke and with the breath of hundreds of men in a space much too small for them. It was a "National Government" demonstration (i.e., a tory campaign meeting) but the hall was packed with workingmen out to make trouble for any Tory speaker. They were justifiably bitter over the desertion of their leaders MacDonald and Snowden to the enemy, and over the impending fate of the Labor Party, which was all too clear long before election day.

We could see that there would be heckling, and perhaps violence. The tension was as thick as the atmosphere in that little hall; and we at the press table waited expectantly for something to happen. I looked anxiously up at the gallery, where my wife was sitting within range of a fist fight in the first row.

Then Churchill began to speak. His eloquence that night was like purple velvet. He tried at first to make our flesh creep with a picture of the ruin which the Labor Party had brought to Eng-

land. Then he reverted, with a touch of sentiment, to his own boyhood.

"I can remember the Jubilee of Queen Victoria," he told us dramatically. "Nine kings rode with our Queen that day [Noel Coward had just recaptured the same mood that month with *Cavalcade*] and princes and potentates from the ends of the earth came to honor her. In those days England was the world's ironmaster, the world's shipbuilder, the world's banker, the workshop of mankind."

Finally he pointed a pudgy finger at his audience, and his voice rose with the skill of the orator who knew every trick of his trade. "You voters have it in your power," he proclaimed, "to bring those days back again!"

I was appalled. I thought it the most dishonest political appeal I had ever heard. Didn't Churchill know that those days of England's greatness had gone beyond recall? Didn't he know that Japanese and Chinese coolies had snatched work from hundreds of thousands of Lancashire mill hands? That England's export trade had shrunk to a third of its former size? That mankind now had a dozen workshops at least as efficient and well organized as England's? Wasn't he lying unconscionably to these poor, shabby "forgotten men" before him?

I was glad when I came out to find the street jammed from building line to building line with a thousand men, waiting to tell Mr. Churchill what they thought of him. They were good-humored and patient, like all English crowds; but when he emerged, surrounded by police, and stepped into his limousine they set up the most heart-warming chorus of boos I have ever listened to. I thought it was only a small part of what he deserved.

That speech has stuck in my memory for six years as an example of the unscrupulousness of British electoral argument. No voters and no government of supermen could place modern Eng-

land back on her pinnacle of Victorian supremacy; but if Mr. Churchill meant that British power and prestige in the world could be maintained in spite of her economic decline, he was telling the truth on that night when I as an unprejudiced outsider despised him for the monstrous electoral lie behind his words. For, if you think of it, the miracle of present-day Britain is that she has kept and consolidated her greatness at a time when her Empire seemed on the verge of a long decline.

True, there are other reasons for admiring Britain's accomplishment, but they are not unique in the present-day world. The British have maintained their political democracy in the face of the dictatorships, but so have the Scandinavian countries and the United States, and they have also achieved social democracy, which England does not yet know. Nor has Britain shown particular genius in the betterment of her industrial masses and the removal of inequalities of wealth; for there is grinding poverty in Britain even today, and slums and undernourishment.

We wanted to board our pet cat while on a visit to America, so we made a thorough investigation of cat homes. We found that no humane society would feed and shelter her for less than three shillings and sixpence a week. The government allowance to an unemployed man for feeding, sheltering, and clothing his child is three shillings a week.

Perhaps Britain can teach us important lessons in the orderliness of her political processes, the justice of her laws, the incorruptibility of her civil service, the moderation and maturity of her labor relations, the common sense she brings to bear upon a multitude of everyday problems. But her masses have not yet learned the art of gracious or comfortable living; the standard of public taste is lower than in most other countries of western Europe; her people cannot stand comparison in physical or intellectual resources with the masses of many poorer and weaker lands, and she has produced no flowering of art or architecture,

music or poetry for more than a generation. To me, watching England at first hand, her greatest achievement since the War has been the retention of so much of her power in the world at a moment when we thought she would lose it.

Only ten years ago her influence seemed to be dwindling. It was not simply that her export trades had shriveled, but that nothing had arisen to take their place. Correspondents on the lookout for subjects for Sunday articles needed only to ride on a train for a few hours to the Midlands or the North; they found there hundreds of thousands out of work, other hundreds of thousands on part time, while America was enjoying the dizziest moments of the Coolidge boom. England was in the grip of a depression psychology during those few years when the rest of Europe was shaking off its troubles and looking forward to peace and plenty. Wall Street was displacing the City of London as the world's financial center; the United States was looming as a commercial rival even in the British dominions. A paralyzing General Strike here had left much bitterness and a divided population behind it. The Quai d'Orsay was dominant in European diplomacy, and London was taking second place behind Paris as a world capital. Lorelei Lee in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was quite right when she wrote in her diary, "Paris is divine, but London is really nothing." Even London thought so in those years.

But today we no longer write about Britain's inevitable decline, although the long-term facts of economics, the rise of competing nationalisms and a falling birth rate tell the same story of the distant future as they always did. Britain again leads the world in foreign trade. Her shipyards and factories are booming, even before rearmament gets into its full stride. Her people are less divided politically, her masses less discontented, than ever before. The City of London is the world's banker again; and one feels once more, walking through the courtyard of the Foreign Office, the old sense that from this

place the tentacles of power reach out to the uttermost parts of the earth.

How have the British done it? Most of all, England can ascribe her condition today to the almost unfailing technique practiced by the men who have ruled her. They have rediscovered that they can retain the essentials of political, economic, and social power, for England and themselves, by giving up the non-essentials in time. In domestic affairs, in the Empire and even abroad, they have kept the substance by surrendering the shadow. This is their recipe for success, as I have seen it applied in dozens of instances since 1931. It will not work forever.

The English pride themselves on their reticence. They do not enjoy going into involved explanations of their political philosophy. The best I have heard came across the luncheon table one day from the managing director of one of England's biggest (and one of the world's finest) department stores. We were discussing Neville Chamberlain's proposed tax on the growth of profits—a measure which had to be withdrawn and replaced by another which was simpler and fairer. My friend's company might not have been hit by it as severely as some others, but his profits had risen substantially all the same, and the new tax would have cost him many thousands a year.

"I think it's a good tax," he told me, and he said it crisply, without any dramatics. "I don't see why people who benefit from rearmament shouldn't pay for it."

Disraeli, long ago, taught the Conservative Party in just such a spirit that the "haves" must pay for their possessions and privileges. Joseph Chamberlain, in his day, told the propertied classes that social legislation was the ransom they must pay in exchange for the security and the wealth they enjoyed. Lloyd George and his fellow Liberals of 1910 rammed this philosophy down the throats of the unwilling Tories, at the cost of a first-class constitutional crisis which ended the power of the House of Lords. The result was that magnificent body of insurance laws—

unemployment, health, and old age—which have kept their effectiveness to this day and preserved Britain from the worst miseries of the American depression. I have met only one British business leader who would turn his back on unemployment insurance now—and he was not British-born. For the practice of unemployment insurance and the broad philosophy behind it are deeply embedded in the political consciousness of Britain today. It is a safe guess that they will not disappear unless the calamity of a new war should bring Fascism or some other plague to England in its train.

When I first came to London for *The New York Times*, ten years ago, England was in a state of economic and spiritual inertia. The government of that day seemed to have lost the knack of yielding on nonessentials in order to take the edge off discontent and keep its power. The leaders who had produced the prewar social legislation and carried the nation through the war were either dead or in eclipse. Lloyd George, having destroyed the old Liberal Party, was wasting his superb energies in trying to breathe it back to life. Asquith was dead, Haldane had given his great intellect and generous heart to the Labor Party, Grey was growing old and was out of politics. I used to see him on public platforms occasionally, burdened with blindness and with thoughts of the immense tragedy he had failed to avert in 1914. But Baldwin talked as if he still saw the light; in 1924 he had said, "We cannot beat the Labor Party by abuse; we must do it by offering the country something better." And he remained consistent all through the bitterness of the General Strike and its aftermath; but his was a government of mediocrities, and when it offered "nothing better" the voters turned it out of office in 1929.

In place of Baldwin and his colorless colleagues we then had MacDonald, Snowden, and Henderson; and no correspondent in London at the time will forget how refreshing the change was. We disliked MacDonald for his colossal vanity, and it was a

trial to summarize his cloudy speeches, even in his better days. He used to point an accusing finger at any newspaperman who asked him an awkward question. "Don't let me down!" he begged once. "Don't let the wor-r-rld down!" During the campaign of 1931, just after he had broken with his party and his past, I rode north with him on the train and talked with him in his compartment. At every station the local Conservative agent came to greet this man who had been his political enemy, and at every station the Laborites came to boo their former leader. I asked MacDonald how he liked all this deference from his old enemies, and this hatred from his old friends. He pointed to one group of booers and said to me, "They'll all come back to me yet—all of them." I thought I had never heard such pathetic vanity from a public man. There was an incredibly hard exterior to MacDonald. It was a protective casing which enabled him to withstand all manner of abuse. Without it he could never have challenged the miners of Seaham to a re-election fight in his old constituency. I heard them howl him down, and I have never seen such hate in politics as he faced during that campaign. He had courage, and he had the ability, in his early days, of kindling a crowd with a flame of idealism. But his decline was pitiful, although the Conservatives who served under him in the National Government agree that he was an excellent presiding officer at Cabinet meetings. His good deeds are forgotten now by a public which remembers his personal idiosyncrasies instead—his love of pomp and circumstance, his obsession for international conferences, however futile, and his theatrical attitude toward himself. "Oh, I'm so weary—I'd love to retire from politics now," he told an American friend in 1934, when he had already become a cipher in the government, "but who would there be to carry on my work?"

No, we newspapermen did not admire MacDonald, but we all had immense respect for Snowden and Henderson. Everyone did. They stand out in retrospect as two of the ablest, cleanest

men who have appeared in British politics since the war. But history never gave them half a chance. They might have given Britain five years of fruitful, progressive government if the great depression had not paralyzed them almost from the start of their term of office. When capitalism is frightened, as it was in England between 1929 and 1931, there is no scope for a mildly Socialist government pledged to "gradualness" and torn by internal dissensions even more serious than its differences with the political enemy across the floor of the House of Commons. The cards were stacked against Labor almost from the moment the unemployment figures began to rise; that fact would have been sufficient even if there had been no split in the Cabinet and no shipwreck of the Party in the summer of 1931. When the crisis came, the leading Conservatives were ready to turn on Labor with a fury of bitterness which might have welled up in the United States if, let's say, Al Smith had been elected in 1928. Perhaps if the Tories had been in office while the depression gained momentum, there might have been a New-Deal government in Britain simultaneously with our own; the world might have been spared such tragedies as Sir John Simon's tenure of the Foreign Office. Instead, Britain was compelled to endure three years of savage deflation, of cuts in salaries and benefits, of crushing taxation and of reaction in almost every field of national policy.

During those years the masses were saved from despair by the social legislation of a generation before. There was no social upheaval, and not even any threat of disturbance except for the "hunger marchers'" demonstrations in London, which were more pathetic than dangerous. I walked the streets of many British industrial cities at that time, and saw no bread lines; for although there was terrible poverty in many cities like Sheffield and Leeds, there was also a tiny but continuous trickle of money owing to the unemployment insurance acts which Lloyd George and his successors had enacted years before. The corner grocer

or butcher did not go under, as he did in America; his little deposits in the bank were safe all through the depression, while those of his counterparts across the Atlantic were being swept away in the storm. Britain's moneyed classes, in other words, found themselves supported and strengthened because they had yielded on "nonessentials" in the contentious years before the war.

The lesson has not been lost upon their more enlightened leaders. As soon as recovery returned, about 1934, the so-called "National Government" realized that it must go still farther along the Disraeli-Chamberlain-Lloyd George road. In the last year we have had unemployment insurance extended to the "white-collar" workers, and there have been a dozen other instances of what, for want of a better name, has been called "Tory Socialism." It is not Socialism, but neither is it Toryism. I heard Neville Chamberlain expound it in his first speech to a great audience after becoming Prime Minister.

"It is no part of my creed," said Mr. Chamberlain, "that everybody ought to have the same income, for that would not guarantee that everybody would be equally happy. In the model state that all of us are striving after, we would like to see conditions so framed as to enable its subjects to create happiness for themselves. If we are to achieve those conditions the people must be strong and healthy. If they should fall victim to accident or disease they should have available the best of medical science. They should be able to command an income sufficient to keep themselves and their families at any rate in a minimum of comfort. They should have leisure for refreshment and recreation. They should be able to cultivate a taste for beautiful things whether in nature or art and to open their minds to the wisdom that is to be found in books. They should be free from fear of violence or injustice. They should be able to express their thoughts and to satisfy their spiritual and moral needs without hindrance and without persecution."

I know that this is not Socialism; in many countries of Central Europe such a creed is not the end but only the starting point of any social program in politics. But I should like all the same to hear one of our great business leaders at home proclaim such a creed as his own.

For the fine and perfect flower of British suppleness one must turn, however, to the record of Empire affairs since 1921. For in that year was consummated an act whose wisdom and courage is not yet fully appreciated as it will be, I believe, in another generation. Whatever its defects, the Anglo-Irish treaty of 1921 did lasting good in removing the poisons of centuries. It cut away a source of continual friction and ill will between the British and American peoples, and those of the Dominions like Australia, to which the Irish had emigrated in great numbers. What is more, the Anglo-Irish settlement pointed the way toward other acts of compromise which have proved their worth to Britain and have left the Empire stronger than before.

I was not in Europe during "the troubles," when Dublin endured two martyrdoms within six years, and when deeds of the blackest savagery were perpetrated on both sides in the name of patriotism or freedom. But I did see Dublin at a time when everyone over ten could remember the Civil War of 1922. The newness of half of O'Connell Street, burned to the ground in that year, was even more conspicuous than the battle scars on the General Post Office. The sentries outside Leinster House were still self-conscious in their new Irish uniforms of olive green. The corridors leading to President Cosgrave's office still had to be protected by a fence of stout chicken wire from floor to ceiling; for it was the summer of 1928 when I first went to Dublin, and only a few months earlier an assassin had killed Kevin O'Higgins, the Minister of Finance, the ablest of all the young politicians who were then emerging in Ireland.

A sentry with fixed bayonet had to pass me through the bar-

rier when I went to see Cosgrave. My talk with the President was not "news" (although I wrote a column and a half about it later) but it was one of the most instructive I have ever had with a politician. Cosgrave was not an inspired leader, and lacked the ability to dramatize himself as a successful politician should. He was no more glamorous than the little apothecary in *Tono Bungay*, and yet he talked words of wisdom I have never forgotten.

"My job," he told me, "is to teach a class of problem children. The people of this country have had their political mentality twisted and distorted by hundreds of years of oppression and war. There are still a few lunatics at large"—he pointed out of the door toward the wire barrier—"but I think the people are learning to trust to ballots instead of bullets."

They learned so well that years later, when the De Valera regime was re-elected in a campaign of much bitterness, Ireland was an object lesson to all the world in the orderliness of her polling. Some day history will pay its due to Cosgrave, not only for the titanic job of reconstruction he accomplished after the Civil War but for the educational work he did with his "problem children." Even De Valera, who is a "problem child" himself, will admit that he might not have reached power so peacefully or been re-elected without violence, if it had not been for the groundwork done by his predecessor.

I have seen De Valera since—first in the midst of the election campaign which made him President, and then in his party headquarters. There were only two pictures on the wall of his office: one, a lurid print of the burning of the customs house in 1920, and one a composite photograph of De Valera's friends, Padraic Pearse and the rest, who were executed after the Easter Rebellion of 1916. Could anything have been a better proof of the bitterness still discoloring Ireland's mind? But De Valera talked for the most part like a practical man, admitting that the Free State and England were useful to each other, and that they ought

to be good neighbors. He was calm and deeply courteous, and I saw a light of idealism in his eyes, though superficially he seemed no more fitted to lead a nation than any teacher of mathematics in a New York high school. De Valera, too, was a good democrat. He had a perfect opportunity to be a dictator, had he wished. I saw the wild enthusiasm of the youths riding out of their villages on donkeys to greet him in that 1932 campaign, giving a kind of Hitler salute and shouting "Up De Valera! Up the Republic!" De Valera, to his eternal honor, declined to be a pocket Hitler.

Today the Free State is a satisfactory democracy; the ballots have replaced the bullets. For this result she can thank not only the two great leaders of her first fifteen years as a nation, but also the wise men on both sides who signed the Treaty of 1921. Southern Ireland is now a mature nation, with unusual skill in the art of self-government, and her house is now her own. The essential consideration for Britain is that Southern Ireland shall not allow itself to be used as a base for an enemy, and shall leave Northern Ireland inviolate. These two essentials are likely to be fulfilled; the rest, for Britain, is a nonessential which can be sacrificed easily and cheerfully.

Because Britain found the Irish settlement worth all that it had cost, she made it the precedent for handling the far greater and more dangerous problem of India a few years later. In this case any yielding was more difficult, for the possession of India is a strategic and economic "essential" to Britain if ever there was one.

So much has happened in Europe since then that it is hard to project oneself back into the atmosphere of the first Round Table Conference, by which Britain began the process of yielding on nonessentials in the hope of turning India's revolutionary energies into peaceful, orderly channels. The first Round Table was an unreal performance; the Indian delegates had been hand-picked by Britain, and the Congress Party, the strongest political

force in India, was not even represented. But when Mahatma Gandhi came to England for the second Round Table in 1931, the process became real for the first time. We could see, by then, exactly what Britain was trying to do. It was exciting to watch, not only because of the personal clash between the little Mahatma and British officialdom in London, but because there were signs that the process of compromise might succeed once more.

I shall not forget Gandhi's arrival. We went to Boulogne to meet the train which was bringing him from Marseilles. It was crowded with Indian princes and their underlings. Their belongings were not packed or crated, and we could see them, piece by piece, as they were carried to the Channel steamer on the heaving backs of French porters. There was china and silver, robes, and boxes of Indian food of all kinds, and even a child's pottie-chair labeled "Property of His Highness the Maharajah of Patiala." It was a meeting of two worlds, and we who had never been to India watched, fascinated and a little appalled at the thought of how London, so stiff and correct, would react to this chattering trainload of His Majesty's subjects from the East.

Then Gandhi stepped from the train into a clammy drizzle outside, and padded down the long platform in sandaled feet to his Channel boat. At first sight he was incredible. His ears were larger, his teeth fewer, his skin more shriveled, his blanket more inadequate than we could have guessed from his photographs. But he carried himself with the dignity of an Oriental prophet, through the press of gaping onlookers. He submitted with resignation to the silly questions hurled at him by English reporters, such as the man from one great paper who asked, "Are you going to see any shows while you are in London, Mr. Gandhi?" All the way across the Channel, with inquisitive strangers sticking their noses into his cabin, he gave a superb exhibition of self-control. He went on reading his newspaper, his legs crossed beneath him, his little spinning wheel at his side, as if he were alone in his seminary in India. My first sight of Gandhi was the

start of a lasting admiration for a great political leader who is, at the same time, one of the handful of authentic saints.

Some day there will be a statue to him in London, I know. I have been sure of it ever since Gandhi went to Lancashire in 1931. There is a statue of George Washington in Trafalgar Square, and one of Emmeline Pankhurst next to the Houses of Parliament, where her fanatical suffragettes chained themselves to railings not so many years ago. So why not one to the Mahatma, whom every Briton may yet be proud to claim as a citizen of the Empire? Gandhi chose to go to Darwen, a dreary mill town in Lancashire where almost every able-bodied man and woman had been out of work for months owing to the Indian boycott of British cotton goods. Blackburn, near-by, had had the ghastly record of more than sixty per cent of all its insured workers unemployed; and when Gandhi came there the figure was fifty-two per cent. I saw them lounging at corners of the town square, without work or hope, their families living on bread and margarine, fried potatoes and tea, thanks to Mahatma Gandhi.

I fully expected that he would be assassinated. We newspapermen are morbid, like that. We used to "watch" every airplane flight of the Prince of Wales for fear of a possible crack-up; I never pass Buckingham Palace late at night on my way home from the office without looking to see if the Royal Standard is at full mast. So there was deeply ingrained habit in my apprehensions as I hurried to Euston Station one afternoon to go to Lancashire with Gandhi. Suppose someone did take a shot at him—what a story that would be! And how discreditable it would be if the *Times* had nobody on the spot to see it happen!

The train was almost ready to start. It struck me as strange that there should be no cameramen on the platform, none of the usual signs of celebrity on board; and it was still more curious when the train pulled out five minutes ahead of scheduled time. I went to a conductor to ask if this was the train for Black-

burn. He broke the news to me, as gently as he could, that I was on a nonstop express to Liverpool. So there was no escape for me; nothing to do but light a Murad, knowing that Gandhi was traveling north on another train and probably would be murdered hours before I could get to the scene. I have never been in such an unreasoning agony of fear. At Liverpool I found, in a back street, a dilapidated taxi which had seen better days. The driver agreed to drive me through the wet Lancashire night thirty-eight miles to Blackburn, where the "gang" was waiting. There I learned, over tankards of beer, that Gandhi had not been assassinated, but that they had cheered him as his train arrived. And the next day I saw and heard them cheer him—thousands of gaunt and shabby men and women who used to work in the cotton mills, shouting and waving handkerchiefs as the Mahatma walked past the silent factories which he had closed by the power of his spinning wheel. Fathers lifted up their children to see him, and women threw flowers at him. I thought of the Lancashire mill workers who supported the North in our Civil War, even through the worst of the "cotton famine." These unemployed of 1931 were just as deserving of honor, and there was not a correspondent who did not try to give them their due that day. Perhaps curiosity drew some of these men and women and children to cheer for Gandhi; but I am romantic enough to believe that it was the free spirit in them, the same freedom-loving impulse which surged through their grandfathers, at the cost of hardship and privation, when Abraham Lincoln was freeing the slaves.

Gandhi stayed a few months and went home, a disappointed man, first into prison and then into growing obscurity on the political stage. Now, eight years later, Great Britain's most elaborate constitutional experiment is coming to life in India. Stupendous effort has gone into it; the minds of able men like Lord Irwin (now Viscount Halifax), the late Lord Reading, the Marquess of Linlithgow, and a host of others have been preoccupied

with this gigantic problem of staving off revolution in India when they might have devoted their talents to averting another great depression or another World War. Up to now their calculations have been correct, for the pull of political office has proved to be as compelling in faraway Asia as in the democracies of the western world; and England's ruling classes are running true to form in giving their enemies a taste of power. England has once more used her familiar formula of surrendering the semblance of power in order to keep the reality in her own hands.

If Britain's handling of Ireland and India encourages some to talk of the breakup of the Empire, what is one to say of her most spectacular surrender in modern Imperial history—the voluntary freeing of the Dominions? With the Dominions, at least, Britain has gone the whole way. Her Parliament long ago ceased to concern itself with the internal affairs of the Dominions; she recognized their nationhood, in theory, by proposing in 1919 that each of them be given separate membership in the League of Nations. But now she has set them adrift in theory and in law. By the Statute of Westminster the King of Great Britain and Northern Ireland became King of each of the Dominions beyond the Seas, and the British Cabinet lost the last shred of its legal power over Dominion affairs, even as a channel through which the Dominion governments could approach the King.

Indeed, the effect of the Dominions' independent status has been to start a new centrifugal force in the Empire in place of the centripetal force of the years up to 1930. The purse strings of the Empire are still in London's hands, and when the financial crisis broke in 1931 the Dominions, with one exception, devalued their currencies when Britain gave the signal. Trade relations are closer than they were, as we could see from the reluctance of the Dominions to modify the Ottawa Agreements of 1932. Finally, the recent past has given spectacular proof that the Commonwealth is a moral unity in spite of the thousands of miles of ocean wastes which keep its component nations apart.

For when King Edward VIII asked the advice of his governments regarding a morganatic marriage, the Dominion cabinets without exception said no as firmly as the Cabinet of Stanley Baldwin. It was a proof to all the world that the Dominions and Britain thought alike and felt alike on the essentials. Is it any wonder that the leaders of Great Britain still would rather yield a part of their power than fight to keep a "dwindling monopoly"? If they had applied their technique as unerringly in foreign relations as in their internal and imperial affairs, the history of the last six or seven years might have been different, and the frightful peril of a new war might no longer be hanging over our heads.

But the present rulers of Britain can hardly qualify as students of foreign affairs. The day after the Germans invaded Austria, Lord Halifax received the Czech Minister in London, Jan Masaryk, the son of the great President. Halifax, it is said, took the line that, well, the Czechs really must make some concessions to their German minority. Couldn't the Czechs give them full citizenship and a couple of cabinet posts?

Masaryk didn't bother to explain that the Sudeten Germans had had such rights for years, and that there were in fact three of them in the Cabinet. He simply blew up, banged the table, and spoke his mind as a diplomat never should.

They tell the following on Neville Chamberlain, though I cannot vouch for its accuracy. Just before the Anglo-Italian agreement was signed, Hore-Belisha, the up-and-coming War Minister, came to him and said, "I'd like to fly to Malta to inspect the garrison. Wouldn't it be a good idea if I stopped off in Rome on the way back and had a talk with my opposite number there?" The Prime Minister beamed. He thought it would be a fine friendly gesture for the two war ministers to meet. It turned out on investigation that the Italian War Minister was a certain Signor Mussolini, much to Hore-Belisha's delight. The next day the Prime Minister hastened to explain to the House of Com-

mons that his War Minister's visit to Rome had no political significance at all.

One can accept hesitancy as normal and slowness of perception as usual in British statesmen. There is also a policy—a policy so simple that it sometimes eludes those of us who suspect the British of devious Machiavellian designs. It is based on the maintenance of peace, for herself and her Empire, “at almost any price,” as Mr. Eden admitted some time ago. The motive is self-preservation; the technique is the same yielding on non-essentials which has worked so successfully in domestic and Imperial affairs. If the territory of the British Empire should be violated, or if France or Belgium, Egypt or Iraq should be attacked, then Britain would have to renounce one essential for another. But the necessity has not yet arisen.

To understand the intense pacifism of Britain, even when she is rearming with all her might, I make it a point to go to Whitehall every Armistice Day to watch the silent commemoration of the million whom Britain lost in the last war. Other nations lost more men in proportion to their population, but somehow this Whitehall ceremony remains unique in its piercing sadness, for no other nation stages anything quite like it. Year after year we see pictures of it in our rotogravure supplements, but these can never catch the emotion of the two-minute silence which freezes that vast crowd in Whitehall. Even the pigeons react to it, for they flap their wings and circle wildly around Trafalgar Square, terrified by the silence in the streets below them. One thinks again and again of Britain's loss of man power, on a scale never before known in her long history, and of a quality not matched by those other nations which imposed conscription from the very start. One imagines the statesmen and political leaders whom Britain might have had in place of the mediocre products of postwar years had they not been killed before their time.

Nor was it only the drain of man power which makes Britain

dread another war. We are apt to forget the terrific material and emotional strain of the war years upon this overcrowded and delicately organized little island. To us in the United States the aftermath of war brought Mitchell Palmer and Warren Harding; to Britain it brought the degradation of politics, the intensification of class bitterness, the temporary eclipse of British finance in the world, and the symptoms of what we should now call Fascism in the emergence of vicious popular heroes like Horatio Bottomley, who later atoned in jail for some of his crimes. British capitalism and British democracy came close to cracking in those fevered years of 1919 and 1920. Today, with the growth of air power, Britain is even more vulnerable to physical loss and the resultant moral strain. The wisest diplomat I know has reminded me again and again that "England has just one more big war left in her." I think the British ruling group knows it. It has gone through one humiliation after another in the past six or seven years to keep out of a war which England might win but which might leave her vanquished all the same.

The first real test of British pacifism did not come until thirteen years after the armistice, when Japan took advantage of the financial crisis in Europe and launched her conquest of Manchuria. Then, for the first time, England was compelled to ask herself what was essential and what was not. Was it respect for international obligations, for the "territorial integrity" of every member of the League of Nations? Was it the League Covenant itself, which British statesmen had helped to create as an alternative to the international anarchy of 1914? Was it the Anglo-American friendship, which I had heard so many speakers at Pilgrims' Dinners extol as the hope of the world? Was it, to put it on more "realistic" ground, the teeming Chinese market, where British industry still hoped for orders on a huge scale? The British Government of those days, through the "great" mind of Sir John Simon, never for a moment believed any or all of these to be as essential as the maintenance of peace by Great Britain.

The United States begged for concerted action which would stop Japan; Britain was assured, for the first time since 1917, of American co-operation to check an aggressor; yet she refused to take the risk. Definitely, neither Manchuria nor Geneva was an "essential" at that time.

Nemesis came quickly to Sir John Simon. It was not long before the Nazis leaped to power in Germany and set to work systematically and cold-bloodedly to tear the Treaty of Versailles to shreds. Sir John was as bland and complacent as ever; we newspapermen despised him for the smug evasions and half-truths which he ladled out to the House of Commons and so to the world press day after day. The time for evasiveness, we thought, was coming to an end. We began to hear the roll of thunder reverberating over Europe; the British Government heard it too, with growing uneasiness. The "blood purge" of June, 1934, and then the murder of Dollfuss a few weeks later, showed us for the first time the brutality of the new forces at work in Europe. We could see the storm clouds piling up across the North Sea, and below the Alps, as a consequence of Britain's abdication of leadership in 1931. Soon eleven million Britons were manifesting their anxiety by signing the so-called "Peace Ballot," reaffirming their faith in the League of Nations and calling, by an overwhelming vote, for action—military action if necessary—to check an aggressor. The stage was set for dramatic events.

Now it is no part of a newspaper correspondent's job to take sides in the politics of the country in which he works. We like to think of ourselves as dispassionate watchers of a play that is sometimes grand, sometimes sordid. But I have yet to meet a correspondent in London who was able to keep his detachment in private during the "sanctions affair" of 1935. It was hard not to be deceived at one stage or another in this fantastic business; it was still harder to make head or tail of what Britain was trying to do. I felt sure, in the summer of 1935, that the British

Government did not want to fight over Ethiopia; I was puzzled when the Home Fleet was sent rushing down to the Mediterranean, and amazed and incredulous when Sir Samuel Hoare proclaimed "Britain's steady, collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression." Given the historical background of 1931, and the personal characteristics of leaders like Baldwin, I honestly did not believe that Britain would take the risk of applying sanctions against Italy—and no good correspondent should ever be surprised or caught unawares! Having gone so far, would Britain fight if Italy seized Lake Tana, controlling the headwaters of the Nile? Our perplexities grew all through that tense autumn of 1935 and during the General Election in which the National Government went to the country on the issue of "collective security." And then came the Hoare-Laval "deal" by which Britain and France attempted to sell Ethiopia to Italy. When Hoare came back from Paris, where the sale was arranged, and when the storm broke over the Government's head, Baldwin is supposed to have remarked, "Well, I always knew you shouldn't bring coals to Newcastle; but now I know what not to send to Paris." The last move in all this sorry story astonished me less than any, for I and many of my friends had suspected such a "deal" all along.

The tangled diplomatic history of the Ethiopian conquest has receded quickly into the dusty archives of Foreign Offices and chancelleries. Some day all the documents will, I hope, be published; and those who still care about such things will be able to know at what point in the game Mr. Baldwin backed down, and how close Britain and Italy came to war.

There is a story that Stanley Baldwin tried, a couple of years ago, to justify his foreign policy in these words to a friend: "I want it to be said of me that I never sent a single Englishman to die on a foreign battlefield."

"But, Prime Minister," the friend countered, "don't you see

that you are piling up troubles for the future that will kill a million Englishmen in the next war?"

"Ah, that," said Mr. Baldwin calmly, "is a problem for my successor."

Britain's strange behavior in 1935 led her into a humiliation almost without parallel—a humiliation which, in turn, taught her a number of lessons from which Europe may yet benefit in the end. Britain's greatest blunder in 1935 was that she confused the essentials. It was essential for her (so her leaders thought at the time) to stay out of war. It was also essential, they believed, to check Italy's incursion upon the most vital of all British trade routes (or, as the British Foreign Office might say, to uphold international morality). There may even have been a third "essential"—that of capitalizing the enormous pro-League sentiment in the country and winning a general election on the issue of "collective security." In any case, Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues thought they could have it both ways and check Italy without going to war. (They might conceivably have succeeded if they had pushed their determination to the limit and imposed oil sanctions. Marshal de Bono admits that he expected Britain to close the Suez Canal and implies that he did not expect to go to war with her as a result.) But we shall never know the answer, for Mr. Baldwin recoiled at the first breath of danger. He promptly assured Italy in public speeches, and presumably in diplomatic dispatches, that Britain had no desire to humiliate her or break her power. This was early in October. In November came the general election on the issue of collective security. Hardly had the votes been counted when Mr. Baldwin prepared the Hoare-Laval deal with the aggressor.

It is easy, of course, to be wise after the event; but there were a few shrewd men in newspaper offices and foreign embassies in London who saw at once the confusion in the British mind and who knew that it would end disastrously. If Britain's first "essen-

tial" had been to stay out of war or even out of the risk of war, she might have formulated her own grievances against Ethiopia and balked Italy's conquest by compelling her to share the loot. Public opinion might have shouted, but the British public has swallowed and approved even more cynical "deals" than this in its time. If, on the other hand, Britain's first "essential" had been to stop Italy and uphold the League, she should have perceived the menace sooner, sought the support of France far in advance of the actual invasion of Ethiopia, and laid her naval and diplomatic plans accordingly. She followed neither course. Her statesmen thought, or allowed her public to think, that an aggressor could be checked without risk. If experience is any teacher, it will be a long time before Britain's rulers confuse the essentials again.

Out of the blunder of 1935 has come the momentary eclipse of the League of Nations, the limitation of British commitments abroad, and a return to something approaching the armed anarchy which led, inescapably, to the slaughter of 1914-18.

It has become the fashion nowadays to lament the "wrong turning" which Great Britain has taken in her foreign policy and to picture the disastrous position into which her tory leaders have muddled and blundered. More has been written in the last few months about this or that strategic threat to England than in any of the jittery months before 1914. College professors, speakers at women's clubs, Left-wing writers and lecturers of all kinds have stepped into the shoes of the Imperialist alarmists of pre-1914 days, who made English flesh creep by predicting the landing of German invading armies on the Yorkshire coast. Today the new John Bulls cheerfully predict the downfall of the British Empire unless a stand is made quickly against Germany, Italy, and Japan. Spain hostile, the Mediterranean lost, Gibraltar and Malta and Hong Kong useless, London defenseless, France ringed by enemies—such are a few of the present-day pictures drawn by anti-Fascist strategists, who demand

that Britain defend her world position before it crumbles into utter decay.

The professional strategists, on the other hand, shrug their shoulders. I have talked with admirals who command great battleships in supreme emergencies, men who have studied imperial strategy for decades and know what the coasts of Spain or China look like; and I find them strangely unconcerned by the strategic "threats" which appear so menacing in the college classrooms or in the offices of well-paid commentators three or six thousand miles away. The professions do not believe in the danger from a hostile Spain; they know that Hong Kong could only survive a Japanese assault for about three weeks, but they are confident that it will not be attacked soon. They smile at the pundits who write or broadcast as if Germany, Italy, and Japan have already inherited the earth. After all, Germany once had raw materials, distant colonies, a great merchant marine, and a power in international finance and trade which made her the rival of Britain in almost every field of endeavor; today, in spite of having conquered Austria, Germany is shorn of her former resources and her people are threatened with living on bread cards. From the start of 1937 there has been a conviction in London, among those whom the government trains and pays to know, that Germany has lost the race for armed supremacy, although she still has it in her power to break the peace and inflict incalculable damage upon Britain and the Empire. Right now (so the professionals argue) the essential for Great Britain is to stay at peace. If this essential were thrown away to preserve Britain's interests in Spain or China or on the headwaters of the Nile, the existence of the Empire would be staked upon non-essentials—a disastrous reversal of the principle which has been successful for three hundred years. Britain's economic life is too vulnerable to air attack and her social structure too brittle to emerge intact from a new war, whether she wins or loses.

What, then, has Britain done to prepare for the terrific chal-

lenge of the next generation? What has she done to unify her people at home during these years when she has yielded one strategic nonessential after another abroad? Here the story of missed opportunities is as black as the record of British foreign policy since the war. The men who rule England have had the chance, during these twenty years, to broaden the base of British democracy by breaking down some of the barriers which still divide their people. Instead they have chosen to preserve and solidify a class system which has no parallel in any of the surviving democracies of the world. It is fascinating to discover the delicacy of class distinctions in this country. There are many streets in London, poor but "respectable," where the mother of a stenographer will not "speak" to the mother of a domestic servant, though they are next-door neighbors. I am reliably informed that in Kensington Gardens the "nannies" of titled children rarely associate with the "nannies" of those not so blessed.

If one judges by the voting lists at a general election, Britain is a true democracy; if one judges by the opportunities for advancement in political, diplomatic, or business life, then Britain is at least a century behind the times. Now that she finds herself confronted by great totalitarian nations unified by the whip of Fascism, some of her frightened Conservatives would have her adopt the Fascist expedients of labor camps, compulsory "national service," and patriotic propaganda in an effort to meet the challenge. These methods might achieve a temporary "unity" but at the cost of weakening British democracy. They certainly would not bridge the appalling gulf of class distinctions which, after hundreds of years, still separates one section of people from another.

Every other democracy nowadays is wise enough to recruit its brain power and leadership, in politics and business, from the whole nation; Great Britain is content to recruit hers from the privileged three per cent who have been educated in the so-called "public schools." Of twenty-one Cabinet ministers, twenty went

to a public school; of fifty-six bishops, fifty-two went to a public school; of 210 highly placed civil servants in Whitehall, 152 went to public school; of 156 judges, 122 wore the old school tie. In the words of Professor John Hilton of Cambridge, the odds against an elementary-school boy (that is to say, a poor boy) getting into one of the "reserved seats" of life in England are a thousand to one.

A student in a New York high school wrote me the other day, asking for the names of some British schools which could exchange their student newspapers with his. I told him that in all of London there was not a single school comparable to one of the free American high schools. For in all of England and Wales there are less than a quarter of a million pupils over fourteen in publicly supported schools; and of these only about a hundred thousand pay no fees for their high school education. All the rest of the school population of five and a half million are thrown onto the streets at fourteen.

One would imagine, with a terrific testing time ahead of the British people, that farsighted political leaders would make a conscious effort to reduce the inequality of opportunity which is stifling and smothering the potential leadership of the country. One might suppose that the Army authorities, for example, were anxious to tap all available reserves of brain power and character to overcome the shortage of officers. But the caste distinctions between officers and men have not been ended, although the mischievous seniority rule has been superseded by the merit system. Unless a boy has gone to Sandhurst or Woolwich or another of the great military or naval schools he can hardly hope to become an officer in the fighting services. In practice the son of a workingman who cannot afford Sandhurst's thousand-dollar fee can regard an army career as closed to him unless he is content to spend his life below the rank of lieutenant.

Nobody need apply to a British bank for a responsible post unless he has a public-school training behind him. No aspiring

law student can hope to become a barrister unless his parents send him to public school and university. In the diplomatic service it is almost unheard of for anyone to succeed without a public-school pedigree. In British newspaper offices there is a towering barrier between the underpaid and largely self-educated reporters and the editorial writers or administrators who have gone to a public school and university.

Until the school-leaving age is raised to sixteen, and until the masses can enjoy something approximating the public-school education, Britain simply cannot call herself a democracy as we in the United States, or as France, Holland, and Scandinavia know the word.

Nor is the educational barrier the only one which prevents the British from being a truly united people. Take, for instance, the monarchy as a possession of all the people. It has been a legitimate complaint of the Labor Party here that the King's advisers at the court belong to one social class and, in practice, to the Conservative Party. The abdication provided a perfect occasion for satisfying Labor's wishes; for if King Edward had had one or two responsible Labor leaders at his elbow he could never have made the disastrous mistake of imagining that the British working masses would approve a morganatic marriage. But the circle of the King's friends has been narrowed, and the court made more rigidly conservative than ever, with results that are as unfair to Britain's conscientious young monarch as to the working masses themselves.

At the time of the coronation there was an opportunity to break a religious barrier to national unity. A last proposal had been made and favorably considered by King Edward that the leaders of the "Free Churches"—the representatives of millions of Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and other nonconformist churchgoers—should take some part in the coronation service. It was intended as a gesture toward national

unity in perilous times, a sign that the coronation was in truth a national festival and not simply a jealously guarded prerogative of the Established Church. But the chance was thrown away soon after the abdication; and when the King was crowned the leaders of the nonconformist churches sat far down the nave, not only completely out of the ceremony but out of sight of the King and the unctuous Anglican prelates who performed the solemn rite of the "national consecration."

These matters are, of course, unmentionable in "polite" conversation in England, as any American will soon discover if he so much as dares to discuss them. The public-school system, the caste structure of the Army, the place of the Established Church are more sacred than the United States Constitution; and whoever tries to question their usefulness is coldly assured that no such problems exist. I did talk once with an eminent cleric who admitted, to my astonishment, that it was "monstrous" that a working-class boy could not become an officer in the British Army. But the usual retort is that it is better not to tinker with a social structure built up over hundreds of years.

Well, let us, for the sake of argument, look at the health chart of British democracy as it exists today. Is it strong and clean, or is it tired, and are its leaders ready to let abuses creep in? The British themselves have all but forgotten the famous Hyde Park case of 1928, when an obscure girl named Irene Savidge had been arrested on a park bench with a famous economist named Sir Leo Chiozza Money. She was charged with indecent conduct, but acquitted and dismissed. Later the police called at her home, took her without a warrant to the police station, and subjected her for five hours to a British variant of the third degree. A Labor member of the House of Commons called attention to this violation of the liberty of the subject; there ensued a debate which rocked the House and gave a nasty jolt to the government; a judicial inquiry was promptly begun, and before the episode

ended the Commissioner of Police had resigned and new rules were imposed upon the police to prevent a repetition of such a scandal.

This was in 1928, when British democracy was secure and unthreatened. Last year, when the need for vigilance was far greater, there was hardly a ripple at a violation of civil liberties which would have caused a storm in other days. Four men, one a Blackshirt, broke into the bungalow of an Air Ministry official named Vernon, a professed Socialist, and stole his papers and books, including a quantity of Socialist literature. Now, a civil servant may belong to any political party he chooses, but in court Major Vernon was grilled about his political beliefs and given no chance to clear himself of serious charges reflecting on his loyalty to the Crown. The four men who burgled his house were paroled and treated as considerately as if they had done the job at police instigation; Vernon was later prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act for having confidential Air Ministry papers at his home, was fined fifty pounds, and later dismissed from the Ministry. One or two questions about the case were asked in the House of Commons, but the episode was buried in the back pages of the newspapers and quickly dropped from the public mind. What do you suppose would have happened if a Communist had broken into the house of a War Office or Admiralty official and had run off with his confidential papers?

The newspapers' habit of suppressing or "playing down" unpalatable news, or of twisting it to serve political purposes, is another sign of the deterioration of British democracy which can be observed by anyone whose memory of this country goes back ten or fifteen years. Distortion has become so common, even in reputable papers, that it is hardly noticed; suppression occurs so frequently that I am keeping a museum of the choicest examples. An editor of what used to be Britain's greatest newspaper boasted the other day that he was as proud of what he withheld from his readers as of what he published.

Quite enough has been written already about the two historic examples of suppression, the first at the time of the Mediterranean Fleet concentration in 1935 and the second in the months before the abdication. The first was done in response to a polite request from the Admiralty to editors; the second by a decision of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. In the one case the British people were stupidly uninformed of a naval movement which might, conceivably, have landed them in a war with Italy; in the spectacular case of the abdication, the British people were not even told of the existence of Mrs. Simpson until Bishop Blunt of Bradford "broke" the story, months after millions of Americans and others all over the world knew of what was brewing.

In all fairness, however, one cannot regard these classic suppressions as typical. They were exceptional, and the British insist that each of them had some excuse. To my mind the Admiralty's request in 1935 was silly, since all the rest of the world knew what was happening, and mischievous, since the British people needed at that moment to be prepared for a possible crisis.

The "voluntary" suppression of Mrs. Wallis Simpson by the British press was far more serious in its implications, and I hope it will remain unique in the history of the freedom of the press. It was a fantastic experience to work here in London in October and November of 1936, to know of the crisis which was developing, and to find the British people utterly ignorant of the business except for the gossip which came to them indirectly from abroad. If the newspapers had published the story, the King might have discovered what violent controversy his proposed marriage was bound to arouse. It can be argued that the abdication might never have happened if the King's intentions had seen the light of day.

But there is another side to the story, and it needs to be stated. The British monarchy, in its present form, can exist only because the sovereign is above political and personal controversy.

Bring the King down from his Olympian height in the British scheme of things, subject him to free discussion in the press and on public platforms, and you instantly reveal the whole monarchical build-up as so much tinsel and matchwood. The moment the King becomes an object of controversy his usefulness is destroyed.

Thus when the story broke in Britain, an Abdication was inevitable, and I wrote it, although my office in New York sent a worried "urgent" in the early hours of the morning, suggesting that my story had been too strong. It was impossible to imagine the King staying on the throne, even if he had wished to stay, after the storm of public discussion had broken over his head.

The suppressions and distortions of recent months are less spectacular but more dangerous, for they are becoming a habit with certain newspapers which used to be reliable. A case in point was the Cabinet disagreement which led to the resignation of Mr. Eden. The disagreement was known in high places at least a week before the actual split occurred, and had been reported in one or two papers. Yet on February 13 (a week before the crack-up) the well-informed Conservative *Sunday Times* reported, "There is no truth in the stories published yesterday of acute differences between the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary and of a consequent Ministerial crisis. I have the highest authority for saying that there is not a word of truth in all this. The Prime Minister and Mr. Eden are in complete agreement."

Possibly *The Sunday Times* had gone to a "high authority" and had been deceived. But the following week the crisis had come into the open. On the 19th the Cabinet had held an emergency session (the first Saturday meeting since the Abdication) which, as all London knew, would determine Mr. Eden's future. Lord Kemsley, the owner of *The Sunday Times*, was in a position to know as much as anyone; yet on February 20—the morning of the resignation—his paper published a two-column story

of the Cabinet meeting without a word about Eden's position or his impending resignation. It was as if word had gone out not to mention Mr. Eden or to hint at a crisis. I don't know how the reporter managed to fill so much space and yet avoid the forbidden topic.

This was not exceptional. Other "reputable" newspapers denied the existence of the Cabinet disagreement until it was irrevocable; then they published stately accounts of how the split occurred. One newspaper cheerfully explained that the facts had, of course, been known for some time but had been withheld in the hope that the disagreement would blow over. In the same week *The Daily Telegraph's* readers were told, for example, that the American people really sided with Mr. Chamberlain and that Mr. Eden's supporters were to be found only in the cities along the Eastern seaboard, where the "racial ties" with Europe were strong.

The Conservative newspapers, of course, are not the only offenders. When the British began their semiofficial Arabic broadcasts to the Near East, a leading correspondent in Jerusalem reported that the first day's results had been miserable: that the choice of news had been "very unfortunate" and that transmission of jazz music to Arabs was "worse than useless." His dispatch was, of course, not printed. One newspaper prints a daily "prosperity page"—not, of course, labeled as such—on which advertisements can be surrounded with cheerful news of stories about booming trade, rising profits and unquenchable optimism.

All this is much more than the perversion of truth and the misinformation of the public; it makes it easy for this or some future government to distort the news further, by the simple mechanism of a request to the newspaper publishers, a "request" which will be obeyed.

I cite all these things not just to criticize the British press; no newspapers, in America or elsewhere, are so free of faults that they can afford to throw stones at others. The growing habit of

suppression and distortion of news reflects a widespread attitude among Cabinet ministers and newspaper publishers that the public should know only what is good for it to know. And this, in turn, reveals a deterioration of democracy, a real "wrong turning" which Britain's leaders have taken in refusing to educate their public or to give it a chance to share in the leadership of the nation.

I have written with some admiration of the technique by which the men who rule England have kept their power. They have taken the edge off discontent in the Empire and at home, by yielding the nonessentials in good time. Today, in the tradition of Disraeli and Joseph Chamberlain, they are planning legislation for compulsory holidays with pay. But England cannot survive just by giving her workers holidays with pay or unemployment insurance or the other necessary palliatives of industrialism. The challenge confronting her is more desperate than the depression of 1931 or the unrest of the postwar years. Will she meet it by breaking down vicious class barriers so that she can get the best out of all her people when trouble comes? Or will she imitate the totalitarian states by shedding her liberty, her tolerance, her integrity—a little bit here, a little there—so that her Conservative rulers can stay in power? I wish I felt sure that she would choose the democratic way.

England's future is not a cheerful one. I suppose that if I go on living in London I must soon have my little boys fitted for gas masks and fix up a gasproof refuge in my house. Every time we hear an airplane droning overhead at night my wife and I wonder whether we shall some day hear the bombing planes coming. Even if there is no war, England must meet the problems of shrunken markets, crushing taxation, undersized and undernourished millions, and—before long—a declining population. I think, by contrast, of our virility and youthfulness at home in the United States: of our freedom from foreign ene-

mies, of the boundless riches in our soil, and of the opportunities ahead of us if we use our democracy wisely.

An Englishman I know came back from a visit to New York the other day. Wherever he went among his friends he heard moaning and lamentations—about “that man” Roosevelt and “that man” Lewis, about strikes and taxes and the new lows on the stock market. His only comment to the grumblers was one question: “How would you like to swap your problems for ours in England?”

Nobody said a word.

7. Hot Lands and Cold

By Russell Owen

THE FIRST EXPLORER I ever met was Sir Ernest Shackleton. I don't remember him very well, because it was just before the war, after he had walked to within ninety miles of the South Pole, and before he started south on his famous Weddell Sea trip on which he lost his ship. But he got his comrades to Elephant Island and then, to get a ship to rescue them, made one of the most adventurous voyages ever attempted in a small boat. He was perhaps the greatest leader of polar expeditions who ever lived, although I did not know that then.

I must have amused him, being a bit wet behind the ears and very young, but I can remember that he had a twinkle in his eyes for the ignorant reporter who came to interview him. He was an imposing man. It might have been because I was so small, but he seemed very tall, with tremendous shoulders, a fine head, and the tolerance which comes from dealing with all sorts of people. On his expeditions he was aloof and taciturn a good part of the time. I was very much in awe of him, did not know what to ask him, but something about him made my heart thump a bit. One always knows when one meets a man. And when I left him I determined to learn something about polar explorers, and have since read many of their books.

The three best stories are Nansen's *Farthest North*, Cherry-Garard's *Worst Journey in the World*, and Shackleton's *South*. The most poignant, because of its deep feeling and sense of

frustration, is Scott's diary. Peary's is not so thrilling; it is too impersonal, as if the man's objective had submerged all his feeling. One is merely conscious of a tremendous determination, an indomitable will.

It was years later that I was sent to Kansas City to see Roald Amundsen, who had been the first at the South Pole. There was something in him which reminded me of Shackleton. He had an indifference to popular opinion—unless it were expressed in money to back his ventures—which is rare in explorers. (I have since met only one of that breed, Louise A. Boyd, our only American woman polar explorer.) Amundsen was a typical Viking, a tall, well-built, but slim man, with a beaklike nose, keen eyes, a sense of humor. He looked like a man who could stare into the unknown and laugh it down. He was tireless and powerful, with the long muscles which give endurance. Danger to him was a stimulant. And he apparently cared for nothing in the world but to force his way through storm and cold and bitterness to a place where no man had gone before. He was an adventurer rather than an explorer, and cared little for science. All he wanted was to be first on the long trail, and his flight to death in an attempt to rescue an enemy was typical of him. Life meant nothing to Amundsen unless he were attempting the impossible, or making a gesture that would bring him to the gates of Valhalla. I have never known so dominant, or so indifferent, a personality.

He was to give a lecture the night I met him in Kansas City on his flight the year before with Lincoln Ellsworth to within about 120 miles of the North Pole. On the flight the planes came down in leads between the ice, and were isolated for three weeks until one took off again and brought both crews back to Spitzbergen, now called Svalbad by the Norwegians. I went to hear his lecture, and sat on the edge of my seat watching his moving pictures, particularly those which almost made me seasick as the little ship *Hobby* plowed her way from Tromsø to King's

Bay in Spitzbergen. I did not know that a year later I would be on that same tiny ship returning to Norway from the north, so seasick that I could hardly get out of my bunk. It was just as well.

Amundsen was cordiality itself. He chatted with me about his coming flight to Alaska with Ellsworth in the *Norge*, and debated whether they might find land in the unknown part of the Arctic Sea they would cross. He was not at all averse to the journalistic imagination which had picked up the legend that there might be land there peopled by descendants of Eskimo women and whalers who had been wrecked there years before. As a matter of fact, Amundsen suggested this as a remote possibility, and he probably had his tongue in his cheek when he did so. I had that impression. But he was an interviewer's delight, for he saw the news value of speculation. Finally, he said:

"Write what you want to; I see that you have been reading something about the north. Do not be too wild. No, I do not want to see it. Use your own discretion."

And so I did. Before I left I asked him if he would not come over to my hotel and have a drink. He had been so friendly this seemed the natural thing to do. But he declined, saying that he never drank before a lecture. This, of course, was during prohibition.

The next time I saw him was in New York. *The New York Times* had bought the rights to his story—which was the reason for my calling on him in Kansas City—and I had been assigned to go to Spitzbergen to see him off for Alaska. I was supposed to fly on the *Norge* from Rome to Spitzbergen. And I was curious as to what kind of clothes I should get. Good, waterproof boots, said Amundsen, some warm outer clothes, and woolen underwear. Anything suitable for a cold winter in this country. I was amazed. Spitzbergen seemed next door to the North Pole, and in my innocence I thought it must be a desperately cold place. As he packed his bags he was tolerantly amused, as Shackleton had

been. Reporters, even eager ones, were queer people; they knew so little. I really think he underestimated our intelligence, for all reporters worth their salt study their subjects, and my error was in forgetting that Spitzbergen in the Spring might be comfortable.

And then I was off. It was my only trip to Europe, and when the ship went past Nantucket, which I had played about in a twenty-four-foot yawl as a small boy with the best of all small-boat sailors, Thomas Fleming Day, I stood forward on the windward side and looked out into the darkness and had strange thoughts. I was bound on my first adventure. There had been others at home, for all newspapermen have them, but this was a BIG adventure. Going to within eight hundred miles of the North Pole; a trip on a dirigible; a spectator at the beginning of a great flight. And I was a little squeamish inside, as always on a ship, although there was almost no motion. Being one of the worst sailors in the world, I have picked out some of the damndest oceans to travel on—the Arctic and the Antarctic.

When I got to Paris, my shepherd, Walter Duranty, left me flat. He had other things to do, and was not to be annoyed. I have never quite forgiven Duranty for that, because I was very lonesome. I knew nobody in Paris, the men in the *Times* office were busy with their affairs, and the streets of Paris were empty so far as I was concerned. And while in this state I met the one person I should not have met. This is not an alibi for what followed, for I hope I have lived it down. But it was an agonizing chapter.

There was living in Paris at that very time one of the early aviators, who was the first man to fly across Long Island Sound, with an inner tube for a life belt. He could not get an inner tube around him now. He was ill at his hotel, and I was taken to see him. When I told him that I was going to fly on the *Norge* from Rome to Spitzbergen he looked at me for a long time, sadly. Apparently he thought I was too young to die. I be-

gan to think so, too. These gas bags, he reminded me, frequently burn up. Did they have parachutes aboard? No, I did not think so, I said. Too bad, he said, shaking his head. (I hope he reads this.) He painted a picture of a bursting, flaming dirigible, until my hair stood on end. My companion, who had been a war aviator, was not at all impressed, but that meant nothing to me. I began to get scared, and went back to the hotel to dream of burning up in the air, and awoke with such a case of jitters that I had to go out and walk the streets and turn in at Harry's bar for aid.

When Rome was reached I didn't feel much better. The moment was approaching. The Norwegians in the crew were some of the finest men I had ever seen, and a few of the Italians turned out to be of the stuff that makes men die bravely. Some of them were lost later with the *Italia*. I had dinner with the Norwegians and was told that I was now a member of the crew. They were so carefree. Their leader was Captain Riiser-Larsen, who had got Amundsen and Ellsworth off the ice in their plane the year before. He was a giant of a man, with no nerves and calm eyes. There was Omdal, who had been a mechanic on the flight the previous year, a cool young daredevil. There was Oscar Wisting, who had been with Amundsen to the South Pole, a square, chunky seaman, who used to fall into crevasses and haul himself out nonchalantly. And Ramm, the Norwegian newspaperman, who went with them all the way, the same breed, and a tense enthusiast, though he did not seem particularly enthusiastic about me.

There was difficulty between them and the Italian members of the crew from the time they arrived at Rome. They disliked each other, a dislike which cropped out bitterly after the flight was over. They told me how the Italians smoked in the gondolas to show their nonchalance. Sometimes I have wondered if they tried to frighten me out, and if they did they succeeded, for up to that time I had never been in the air. I got the wind up thoroughly,

and went in my distress to the American air attaché, a good-natured Irishman who had been through the war. He sympathized, and told me he had been scared pink many times, and to do as I thought best. I decided I could not make that flight to Spitzbergen. So I cravenly cabled the office my reasons, said I would go if I were ordered to, but did not want to, and what about it? The answer came back to go north by train with Amundsen and Ellsworth. It was a much subdued young man, and one very much ashamed, who started for Norway by rail. Those days—and nights—I have tried hard to forget. My employers have never mentioned that episode, and I have often wondered if they knew how grateful I was, for I had flopped, fallen down miserably on my first adventure.

I caught up with Amundsen and Ellsworth in Oslo, and went north with them by rail to Trondheim, where we took the mail boat for Tromsø. It was in Oslo that I met Bernt Balchen, then a flying lieutenant in the Norwegian Navy, and it was his companionship which made the trip pleasant. Balchen is at home where anything is rough and difficult, and he had an instinctive sympathy with others who didn't quite know what it was all about.

One night on the boat Amundsen called me down to his stateroom. Norway then had a limited prohibition—whisky was forbidden. But Amundsen reached down under his bunk and pulled out a bottle of Scotch.

"You offered me a drink in Kansas City," he said. "I never forget."

I thanked him gratefully. When we reached Tromsø there was no provision for my getting to Spitzbergen. I had to go, though I was supposed to be on the dirigible. Amundsen was probably reminding me of that. I could not blame him. But he eventually relented, as he may have intended to do all the time, and let me bunk in the forecastle with the young Norwegian sailors.

There was never such a forecastle. The ship was an old wooden tramp, built for the ice, and I don't think that forecastle

had been cleaned since her first voyage. The deck was slippery with grease so that it was difficult to stand up when she rolled, and the smell was abominable. But the young sailors, who did not speak any more English than I did Norwegian, were kind. They helped me stow my bags away, and fix my straw mattress in a bunk in a corner. And when we were out at sea I crawled into it and wanted to die. Being seasick in a pleasant cabin, with a steward to wait on you, is one thing, but being seasick in a tramp's forecastle, when you are mentally and spiritually sunk because of your own shortcomings, and nobody cares a damn, is something else again. If it had not been for those lads I would have wanted to jump overboard and end it all.

One of them, who bunked just above me, was sick with tonsillitis. He used to sit on the edge of his bunk, with his feet hanging over, and cough until I thought he would strangle. He explained, by signs, that he could not lie down and breathe. I thought of Amundsen's bottle of Scotch and got it out. The explorers had relegated me to the nether regions, but I had found friends. Perhaps they suspected I possessed Scotch. I gave them all a drink, and gave two to the fellow with the sore throat. I didn't want any. A drink would have met itself on the way up if I had attempted to swallow one. Later Amundsen relented and let me bunk on a settee in the ship's cabin, which was also the messroom, where a mechanic named Hansen and I slept head to heels for two nights. He kept me from falling off occasionally.

The night before we reached Spitzbergen I realized for the first time why men go to the polar regions. The sky overhead was an opalescent canopy of clouds. All around the horizon was a clear space gleaming with golden light toward the sun, purple on the side away from it. And this canopy was upheld by pillars of mist at intervals, like the pillars of a temple. Far off in the northeast were glittering white spikes sticking up from a yellow sea, the peaks of Spitzbergen. It was lovely. Not even the thumping, smelly tub, on which we moved, could detract from the

beauty of that night, for we were beyond the point where there was darkness. Only light, dim, varied, many-colored, but always light. The sea was smooth, dotted with tiny bits of ice. The novice felt that he was entering a world where men went only on sufferance.

At King's Bay we could not get near the dock, for there is a dock there where ships used to load coal before the mine shut down a few years ago. The ice had to be dynamited so the ship could be forced to a mooring, but we went ashore with our bags on our shoulders long before that. My quarters were in the hospital, where later Nobile had the next room. It was a comfortable room, and after the ship it was luxurious. The nurse in charge of the hospital was the wife of the carpenter who had built the camp, and who, when he first landed there, went to sleep in his toolbox. I went to sleep to the muffled boom of the dynamite on the bay ice.

As it turned out, my refusing to fly on the *Norge* was a good thing for the paper, for the airship was held at Leningrad for days by bad weather, and during all that time I could write stories about Spitzbergen and build up some background for the flight. Amundsen and Ellsworth used to go off for long trips, Amundsen on ski and Ellsworth on snowshoes. Amundsen never paid any attention to what I wrote; he did not seem to care whether I wrote anything or not. He is the only explorer I have known—and I have known several—who, with the exception of Miss Boyd, did not care about publicity. He enjoyed his work; nothing else mattered. The avidity with which most explorers seek publicity, the things they will do to get it, has always been somewhat repellent to me. They seldom seem to realize that it is what they do, and not what they say, which counts in the long run, for maps built on their work do not lie—very much.

And all explorers seem to be sentimentalists. They must be more sensitive than most men, more imaginative. On that voyage to Spitzbergen Amundsen used to get us around the table after

dinner, and mix for each of us a big glass of Scotch, sugar, and hot water, a drink which would last for an hour. Then he would play the phonograph for a time, occasionally lifting his glass to someone with that delightful Norwegian custom of greeting each guest at odd intervals with a nod of the head and the invariable "*skoal*," and he always played before the night was over a record made by Alma Gluck, "*Home, Sweet Home*," a hauntingly sad song as she sang it. She sang it for him when he returned from the South Pole. While listening to the record Amundsen would sit with a faraway smile on his face, nodding his head slowly, and thinking thoughts that none of us could guess. I often wondered if he were wondering whether he would return from this trip to listen to that song again. Scott's diary shows his sensitive nature; as Cherry-Garard said of him: "I never knew a man who cried so easily." Others I know of are alive, so I cannot discuss their odd weaknesses, but, like all men, they have them, in abundance. But perhaps that is why they go exploring.

Amundsen was aloof at Spitzbergen. He lived with Ellsworth and Riiser-Larsen in a house called The Villa. All Norwegian managers' homes in out-of-the-way places are called The Villa. I did not dare venture there. One day I asked Amundsen for another bottle of Scotch, and he said, "I gave you one, and you gave it to the crew." Apparently that was a breach of discipline which could not be forgotten, and later I learned that on his long expeditions Amundsen was a martinet, and showed it in some rather weird ways, such as making sure that the internal machinery of his men was functioning properly. He determined this by personal inspection. If there was anything wrong a pill was forthcoming.

We were not at King's Bay very long before Commander (now Admiral) Byrd arrived for his airplane flight to the pole. I met him when he landed at the dock; a nervous, slight man, with an engaging smile, and I instantly liked him, though I

found later that he was not easy to live with. Bill Bird, from Paris, came with him for the *Times*, and brought me a case of Scotch, so that I was no longer dependent upon Amundsen's bounty. My legs are not very good, and I still wonder how I managed to carry that case through the snow a quarter of a mile from the shore to my room.

After skiing alone—skiing is perhaps a flattering term for my maneuvers, but it was the only way to get around on the soft snow—sitting alone, except when Ellsworth came over to see me and tell me how lonesome he was, and reading alone, it was good to see some of my own people again. I promptly celebrated by inviting Mrs. Petersen, the nurse, and her daughter to share my good luck. After that, in the morning, when I would find her scrubbing the floor outside my door dispiritedly, and looking at me with an expression which meant only one thing, I would give her half a tumbler of whisky and then the scrubbing brush flew to the accompaniment of a good Norwegian folk song. We had parties at her house, where we danced. Solveg, her daughter, used to take off her rubber boots so she could dance more easily and we tried not to step on her toes. When we left Mrs. Petersen would put her hand on the chest of each of us, the sign that we were welcome in her home. They were nice people. In my house, also, lived Martin Ronne, Amundsen's sailmaker, who made the Northwest Passage with him, and with whom I shared many pleasant hours in the Antarctic when we were there with Byrd.

It was at King's Bay that I had my first flight. Byrd had gone to the pole and returned, and I sent part of the story, though Bill Bird did most of it. Then the day came when Amundsen was to start. I had filed my story of the beginning of the trip, and had given the wireless operator a message to be sent as soon as the *Norge* left the ground, the time to be filled in by the operator. We had become friends during the days of waiting, when I used

to ski up the hill to his shack on the edge of the bay. So when the moment came all I had to do was to jump in Byrd's plane, piloted by Floyd Bennett, and follow the *Norge* out to sea.

My refusal to fly in the *Norge* had apparently become known to Byrd's men, for they made it rather difficult. But I was determined to get some pictures from the air of the *Norge* as she took off, and at the last moment took a picture from in front of the plane, and then jumped inside. A rush down a slope, and before I knew what had happened we were over the bay, high over Byrd's ship. As we banked over the *Norge* I took pictures of her while she was held by the ground crew, and kept taking them after she rose and headed down the fjord to the sea. The only other photographers aboard were making moving pictures, and I was so interested in what was going on, and in pulling paper from my film pack, that it was half an hour before I realized that I was in the air, and then it was too late to do anything about it. I kicked myself for a fool for having been afraid of the *Norge*.

Since then I have flown in all sorts of airplanes, many of them not any too safe, and have always been glad when I was back on the ground, and always glad that I had been up. Imagination may be a frightful bugaboo. Now, at night, when I have a sensation of falling, the doctor says it is a heart symptom. I think it always was, but not functional. Those pictures, by the way, were used by Amundsen and Ellsworth in their book on the flight. They were good, much to my surprise.

That trip north determined my destiny for a few years. Aviation and exploration were being joined; and the aviation of 1927 was exploration. There were interesting days at Roosevelt Field in the spring of that year. Byrd was preparing to fly the Atlantic, though his plane had turned over on its trial flight and was delayed by repairs. A man named Charles Levine had bought from Giuseppe Bellanca the *Columbia*, probably the most efficient long-distance plane in the world at that time, and

had several pilots trying it out for him. Noel Davis, who had been a naval officer, was getting ready to fly the ocean in a Keystone, and I had a flight with him in it a week before he and his copilot were killed on their last test. And out in California, a young man named Lindbergh was quietly making tests of his single-engined monoplane, saying very little, but putting his whole heart into the effort.

There were two or three months during that period when any newspaperman covering the preparations for Atlantic flying, lived like a fireman. There was no brass pole to slide down, but there might just as well have been. We often stayed at the field for twenty-four hours, and when we did come in to town to write a story we went home to be called out of bed two hours after we had lapsed into a sleep of exhaustion only to paddle back to the field again—generally on a false rumor. There was no rest. We were not only trying to cover the news, to be on hand if something happened, but we were also trying, without the benefit of a slide-rule education, to grasp some of the fundamentals of aerodynamics, so that we would not make too many mistakes when we tried to explain what an airplane was doing. And in those days, remember, there were few intelligent people who realized the fundamental fact that an airplane gets most of its lift from the vacuum on top of the wing. The designers knew, and the pilots knew, what made an airplane fly, but the reporters had to catch up with them academically, and it was not an easy task. And yet it was one of the most interesting periods I ever went through.

After Noel Davis's death it seemed that Byrd had the best chance to make the first flight, but on the day his plane was due to arrive at Roosevelt Field from the Fokker factory, a strange-looking monoplane appeared out of the west, circled once, and then landed. While it was still in the air, somebody called out, "That must be Lindbergh." It was. When the wide-winged airplane of odd design—for the pilot's seat was inside the fuselage

behind a big gas tank—landed, there stepped out of it a long-legged, smiling, pleasant youth in a sweater and, I think, golf trousers and stockings. He looked competent and wouldn't talk very much. He admitted that he was an air-mail pilot named Lindbergh, and that he thought his plane would make the flight, but on every occasion on which I saw him in that short week before he took off, he had very little to say. He was polite, but more reticent than Clarence Chamberlin, and that is saying a good deal.

We had been having some bad moments about Chamberlin. He, with two other pilots, had been waiting to see who would pilot Levine's plane across the sea. We all wanted to see Clarence get the job, for we thought him the ablest pilot. There were inexplicable delays in getting the *Columbia* ready, and during the long days of waiting Levine stalked around the field, looking important, and apparently unable to come to a decision. One day I asked him if he thought it was fair not to decide on which pilot he would send off in the plane, and he replied that he did not want to pick one man during tests because then the others would lose interest.

"Do you think that is sportsmanlike?" we said to him.

"Why not?" he asked in surprise.

"Well, if you don't know, we could never explain it to you!" he was told, and I don't suppose to this day that Levine realizes what we meant.

The week dragged on. There were on the field the planes of Lindbergh, Byrd, and Chamberlin—for Clarence finally was selected to make the flight to Germany. Any one of them could have taken off. We lived there, ate there, slept there, and sometimes wished that Raymond Orteig had never thought up a prize for flying the Atlantic. It became an interminable bore, until on the first day when weather conditions over the ocean seemed propitious, though it was raining that morning at the field, Lind-

bergh took off on his astonishing flight, and became overnight a symbol of the new aviation.

My relationship to Lindbergh before he took off was casual, though I had a deep admiration for this quiet, reserved, young man, who seemed to know so thoroughly just what he was doing. His take-off was the most dramatic thing I have ever witnessed in aviation. It was a combination of consummate skill and good luck. There was reason for Lindbergh's referring to the plane and himself as "we"; they were one.

No man has been more maligned by those who should have an understanding of his position. Lindbergh has been called churlish, rude, and many other things. The fact probably is that he is so sensitive from having been pawed by the world that isolation is a phobia with him. I do not think the man is quite normal in his relationship to society, and no one can blame him. He has been treated abominably. Now he could probably come back to his own country and live a normal life, if he could forget the past and let the newspapers have their way with him for a short time. There are more important things in the world just now than chasing a Lindbergh. But he cannot forget, and I for one, can only remember that he has always been kind, considerate, and companionable with those newspapermen who have tried to understand him, and who have refrained from annoying him. He has shown generosity to me in a way that I could not have anticipated. The Lindbergh episode played a big part in my newspaper life, and much of the pleasure in it was contributed by Lindbergh himself. When you hear stories about him, don't believe them.

Soon after Lindbergh took off Chamberlin started on his spectacular flight with Levine to Germany. Clarence is not a marvelous navigator. As a matter of fact, Lindbergh was not at that time either. After his flight I congratulated him on his navigation, because he hit Ireland within five miles of the point at

which he was aiming. "That wasn't navigation," said Lindbergh, "that was luck. If it had been fifty miles it would have been navigation." He had a wind shift which helped him, but navigation instruments were not what they are now. Clarence got out over the ocean and was off his course. He said that his compass failed. I suspect that he had not allowed for variation. However, just before he left I had handed him a copy of *The New York Times* which had a sketch of him on the front page. Chamberlin was pleased, and put it under the pad of his seat. When he was about two-thirds of the way across, and was doubtful about his course, he sighted a steamship. He dug the newspaper out from under his seat, swooped down, and saw the name of the ship, and then looked it up in the shipping news of the *Times*. He guessed at the speed of the ship, found when it had left port, calculated its distance from land, and then took off in its wake on a new course for Europe. He got there; at least he landed somewhere in Germany. I often wonder where he would have gone if I had not given him that newspaper.

The Arctic experience and the close association with transatlantic flying naturally led to the Antarctic with Byrd's first expedition, which was about as difficult a task as ever confronted a newspaperman. For months before we left I knew that the assignment was to be made, though it was not until years later that I learned by how narrow a margin I nearly missed it. That was in the early days of short-wave radio development, and it did not seem possible that we would be able to get much news back to the United States, nine thousand miles away. The managing editor asked the man in charge of radio how much could be sent a week, and was told that about fifteen hundred words was the maximum. Was it worth while to send a reporter away for a year and nine months for that much news? The boss decided that it was. As a matter of fact, I often sent back as much as three or four thousand words a day, and our success with short-wave communication was the beginning of its commercial de-

velopment. The exact amount of news sent back has never been accurately estimated, but I believe it was very close to five hundred thousand words.

That expedition was to me the culmination of years of dreaming. (Remember that I had met Sir Ernest Shackleton.) No reporter had ever been to that lonesome land. The average person knew nothing about a region where there are sunsets which last for hours, where there is frozen beauty beyond belief, and where there are storms which drink from the human system the warmth of life. There had been great tragedies there, and great accomplishments. The Antarctic was to me a goal which offered unlimited opportunities for news. For anything of which one knows nothing is news. Before I left some of my friends on the *Times*, including one of the best reporters I have ever known, told me that I was a fool to go on a trip that lasted so long, that I could get only half a dozen good stories, that I would be forgotten when I returned. And a reporter can drop out of circulation as rapidly as a New Deal financial adviser. They were wrong. I had read about the Antarctic, and they had not, and I knew that anything from there read in a daily newspaper, whether it was about a sunset, or a storm, or a dog having pups, would be news. And it was.

The point is that I loved that assignment, though it brought me some of the most heartbreaking experiences which can happen to a man who enters on an adventure in the spirit of idealism. There was some tripe in the stories which I sent north, but it was unavoidable. No one can realize the situation in which a reporter finds himself with forty-one other men on a polar expedition. He is the outcast, the subject of anathema, the nincompoop who sits in front of a typewriter and stares at the wall, while other men are freezing their fingers and toes and wielding snow shovels. We each did our work well, but I doubt if any of them realized how difficult mine was. For each of those forty-one men stood behind me and looked over my shoulder while I

wrote—it all went on the bulletin board. If I mentioned a name it caused caustic comment from those who also wanted their names included. A reporter on such a job is not writing for any purpose but to tell what the expedition is doing, but every word he types slights somebody who thinks he is the backbone of the party. The pressure which was brought to bear on me to write in Rollo Boy language can never be explained; it was just one of those things that a newspaperman must sometimes face and fight down alone. And it is not always easy to do so.

Most of the good men on that expedition are my friends, and I think that eventually they understood what I was trying to do. But it took many long months and much unhappiness and patience to win their esteem. I was proud of that expedition, despite its shortcomings. It might have accomplished much more, but as a newspaper saga it was worth while. It can never be done again, and I am glad that I was the one to do it, even though I realize how inadequately it was written. And that is not meant as mock modesty; one can always look back and think how much better the job might have been done. I shall never see the Antarctic again; but how I wish I could.

Well, so much for exploration. It is quite a transition from the Antarctic to Hawaii, but that was the next step. Every one has heard of that lotus land of ours in the Pacific, but it was not until a naval officer's wife wandered down a dark street and was raped that I had my chance to see it. Not a very happy introduction, but it opened up a vista of racial and social differences which made a study of the islands far more interesting than the case itself. As a matter of fact, there would have been no occasion to send anyone to Hawaii if the girl's family had not found it most satisfactory to shoot one of her assailants. If they had done this instantly, instead of waiting for several months, it might have been more easily understood; it was the working up of a healthy indignation while dancing and swimming and playing water polo which was difficult to comprehend. There have

been few more weird murder cases than that of Kahahawai, who was shot by some member of the family of Mrs. Thalia Massie.

The Massie case evolved from conditions which had existed in the islands since the first missionaries went there and won them with the Bible and the bottle. The Yankee whalers who put in there for supplies did not aid in the education of the natives. The white man's ways of amusement were at first incomprehensible to the gentle people who inhabited Oahu and the Big Island. But they learned. One of Honolulu's prominent businessmen once confessed to me that when he was a boy, attending the exclusive school for white children in Honolulu, he and some of his friends used to find it lots of fun to take some Hawaiian girl out on a dark road at night and rape her. It took a good many years for the Hawaiians, and the half-breeds who now inhabit Oahu, to decide that it might be fun to rape white women in gangs, but they eventually did so. The case of poor Mrs. Massie, who was not at all at fault despite some insinuations, was a natural result. That she was the wife of a naval officer stirred the United States, though similar cases had been hushed up for ten years.

When I arrived in Honolulu, Lieutenant Thomas Massie, Mrs. Massie, Mrs. Fortescue, his mother-in-law, and two seamen, were under arrest on a ship in the Navy Yard. They had picked up Kahahawai at the office where he had gone to report while on parole; had taken him to the Massie home and had shot him. They did more than that, not mutilation, but he took a long time to die and they expedited the matter. Why that was never brought out at the trial has always been somewhat of a mystery to me, for the physician who performed the autopsy was capable, and he must have wondered at the internal condition of Kahahawai. The brutality of the actual murder would have cost the Massie family much sympathy if it had been known.

Soon after I arrived in Honolulu I saw some of the original

police reports which were never introduced in evidence, probably because they were not flattering to an officer of the Navy. But they told what happened the night of the attack on Mrs. Massie, and explained much that had been incomprehensible. For there were those who said that she had been careless in her contacts with the Hawaiians, which was far too true of many American women, and had invited the assault. That was not the case. Mrs. Massie was a brooding, silent, and not particularly companionable woman. At a dinner or cocktail party she was more apt to go off in a corner and read a book than to take part in the convivialities. She drank little, and was looked upon as an unresponsive member of the community in which she moved. She had been to a psychiatrist at the local university for examination, and one of the most startling moments in a court room I have ever known was when she grabbed her examination paper from the prosecutor, while on the witness stand, and tore it up. She subconsciously liked publicity, but it was not that which led to her misfortune.

On the night when she was attacked, she and her husband had gone to a roadhouse on one of the main boulevards of Honolulu for dinner. He wandered away and went upstairs to a room where some other naval officers and their women were drinking. After a time Mrs. Massie, who had had only two drinks, went after him. The room was full, there were no chairs, and none of the men offered her his seat. Finally, she asked for one, and an officer told her to get out, that she was a wet blanket, and that nobody wanted her around. Mrs. Massie, in a moment of righteous indignation, swung from the floor and boxed the naval officer's jaw. Then she went out, weeping. That much I read in the police reports, reports not introduced in evidence.

What happened later is largely conjecture, but I think it is a reasonable deduction. When she went out of the roadhouse, she was on a brightly lighted boulevard. Only a short distance to her right was a road which led down to a fort, past a dance

place. It was not so well lighted, and Mrs. Massie, crying, in evening clothes, probably turned down there so that her distress would not be seen. She had gone past the few stores which were lighted, and had entered the darker area, when she was seized by five men and dragged into a car. It would have happened to any woman who had gone that way at that time. They drove down the road, along the shore to a dark spot where they could park off the road, and pulled her out of the car. The rest of the story may best be imagined.

When I reached Honolulu no newspaperman had talked to Mr. and Mrs. Massie or to Mrs. Fortescue. I assumed that it would be impossible. But having met a few army officers I told them that I wished I could talk to the Massies, and much to my surprise was told that it might be arranged. A day or so later I was introduced to another officer who sent me to the lawyer then representing the Massies. The sequence of events that followed I have never been able to solve, though I have a few ideas as to the reasons for my obtaining the interview, reasons which may be apparent to the reader. I saw their lawyer, told him that I wanted to talk to Mr. and Mrs. Massie and Mrs. Fortescue, and that I would report to him later and tell him everything which took place. I assured him that I would use nothing he did not approve. He was a local lawyer. He gave me a card which, in turn, procured me a pass from the naval officer in whose custody the prisoners were paroled.

When I reached the old cruiser on which they were confined, Mrs. Fortescue met me at the foot of the gangplank. We went in to the wardroom of the ship, and in a short time Tommy Massie joined us. Mrs. Fortescue seemed to me to be a rather dominating woman; Massie was a likable but not particularly impressive person. We talked. Mrs. Fortescue told me that her great mistake had been in pulling down the shades of the car in which they were carrying Kahahawai's body out toward the rocky shore of the island. I asked her why she felt what had hap-

pened was justified, and she said that she came from the South and that in the South they had their own ways of dealing with "niggers." She said many other things which I will not recall now, but that one word "niggers," if I had ever revealed it, would have made her position much more unpleasant in Hawaii. Hawaiians are not related to the Negroes, and the designation would have been devastating.

When I went back to her attorney I told him all the things which she had told me, except the word "niggers." I did not feel that I should repeat that, as I knew the racial hatreds which were underneath the trial. But I did tell him that she thought her mistake was in pulling down the curtains, and several other things which were rather incriminating. Much to my surprise, he did not ask me not to use them. The only thing he said was that he would give five thousand dollars to be out of the case. He did not seem at all interested in what I had learned from his clients. So I felt at liberty to report what I had been told. Since then I have wondered why he was so lax in protecting the interests of those he was representing; I am rather inclined to believe now that he was so bound up with Hawaiian affairs that he dreaded a conflict between Hawaiians and the navy group in which he was bound to suffer. After all, his interests were local, not national.

That interview caused me a lot of trouble. When it appeared in *The New York Times* it also appeared in a Honolulu paper. The Navy was ready to shoot me on sight, if that had been possible. The captain who had given me access to his prisoners was in a state of dementia for several days, and I was told to avoid him. The poor fellow is dead now, though I still have his pass to the ship. I do not feel that I had betrayed any confidences, however, because when the whole thing was over Tommy Massie said to me, "If anyone ever says you have been unfair to us, refer him to me."

But that was not the end of it. The district attorney, a likable

Irishman, saw in the interview an opportunity to obtain a new indictment which would have been much more serious than the first. After all, Mrs. Fortescue had practically admitted the murder by the group. It did not matter much who fired the shot. The prosecutor, a good lawyer, came up to see me, and mentioned that he might take me before the grand jury to sustain a superseding indictment. That was the last thing I wanted. In all murder cases, properly conducted, witnesses are excluded. I was there to cover a murder case. I begged, pleaded, and cajoled. I promised him everything but the governorship of the islands, if he would not take me before the grand jury. I think he was having a little sadistic amusement in having me in a difficult position, because he finally relented, and left me alone. But for several days I was most unhappy.

While we were waiting for the trial there occurred an incident which shows how strange the atmosphere of Hawaii was at that time. There was one other reporter representing a famous newspaper on the mainland with me, a man I had known for several years, and who has a splendid reputation. Both he and I had been called up a number of times by a woman bearing a name which was prominent in the islands, and who said that she had the inside story of the Massie case. We both decided that she was one of those strange creatures who always try to get in touch with reporters on an unusual story, and paid little attention to her. "She's a nut," said he. I agreed with him. But one night I was in my hotel room, reading a detective story and trying to forget the Massie case, when the phone rang. It was this woman. Would I come out to her house, so she could tell me all she knew? I had talked to doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, businessmen, and politicians. What she could add to their stories I did not know, but I was bored, and said that I would call on her if she would tell me where to go. She gave an address which I did not know, and I told her so. Then she asked if I knew where a certain school was, and, as it was a landmark and I had made a

speech there, I did. So I promised to drive my car there and meet her.

I had been parked at the curb for only a few minutes when a car swerved up beside me, and a woman asked if I were me. I was. "Follow me," was the word, and I followed. We went out to the fringe of the city, and up a hilly road, where bungalows were ranged like toy blocks beneath each other. She drove her car into the garage, and I left mine in the driveway. When she came back to the front door she had a revolver in her hand. That seemed odd, but Honolulu being what it was I did not think so much of it at the time. When we got inside, however, she threw it down on a couch. I asked her why she carried it, and she said any sensible woman in Hawaii would do so. I told her I knew a number of Army officers' wives who did not think it necessary, and chucked the shells out of the gun. She became very angry and so I put them back again.

What had she to tell me about the Massie case? There wasn't anything which I had not heard before. Would I have a drink? Yes, I would. We listened to the radio for a time, and then I decided that I had better get back to the hotel. There was nobody else in the bungalow, no husband, no maid, no protection for me anywhere. But before I left I suggested that it would be well if she got a permit to carry a revolver, and asked if she knew how to use one.

"Of course," she said. "I have been taking lessons. See."

She raised the revolver, pointed it toward the window, beside which I was standing, and much to my amazement it went off. I am afraid that my language was not printable. I dashed for the door, jumped into my car, and drove back to the hotel as fast as possible, wondering if the bullet had hit some poor child in a crib in the next bungalow, and if that had not happened, whether the police had barged in and she had told them that she was protecting her virtue from a newspaperman. We were not popular there. The district attorney would have been delighted to have

seen me in jail. When I reached the hotel I collapsed on a bed and waited for a telephone call. It might very easily have been the end of my career. *The New York Times* could not have supported a man who went out to a woman's home and who was driven away at the point of a pistol. That was not the case, but that would have been the story. It was rather tough. I agonized for at least twenty minutes and then called her up to see what had happened. Her voice was subdued and tremulous.

"I guess nobody heard it," she said. I may have murmured, "Thank God," but I know that I hung up and poured myself one of the largest drinks of *oke* that man has ever imbibed. And then I lay awake all night. I have often wondered how she explained to her husband that neat round hole in the large plate-glass window.

When Clarence Darrow arrived at Honolulu to defend the Massies, the whole picture changed. The islanders resented Darrow. They did not know his tolerance. He did not believe in murder, but he believed that there were extenuating circumstances in anybody's derelictions. I have never known a man who had so much sympathy for human weakness as Clarence Darrow.

Fortunately Darrow liked me, or he might have been annoyed because of the interview. I think neither he, nor George Leisure, his assistant in the case, expected to try it on any legal issue. They knew that their clients were guilty of murder. All they could do was to argue that murder at times might be justified. They knew the racial prejudices which were so bitter in the islands at that time, particularly between the Navy people and the natives. Darrow settled down to a campaign which was so subtle that to this day the prosecutor probably thinks he won his case in obtaining a conviction, though the defendants were free a few hours after being sentenced. Everybody with the exception of Thomas Massie went scot-free; he received a one-hour jail sentence, which was served in the Governor's headquarters.

The judge was an able and impartial man, but it was rumored that he was an ardent astrologer, and that he never made an important decision without consulting the stars. I am convinced that this was base libel, for his decisions were based on sound judicial practice, and neither side disputed many of his rulings. But he said one odd thing to me. I had been trying to recall a quotation from *Alice in Wonderland*, for the trial at times seemed as mad as Alice's, and after vainly questioning others I appealed to the judge as he was going through the lobby of the courthouse. He couldn't recall the words I sought, but he looked at me sharply just before turning away, and said:

"Do you know that is an esoteric book? It is full of hidden meanings."

No, I thought, as I watched him walk away; I hadn't suspected it. It was a strange trial.

Darrow went about his campaign with all the cunning he had cultivated in his many years of the practice of criminal law. He let the State put in its case without much opposition, and then put Tommy Massie on the stand to tell of the events that led up to the shooting, up to the time that he remembered standing with a pistol in his hand, just before his mind "went blank." I have some doubt as to whether young Massie actually did the shooting; I think one of the others did it. As they were all convicted, it doesn't matter. He put Mrs. Massie on the stand, and let her tearfully tell her awful story. Nearly any other type of jury would have acquitted her mother and husband, and the two sailors after hearing it. But this jury of mixed blood was not to be swayed by tears.

Darrow had been besought by those connected with the case not to bring up the racial issue. But the wily old lawyer realized that this was just what he must do. Some of the Hawaiian beach boys had asked me to invite him to ride the surf in one of their big canoes, and Darrow, despite his age, put on a bathing suit, wrapped a towel about his shoulders, and came in riding a roar-

ing wave. He knew that would make a good impression with the natives. When he came to summing up, which he did with all his skill, he went through the motions of discussing the legal aspects of the case, made an impassioned plea for his clients, and then deprecated the thought that the jury would be swayed by racial considerations. He dwelt on the history of the Polynesian race, their good qualities, and expressed the hope that in the melting pot of the islands there would always be peace and friendliness between the races.

All the time, he was talking over the heads of the jury to his vast white audience on the mainland, to the Southern men and women who had been excited by the racial aspect of the case, to those who look upon any people of dark skin as "niggers." And his speech had no sooner reached Washington, than cables began pouring in to the Governor demanding that he pardon Massie, Mrs. Fortescue, and the seamen. He did so within a few hours. And to this day the majority of people in Hawaii do not realize that this was what Darrow was striving for from the beginning.

It happened that I had met Darrow years before when he was defending young Scopes in the Dayton, Tennessee, evolution monkey trial. The trial was one of those incidents which happen every few score years, when Fundamentalism in religion bucks up against science. The result is always dust and confusion, with nothing settled. But Darrow captured my imagination in that case. His examination of William Jennings Bryan, in all its grotesque brilliance, will never be forgotten by those who heard it. Bryan was intolerant, as are most religious bigots. And Bryan, the apostle of temperance, was intemperate in his own way. Darrow, who liked his whisky and soda, lived to be eighty, and was seventy-five when he defended the Massies. But Bryan, the prohibitionist, ate himself to death in the stifling Tennessee heat.

There was a dinner just before the trial at which Bryan sat beside young Scopes, the teacher being tried for teaching evolution in a public school. I sat opposite. Bryan asked for black

bread, or whole-wheat, saying that he could not eat much starch, and then ate quantities of mashed white potatoes. Young Scopes watched him with astonishment, and when the dinner was over, said, "Well, at least I am glad science taught me that there is starch in potatoes." Bryan died after a heavy dinner, when most of us were content with the minimum amount of food on which we could exist. We ate corn bread and salad, and drank water, somewhat diluted.

It was remarkable that more of us did not become ill as the result of that trial. Never have I worked under more uncomfortable conditions. Dayton lies in a valley between high hills, and it steamed and bubbled with heat. We wore little except seersucker trousers, shoes and stockings, a shirt without a tie, open at the neck, and our sleeves rolled up above the elbows. The judge, who opened each session with prayer, much to Darrow's disgust, was Christian enough to recognize human suffering and permit us outlanders to appear in court in our outrageously informal costumes. Only Dudley Field Malone, punctilious to the last, kept his double-breasted coat fastened, but by midafternoon Dudley had a spreading wet spot on his back, and we could only guess at the streams which were running into his shoe tops. Darrow and Bryan did not wear coats, which gave Darrow greater opportunity for his favorite habit of sticking his thumbs around his suspenders and hunching his gaunt shoulders, while Bryan waved a palm-leaf fan and mopped his brow.

We sweated and dripped all day, and by night were too exhausted to sleep, even if it had been possible in our damp beds, for nothing ever dried out. Bathrooms smelled moldy, and my only solution of the bath problem was to go early in the morning to a mountain brook, near an abandoned mine, and relax in cool water with a cake of soap. But we were so busy for the few days of the trial that sleep was not particularly important, and on at least two nights some of us had to sit up all night reading and condensing the statements by scientists who had been asked

by the defense to tell what evolution was supposed to be. The result was more or less complete exhaustion. My memory retains a confused recollection of stumbling through the day somehow and trying vainly to sleep at night. No wonder Mr. Bryan collapsed.

When Bryan arrived in Dayton he was literally worshiped by the mountain people. He was their spokesman, their defender of the faith. The Bible to the people of the poor sections of the South is more than a guide to their religion—it is their only comfort in their lonely and poverty-stricken lives. It shows them the way to a hereafter where all their miseries will end; it is to them the voice of God telling them to be of good cheer, that He has not forgotten them. We used to watch them come in from the hills in their wagons: tall, cadaverous men, hunch-shouldered and tired, lifeless women in calico dresses which could have cost only a few cents, often without stockings, and children who were anemic and pale. They were pathetic, and to them Bryan was their champion against the forces of unrighteousness. When he walked the streets, waving his palm-leaf fan and smiling his benign and kindly smile—for Bryan was undoubtedly what he thought to be a good man—they followed him. They could not know that Darrow's heart was torn for them even more than Bryan's, that he felt that their ignorance, their lack of opportunity, was not their fault and that he would have helped them if he could. He was trying to help them by breaking down the barriers of intolerance; Bryan was concerned only with preserving that intolerance.

He was such an ignorant man. Darrow's cross-examination of him on the Bible was amusing, but it was also distressing to those who listened. The judge was afraid that the old courthouse would collapse under the weight of those who jammed the courtroom to suffocation, and he had moved court to a balcony overlooking the lawn, where a few trees gave some shelter from the sun. And there Darrow crucified Bryan. He asked him if he be-

lieved that the whale swallowed Jonah, and then spewed him forth, and Bryan said he did, if the Bible said so. "And I suppose that if the Bible said that Jonah swallowed the whale you would believe that?" thundered Darrow. Bryan allowed that he might. And when Adam and Eve had been thrown out of Eden the snake was made to crawl upon his belly for having tempted Eve? Yes, said Bryan. "What did he do before, walk on his tail?" shouted Darrow. It was the indictment of a mind which professed a narrow faith, a type of thinking which can always be overwhelmed by logic. So terrible was Darrow's attack that even those who loved Bryan in the crowd below sometimes applauded the famous agnostic. Their hearts were not with him, but their minds recognized the inescapable force of his argument. When it was all over Bryan was still their idol, but they knew that somewhere there was a flaw in his armor. Such conflicts are meaningless; they produce sorrow and bitterness and little good. They burn Joan of Arc, slaughter the Huguenots, and humiliate a Galileo. What happened to Bryan was no less cruel, and perhaps it hastened his death.

I had my own little collision with Bryan. After that dinner before the trial Bryan had made a short speech. The issue of religion versus science was briefly discussed, and when he touched on the legality of suppressing teachings contrary to the word of the Bible, he brought up the question of constitutionality. Who wrote the Constitution, he asked. The people. The courts interpreted the Constitution, but if the people wished they could amend the Constitution so that the courts would be forced to interpret it as the people wished. The conclusion was unescapable that Mr. Bryan wanted to amend the Constitution of the United States to prohibit—this was in the days of prohibition—the teachings of anything in the public schools which was contrary to the Bible. I wrote that in a story for *The New York Times*, and was somewhat dumfounded a few days later when Bryan

beckoned to me in the courtroom, and angrily told me that I had lied about him.

There was little that I could do except to protest that what he had said had justified what I had written. However, he sent a message to the *Times*, and the *Times* sent it to me, with a demand for an explanation. All I could do was to repeat what he had said and reiterate that I had written only what I felt to be true. The *Times* published both telegrams, and there the matter rested. But a few months after Bryan's death a friend of his made public the fact that he had written a draft of an amendment to the Constitution which would have prohibited teaching of evolution in the public schools. So Mr. Bryan's wrath was that of a man who had been interpreted prematurely, which no politician approves.

I sometimes think now that Bryan used the Scopes trial as a political weapon. It must be remembered that it took place in the days when the country was prosperous, when there was no unemployment problem and no issues about which one could become very much excited. But religion is always a potent weapon in social affairs, and a large part of this country, particularly in the rural districts, is, or was—heaven knows what has happened to their beliefs now—thoroughly Fundamentalist. In the Republican farming districts of New York the people were as much in sympathy with Bryan—a Democrat—as they were in Mencken's "Bible Belt" of the South, and in the Midwest. Could Bryan have had the clever idea that having been defeated in every one of his Presidential campaigns on economic issues he might ride to victory in a dull year on a platform of Fundamentalism? It seems a weird theory, but the Scopes trial was weird, and so was Mr. Bryan.

One night, several of us, including Darrow, went outside the town to a grove where the Holy Rollers met. It was a druidlike spot, where the trees reflected the glow of a large fire. There

was a circle of these trees—what they were I don't know, but I remember their gnarled trunks and twisted branches made me think of Blakelock's paintings. There was a tiny settlement near-by on the bank of a creek, cabins that offered little of comfort. Around the grass plot under the trees was a line of men and women, their faces excited and tense. Up and down before them danced a man who exhorted, preached, prayed. His legs tripped across the grass like a tap dancer's. He was eloquent, emotional, stimulating, and to his cadences the encircling group swayed, clapped their hands, and let out ecstatic shouts of joy.

Darrow, with his cynical and yet kindly eyes, watched them while he gripped his suspenders with his thumbs. What went on in his mind I do not know; I did not want to ask him. He never said anything about it, but when we left most of us were silent. There was nothing we could say. We had been looking at the release of emotions that we could not understand.

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8. *Sports of the Times*

By John Kieran

LET THE READER TAKE OFF HIS COAT. That should be the first procedure on entering the sports field, whether for a fight or a frolic. Second warning: smiling is permitted in ranks. This is about games. There should be some fun in any game or the game isn't worth playing. Now then—ready? Get set. Go!

One day a few years ago there came to the outer portals of the editorial offices of *The New York Times* an odd-looking gentleman who leaned on the information desk and asked the office boy solemnly whether or not the infinite could be superimposed on the finite. The aghast office boy said he didn't know, and if he lives to a ripe old age he never will utter a greater truth. But a reporter was sent for—these being wiser folk—and the odd-looking visitor explained the query that had thrown the office boy for a loss behind his own goal line.

It turned out that the odd-looking gentleman was the manager of a heavyweight prize fighter whose general architecture was along the delicate lines of the Colossus of Rhodes but whose fighting spirit poured *in toto* into the heart of a mouse would not have been sufficient to goad the mouse into attacking a piece of fresh cheese. Therefore the problem! According to the visitor, the greatest fighting spirit ever known for prize-ring purposes had inhabited the human frame of Charley Mitchell, the fast-living, hard-drinking, rough-and-tumble, and vituperatively profane Englishman who badgered the great John L. Sullivan

through much of his career and fought one particularly gory battle with the much bigger Boston Strong Boy to a draw on the turf at Chantilly, France.

Mitchell, he knew, was dead. But the visitor was not one to say "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" He thought he knew a trick worth two of that. If, as he had heard, the spirit was immaterial and indestructible, the fighting spirit of Charley Mitchell must have survived the burial party in which the defunct prize fighter played the principal role. Then where was it? And if found, could that infinite article be instilled into the frame of the then harmless heavyweight monster the odd-looking gentleman had at that time under his discouraged guidance? Or, as the visitor himself put it, could the infinite be superimposed on the finite? But even the reporter—and he was a Harvard man—didn't know the answer. The odd-looking gentleman left in a passably melancholy mood and, since no heavyweight subsequently appeared combining the physique of a Colossus of Rhodes—or even a Milo of Crotona—with the fighting spirit of the late Charley Mitchell, it is presumed that his problem never was solved.

The same thing may be said of many other problems in athletics. There are no ready answers to all questions that ooze from bored brains or spring from eager lips. But in twenty years of covering the field I have had opportunities for broad observation in the realm of sports and have come to a few sharp conclusions. The first is that the importance of sport is as readily underestimated by the higher intellectual group as it is overestimated by the mentally inferior. Upon any fundamental examination, that stiff and starchy intellectual disdain of mere muscular matters will not pass muster. Biologically and historically, sports deserve a great share of our attention. Sports are older than civilization. Hunting, fishing, swimming, wrestling, running, jumping, fighting, horse racing, and physical competition of any kind, whether as the pursuits of the savage or the sports of the civilized, have existed since time when the memory

of man runneth not to the contrary. They have flourished through centuries, outlasted empires and democracies, come through war and peace, famine and flood, fire and pestilence, and if the Age of Machinery is upon us, one of the by-products seems to be the leaving free of human muscles for added hours of exercise on the field of sports.

It should be realized that, portly bank president or skinny schoolboy, erudite professor or unlettered truck driver, we are all animals, Order of Vertebrates, Family Mammalia, Genus Homo (Species misnamed Sapiens?), and that we will pay for it with our lives—and frequently do—unless we take a reasonable amount of physical exercise, the most pleasant type of which ordinarily is to be found in some form of sport that suits the individual taste, convenience, and purse. For these and other reasons it is an intellectual error to dismiss sport contemptuously as child's play or the latter-day adventures of grown folk possibly strong of back but presumably weak of mind. Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini—the three Caesars of an astonishing century—have borne in mind the importance of athletics in the development of the man power of a nation. Whether or not this has been a sporting gesture with them is an entirely different matter.

It is frequently charged by estimable persons of good intentions that sports editors, columnists, and reporters fill their pages with news and gossip of the plug-uglies of the prize ring or the ruffraff of the race track and the like, to the neglect of far more ennobling competition by worthier characters of higher grades of sportsmanship. Thereby hangs a tale.

Once of a snowy night I climbed into a taxicab that already had three occupants. One was the medium-sized Frank Frisch, famous ball player and big-league manager whose team, the St. Louis Cardinals, at that time held the world championship. The second was huge Leo Sexton, ex-Georgetown athlete and a genial giant who had won the Olympic shotput championship at Los

Angeles in 1932. The third was a sharp-eyed, fiery little fellow who was introduced to me as Angelo Trulio of the New York Athletic Club. I recognized the name immediately. He was a great handball player; in fact, he had won championship titles of various kinds time and again.

As soon as Angelo learned who I was, he briskly attacked me in sharp words for writing so much of "crooks and clowns" in professional boxing and wrestling, larcenous characters in low-class sports, and neglecting the millions of fine fellows in the country who were playing the great game of handball.

"Oldest game in the world!" barked little Trulio. "Greatest game in the world, too. Has more players than any other game in the world."

To which I added in a mild tone of apparent agreement:

"Yes, and it draws the biggest crowds in the world, too."

It was lucky for me that the huge and amiable Leo Sexton was there in the cab to lunge forward as a buffer and protect me from the summary vengeance of the outraged Angelo, for that snide shaft aimed at his great game. But the innuendo with reverse English was the right answer to Angelo's complaint. We work for newspapers and what causes a crowd to gather is news. Gate receipts, attendance records, and other such crass items are standard guides of news values in the handling of sports stories. That this criterion can be stretched almost to a *reductio ad absurdum* is shown in the display stories most New York newspapers carry of the annual Oxford-Cambridge boat race on the Thames in late March or early April. What would ninety-nine out of a hundred purchasers of newspapers in New York know of the Oxford or Cambridge eight-oared crews? Or care? "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" But the report is that, depending upon the weather, from a quarter to half a million spectators throng the banks and the bridges of the Thames from Rowers' Row at Putney all the way to the brewery at Mort-

lake to witness the race. That's what makes it a story, even as far off as New York.

A sidelight is offered on matters nearer home. In 1929 the great William T. Tilden, 2nd, the finest tennis player the world had seen, met Francis T. Hunter, his *fidus Achates*, in the final round for the national singles tennis championship in the Forest Hills stadium on Long Island. The Davis Cup challenge round had been played abroad. This Forest Hills offering was not only the biggest match of the year in this country but the only big match that New York tennis followers had a chance to see. The crowd at the Tilden-Hunter final was generously estimated at nine thousand. The stadium was not filled. On the following day, a Sunday, the Yankees and Cleveland Indians of the American League in professional baseball played a double-header at the Yankee Stadium in the Bronx. The pennant race in the American League already had been decided. The Philadelphia Athletics had clinched the championship. The two games at the Yankee Stadium meant nothing in particular; just a couple of ball games on a Sunday afternoon. The weather on Sunday in the Bronx was approximately what it had been the previous afternoon at Forest Hills, clear and warm. But there were forty thousand fans out to witness the two unimportant ball games. The discrepancy between the tennis turnout for the final round of the national championship and the baseball turnout for a couple of teams simply finishing out the schedule was noteworthy, and comparison is unavoidable.

That's why, on the average, news, reviews, and gossip of professional games and players occupy so much space in our sports sections. Incidentally, the notion in some superior circles that our British cousins have loftier ideas than ours in such matters and that they order these things better in England is wide of the mark. Any reader who peruses Fleet Street products, the revered London *Times*, the livelier *Daily Mail*, or the positively

skittish *Daily Telegraph*—*The Manchester Guardian* may be added to the lot, too—knows that they concentrate heavily on two professional sports to fill their sporting columns, to wit: football (soccer is what we call it) and horse racing. The way they go to work on horse racing makes us look like rank amateurs.

Where such amateur events as the Poughkeepsie regatta, the Harvard-Yale boat race, the international yacht races, and international polo matches are held, the crowds gather, afloat or ashore. For temporary interest they may eclipse the professional sports of the moment. But these great amateur flurries in news values are only occasional or intermittent. The only amateur sport that holds the sustained public interest through a full season and draws crowds and gate receipts comparable to those attracted by professional games is intercollegiate football. Horse racing, prize fighting, baseball, and intercollegiate football—those are the games that, year in and year out, furnish most of the material that is turned into type for the perusal of those who turn regularly to the sports pages. They draw the crowds. News of them helps to sell papers. To this select group might be added ice hockey in season across the northern section of this country.

This is—presumably—a free country and *vox populi, vox Dei*. The esteemed *Chicago Tribune* once decided to curtail its accounts of professional sports in favor of longer stories of jolly good amateur competition by fine chaps really interested in sports for sport's sake and all that sort of thing. An inspiring program. The beetle-browed, broken-nosed bruisers of the prize ring were to be ignored. Common ball players were to be put in their place. The riffraff of horse racing was to be squelched in small type. For a time the *Tribune* columns were filled with fine stories of fine fellows, glorious accounts of gentlemanly games, y'know. But not for long. They were caviar to the general. An anguished circulation department set up a yowl that Constant Reader and Old Subscriber were demanding the grosser fodder

of professional sports in the style to which they had been accustomed. N.B.: They got it.

Of course, there are many sinister characters associated with several branches of professional sports, particularly horse racing and prize fighting. But my early education in the matter of athletic intrigue came in another field, wrestling, and the effects have not yet worn off. I covered the modestly billed Great International Heavyweight Graeco-Roman Championship Wrestling Tournament at the old Manhattan Opera House on Thirty-fourth Street in the winter of 1915-16. The four outstanding performers, by ability and repute, were Alex Aberg, a bald and burly Russian who disappeared during the world war; Wladek Zbyszko, one of a famous family of Polish grapplers; Strangler Lewis, and Dr. Ben F. Roller who, by the way, was a licensed physician and a cultured gentleman in every way. He died some years ago.

But aside from these, the management provided a large supply of "comic relief" in the way of ferocious-looking fellows of foreign extraction and muscular addition whose actions on the mat gave rise to the conclusion that they were all bred up to the butchering trade. To top this aggregation of beef on the hoof, there was inserted a "Masked Marvel." This hilarious drama was well staged. One night during the show a man in evening clothes stood up in a balcony box and began to address the crowded house in a loud voice. Beside the volunteer orator stood a huge, silent, hooded figure. There were apertures in the hood for the eyes, but no other breaks in the black mask. The interloping orator announced that the alleged international wrestling championship on the stage below was nothing but a hollow mockery and a cheap farce because the best wrestler in the world wasn't in it, the same being his Exhibit A, the Masked Marvel at his side and under his chaperonage.

The orator called for justice. He was still calling for it when the ushers and special cops gathered around and cast him and

his hooded hero into exterior darkness. The manager of the wrestling tournament, apologizing to the audience for the undignified interruption of the stirring program, said that the vulgarian intruder with the stocking pulled over his head was undoubtedly a hillbilly clown looking for notoriety and if he had been any good as a wrestler he would have been welcomed into the tournament in the regular way. The manager hinted darkly that the hooded wrestler and his sponsor were a couple of frauds. The crowd let it pass with a laugh.

But the next night the man in evening clothes bobbed up again in another part of the house. His passionate cry was that his young friend sitting beside him who would not stand up (which he did, towering, hulking, and hooded) had been barred from the tournament because he would have thrown all those other wrestlers right through the mat and hardwood floor to the basement below. The ushers and special cops gathered for the summary ejection notice again. The tournament manager was really angry this time. He announced from the stage that the intruders were no better than "loafers." But this time the spectators were taking up the cause of the Masked Marvel. Let him wrestle. Why not? If he couldn't wrestle, he wouldn't last long.

The manager shrugged his shoulders in disgust at the gullibility of the spectators. At his signal, the two intruders were heaved out into the night again. The crowd hooted—whom? The manager! The next night the same scene was staged over again, but this time the manager bowed before the great storm raised by the customers. Very well. The hoodlum with the hood over his head was just a big tramp but, to please the public, the manager would let him into the tournament where he probably would have his neck broken in short order, and a good thing, too. It would be a lesson to him. The crowd cheered.

So they let him wrestle, and in a few nights he was the idol of the audience. He was really a big fellow and what with that grim-looking mask and the fact that he never uttered a sound,

the effect was fearsome to a degree. As a starter they matched him with some of the Tumbling Toms from the grappling chorus whom he threw as flat as one side of a pancake to the wild cheers of the enthralled throng. Feature writers on some of the more sensational newspapers took him up. The Masked Marvel was looming bigger each succeeding night. Then he was matched to wrestle Demetrius Tofalos.

Demetrius Tofalos was a stout, squat Greek with a tremendous pair of arms and shoulders. He had won the weight-lifting championship for his native country in the Olympic Games at Athens in 1906. Demetrius couldn't wrestle a little bit but he was possessed of very powerful arms. His one bit of wrestling strategy was to grab the other fellow's wrist and pin it to the mat. That usually brought about an impasse, a stalemate, no fall possible for either grappler; just Demetrius pinning the other gent's wrist to the mat and holding it there against all struggles of his victim to move it an inch in any direction.

The old Manhattan Opera House was packed when the Masked Marvel stalked out to face Demetrius Tofalos and his handcuff trick. Sure enough, Demetrius the Mighty immediately took his favorite hold. The hooded head was temporarily bowed. The Masked Marvel's wrist was pinned to the mat in the iron grasp of the former Olympic weight-lifting champion. For ten seconds nothing happened. Not a sound was heard through the whole arena. The Masked Marvel didn't struggle as the common herd of wrestlers had tugged and twisted and yanked in vain to escape the fatal clutch. He remained absolutely motionless. Then those close up heard him take a deep breath and those farther away could see the muscles of his legs and back stiffen. With Demetrius straining to hold it down, his wrist was lifted slowly—slowly—upward—and upward—and an absolute gasp ran through the crowded house. Even I, who meant to take it laughingly, felt the hair on the back of my scalp tingling with the excitement of the grand show that it was. Then the Masked Marvel

suddenly wrenched his arm loose and threw Tofalos in a whirling fury.

Hurroar! *Evöe! Plaudite, cives!* The outburst of cheering almost raised the roof. The Masked Marvel became the talk of the town after that feat. But alas! Some of the other artists had become jealous of the applause that was being heaped on the hooded impostor. As soon as the opportunity offered, Strangler Lewis took the masked monster by the neck and tossed him as unceremoniously to the mat as he would have discarded a slightly tainted dried fish. This ruined the act, which was discontinued forthwith. The good people who believe in fairies and have implicit faith in the honesty of wrestling bouts were further shocked when the Masked Marvel went into court to sue for back salary on his contract. It appeared by the affidavits and certain papers offered in evidence that the management had his name on the payroll from the very beginning of the tournament. He was working for the promoters when he was standing in the balcony boxes and being exhibited by another confederate—the gent in evening clothes—as a mysterious stranger and a hooded outcast striving to get into the best wrestling society by right of might. It may have been the general excitement surrounding his brief but spectacular career that caused the promoters to overlook the little item of paying him regularly. In any event, he entered suit for his salary and that was how his name came out. It was Mort Henderson. It meant little then. It means nothing now.

Mention of that wrestling farce brings up another matter, to wit: bribery and corruption of sports writers by sports promoters. In a score of years of covering all sorts of games and meeting promoters, amateur and professional, of all shapes, sizes, and previous conditions of servitude, penal included, this was the only occasion on which I was tendered money directly by a promoter. The astonished look that came over my poor but honest face must have warned the promoter that there was a mistake

somewhere. He bundled off with himself and his money and not since that time has any promoter attempted to reward my humble services or purchase my good opinion with an open or undercover gift of current coin of the realm.

But is there "graft" for the sports writers, particularly in the fight game? If I were on the witness stand, under oath, I would have to say that I didn't know; I couldn't give direct evidence that would lead to any conviction in law. But from certain glimpses I have had, from what I have heard, and from matters I learned secondhand, from the twice-told tales of "insiders," my answer would be in the affirmative. Such graft has been paid. Appearing before the Madison Square Garden stockholders and defending his list of expenditures for operations, the late Tex Rickard is reported to have said that he gave \$160,000 in pay-offs to sports writers over a term of years as the general manager of the Garden activities in the sports field. It was common talk that the Garden had a regular pay-off list. The story of the insiders was that this practice came to an end when Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick, the former Yale football star and great all-around athlete, became head of the Garden organization. The Old Blue from Yale wouldn't stand for that type of promoting.

Doubtless there is some bribery and corruption in the sports writing field as there is in almost every other variety of human activity, but I am convinced that the practice is lessening year by year and could be wiped out almost entirely if newspaper owners and editors set about it in the right way. If there is anything wrong in any business or profession, either the men in control know it and condone it or they do not know their own business or profession and are unfit to hold their jobs.

That free kick just about boots the ball to the fifty-yard line of the intercollegiate gridiron of great autumn days. The popularity of intercollegiate football, with its consequent financial importance in college athletic circles, has led to some good and much evil. Hypocrisy is the main barrier to the removal of the

evils. Recruiting and subsidizing of husky young fellows for football purposes goes on now as it has been going on for years and doubtless will go on for many years to come. While the revered president or the dignified dean of the faculty is on the front steps preaching the law and the prophets, expounding the gospel of clean sportsmanship, the code of scholars and gentlemen in amateur competition, the student Hessians are being ushered in at the back door.

There is no avoiding the issue. Either the college authorities connive at this or they do not know what goes on in their institutions, and either position leaves them open to justified criticism. Among the conclusions I have reached is that there will be no thorough cleanup in the college football situation until gate receipts and ticket sales at the games have been abolished. As long as it pays and pays well to have a good football team, college-faculty consciences will be stretched to cover a multitude of football sins. However, it may be that the recent growth of professional football, recruiting its ranks honestly from the graduates of the intercollegiate field of subterfuge, will make college encounters of the future of lessening importance as public spectacles. If that happens, the incentive to recruit and subsidize will decrease accordingly, and athletic virtue in collegiate circles will rise sweetly in obedience to an economic law of diminishing returns from the wages of sin.

This brings to mind the fact that it is easier to move about in, and to comment on, the frankly professional field of sports. If there is more shoddy, there is less sham. There are rough diamonds and genial rogues and sinister characters with criminal tendencies (or even records), but there are also fine, upstanding athletes with whom it is a pleasure and a privilege to associate. With the financial rewards the professional field has to offer, it isn't strange that many college men have tried that short cut to fame and fortune. The professional football teams, of course, are made up almost entirely of former college stars. Big-league

baseball has a fair sprinkling of college products. The professional ice-hockey players, with a few exceptions Canadian-born and raised, rank well up in general intelligence and gentlemanly conduct (off the ice!) due to the fact that most of them come up through school and college competition on ice in Canada.

Of course, the professional fighters and wrestlers are an odd lot, ill assorted. Some of them are illiterate and uncouth and never become reasonably housebroken. There is much talk of crookedness in boxing and doubtless much of the odium is deserved. Not through the fighters, however. For the most part, and especially when they first come into the game, the fighters are poor but honest. But the managers, handlers, and backers are human vermin of a viciously offensive type with comparatively few exceptions. Possibly two dozen managers out of several hundred I have met were fairly honest gentlemen with no evil intentions or—as in the case of many of their profession—criminal records. At least two of the managers of modern world heavyweight champions had served jail terms. One was for stealing automobiles. The other was for a less savory offense.

Some years ago I was strolling down a street in Hot Springs, Arkansas, with another newspaperman. A manager and his fighter, both unknown to me except by sinister reputation, spoke to my companion who had met them in the pursuit of his reportorial duties. The manager remarked blusteringly that Westbrook Pegler, who was writing sports at that time, had maligned his lily-white lamb there present (this particular plug-ugly was out of jail on appeal from a sentence for murder in some degree) and the manager wanted advice on the wisdom of having Mr. Pegler beaten up by the manager's friends (i.e., gangsters) in New York. My friendly companion persuaded him that this would not be a wise course to follow.

When James A. Farley, before becoming Postmaster General in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, was chairman of the boxing commission in New York, we were going up in a hotel elevator

one evening and talking of a queer-looking heavyweight fight we had recently witnessed in New York City—not a championship fight, but a big bout just the same.

"I'm convinced it was fixed," said Mr. Farley, "but we wouldn't have a chance of proving it if we held up their money and they took it to court. The word of no man connected with it would be worth anything in a court of law. So what could we do?"

Well, there were off-the-record ways of doings things, some of which Mr. Farley himself knew and used on occasions. There was also the method once used by former Mayor James J. Walker of New York, who was always a boxing enthusiast. He told me that he had heard that boxers were being intimidated in their dressing rooms by thugs who instructed them "to take a dive—or else!" He phoned Police Headquarters to look into the matter and, sure enough, that same night a detective noted for strong-arm feats caught some thugs giving orders for a "dive" to a protesting boxer in his quarters just before his bout. Without saying a word, the detective hauled out his blackjack and slammed the chief thug in the face with it, breaking his jaw. The thugs left those warm precincts in a hurry, nor cast any longing, lingering looks behind, and the habit of "persuading" boxers to do less than their best took a slight slump for some time thereafter in New York.

But there are other ways of "fixing" fights, with or without the connivance of the parties of both parts, and the path of crookedness in boxing could be followed *ad nauseam*. There are more unpleasant things to consider. The story of any of the modern heavyweight champions is romance in the rough. Jeffries was a boilermaker. Willard was a big farm hand. Dempsey was a hobo. Tunney was a department-store clerk. Jack Sharkey was a sailor. Carnera was a giant in a little traveling circus. Shufflin' Joe Louis, the Dark Destroyer of so many hapless opponents, picked cotton for a few cents an hour as a Negro boy in his na-

tive South and came off the unskilled labor line in the Ford factory in Detroit to fame and fortune in the ring. But one that rivals the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen is the story of James J. Braddock who, after a ring career that left him sunk in poverty and oblivion, rose up again in his old age as a fighter to gain the glory and gold that goes with the heavyweight championship of the world. Plain James—and he was all that the nickname implies—had been beaten twenty-odd times. His face had been scarred. His ribs had been broken. He was a washed-up fighter. He tried to get work at his old job. He had been a long-shoreman. But there was no work to be had. A depression was on. Plain James had a family and no money. His children had no food. He went on the public relief line.

At about that time Madcap Max Baer was preparing to wrest the heavyweight championship of the world from the huge and clumsy Primo Carnera. There was a preliminary bout on the same program that featured one Corn Griffin, a flaming young heavyweight who had come up with a rush, leaving a trail of fallen bodies in his wake. Shortly before the evening of combat, Corn Griffin's prospective victim fell ill. A substitute was needed. Braddock's manager, who had been haunting the offices of fight promoters vainly for months, was right on hand with the suggestion to give Plain James another chance. "Hark from the tomb!" said the Madison Square Garden manager who had charge of the program. But no other fighter happened to be available. Plain James had two days of training. He was weak from lack of food. His jaw had been broken twice and his ribs many times. He was an old man—thirty—as fighters go. He was smashed to the canvas by the younger, faster, and stronger Corn Griffin early in the fight.

But Plain James climbed erect again, knocked out Griffin, and went on from there in a series of astonishing bouts to win the heavyweight championship of the world and gain a comfortable fortune. The washed-up fighter who had to go on the dole to

buy milk for his children received approximately \$400,000 as his share of the gate receipts of the Chicago fight in which he lost his title to Shufflin' Joe Louis. Of course, that \$400,000 didn't go straight into the Braddock bank account without deductions of any kind. There were expenses and incidentals, one item of which was that Braddock always split "down the middle" with his manager, Joe Gould. In this case it was almost fair, because when Braddock had no money, Joe Gould divided his own money with the fighter as long as it lasted. It might also be mentioned that the first thing Braddock did when he got on his feet financially was to pay back to the New Jersey relief commission the money he received by way of public charity.

A strange group, these fighters. A good thick skull is a help in that game and many of them have it, with its concomitants. But there have been exceptions in the matter of intelligence and acquired culture, and this class would include Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran in the heavier ranks and Jimmy McLarnin and Fidel La Barba among the lighter fellows. Tunney was referred to as "The Student Prince" by sarcastic writers who liked their prize fighters rough, in or out of the ring. It's true that Gene gave some cause for some of the mockery to which he was subjected *viva voce* and in cold print. It was to be expected. Starting as a clerk, while he was still in his twenties he was world-famous and had received \$990,000 (in this case with little deduction for expenses) for a single fight, his second battle with Jack Dempsey. It would be expecting too much to ask any young man in that position to retain his balance for the time being.

So there was a dizzy spell during which the husky, handsome, and intelligent young champion heavyweight of the world had delusions of grandeur that overflowed in quaint directions. He came upon a few good bits in art and literature and mistakenly gave the impression that he was an original discoverer in those fields instead of a somewhat tardy explorer. During that period

Gene was an object of outright derision to the unwashed and the unregenerate in the boxing realm as well as a slight pain in the neck to many of his best friends. Added years and a basic fund of common sense and good judgment made Gene see the light before long but, in the meanwhile, I had one delightful brush with him.

In the summer of 1928 Gene was getting ready for his last fight, the one in which he knocked out Tom Heeney of New Zealand as a fitting finish to his distinguished ring career and after which he stepped down as the retired undefeated heavyweight champion of the world. That was a Presidential year in national politics. The leading candidates were Herbert Hoover and Al Smith. An added starter on a humorous platform was the late Will Rogers. His campaign was all in fun, of course, and was sponsored by the periodical *Life*, which was still clinging to the shreds of its humorous franchise at that time. I was contributing a weekly sports article to *Life*, and Bob Sherwood, then the editor, asked me to get humorous endorsements of the Rogers candidacy from some noted sports figures as other *Life* contributors were getting them from business and professional men in all lines. It was entirely in a slapstick spirit of fun and many noted persons who were seriously behind either Herbert Hoover or Al Smith were also jovially listed as Rogers supporters and endorsers of his hilarious platform. From the sports realm I was delegated to get the endorsements of Tex Rickard, Babe Ruth, and Gene Tunney.

From the very start of the political campaign Babe Ruth had been carrying Al Smith banners everywhere on the big-league ball field except up to the plate with him. What Tex Rickard's political preference was I didn't bother to ask. I explained the Rogers candidacy, and Rickard and Ruth lent their names instantly with a couple of laughs for good measure. But I had trouble with Gene Tunney. He was a bit difficult. He was in New York City but it was hard to reach him. I called his headquarters

on the phone and was informed by his secretary that Gene was in conference and couldn't be disturbed. This happened twice. A day or two later I dropped into the Hotel Biltmore, where he was staying, and phoned his suite. Gene was in conference again, according to his secretary. Now, I had been writing kind words about Gene as a prize fighter when it was risk of life and limb to do so—the Dempsey rooters were that playful at the time—and these conferences were fast becoming decidedly irksome to me. So I went on to the office, tapped out a curt note to Mr. Tunney explaining the plot briefly, and asked him to write Yes or No on the note and return it in the stamped and addressed envelope also enclosed.

That penetrated. The next afternoon, which was a very warm one, I was at my desk when the phone rang. Gene Tunney, no less. About this Will Rogers business. Gene explained tactfully and in good voice that he was for Al Smith. Well, everybody knew that. Gene went on to say that he was a New York boy from the downtown district and so was Al Smith and, of course, he was with his fellow townsman. Righto! Then Gene went into the matter of politics. He was a Democrat and Al Smith was a Democrat. Gene believed in the principles of Democracy in general and the choice of Al Smith for the Presidency in particular and gave many reasons for both as I mopped my brow and tried to interrupt with little effect. Every time I said, "Yes, I know. Everybody knows. But this Rogers thing is a gag, a joke," Gene would give some further reason why he was for Al Smith and the principles of the Democratic Party.

With the sweat dripping from my—by this time—haggard face, I begged hoarsely:

"All right, say no. All I want is an answer."

"Well, if it means anything to you," said Gene, "I'd like to oblige you, John. But you understand my position. I feel—" and he was off to the races with Al Smith and a galloping attack of Democratic principles again. I kept stuttering into the phone

that I didn't care two whoops whether he said yes or no, but Gene went right on and finally I heard him say:

"And after all, I don't see why I should go out of my way to do anything for Will Rogers. I feel he was quite unfair in what he wrote about me the time I spoke on Shakespeare up at Yale."

Ultimately I managed to close the conversation and hang up the phone with Gene's refusal to endorse Will Rogers for President on even a humorous platform. I was soaked with perspiration and on the verge of collapse from the strain, but before I died I was going to do one thing. I was going to find out what Will Rogers had written about Gene's talk to the class in literature conducted by Professor William Lyon Phelps at Yale University. The *Times* used to print Will's syndicated "short" each day in a one-column box on the first page of the second section. I went to the files and found the fatal notice. In his Shakespearian lecture Gene had dwelt rather heavily on *The Winter's Tale* and had explained to his Yale undergraduate listeners the depths of that play. He said he read it ten times before he really began to appreciate how much was in it, or words to that effect.

This is what appeared in the Rogers comment after the Tunney lecture:

"Gene Tunney just lectured before Yale's class on Shakespeare. He said he read Shakespeare ten times before he could get what he meant. Is there something wrong with Shakespeare or with Gene? If everybody has to read his stuff ten times, why, Shakespeare is not the author he was cracked up to be. But if somebody else can read him and get him the first time, why, Tunney is not the high-brow he is cracked up to be. Yours for simpler writers and harder hitters, Will Rogers."

A hit! A palpable hit! But for all that, in the realm of sport I would cheerfully place Gene Tunney among the "Corinthians, lads of mettle, good boys, by the Lord!" This select company would include Francis Ouimet and Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., of golfing fame, Johnny Doeg and R. Lindley Murray, who rose to

national championship heights on the tennis court, and Jack Lovelock of London and New Zealand, the auburn-haired little medical man in a hurry who ran many marvelous miles in this country and broke the world's record for 1,500 meters in winning the Olympic championship at this distance at Berlin in 1936. Such flaring fellows as Walter Hagen, Jack Dempsey, and Babe Ruth must be placed in a different category. The swaggering Hagen was a joy to behold on the links. He was the greatest competitor I ever met striding the fairway, digging his way out of deep traps or running down a hair-raising putt in a pinch. He was hail fellow well met, easy to meet and easy to like, but he never learned his training methods in any Sunday school. During the playing of the national open championship some years ago I left a convivial group in a hotel room at about four-thirty in the morning. Hagen was in the group and showed no signs of leaving as I made my exit. But he couldn't have remained much longer because he was due on the first tee at 8:10 A.M. to start the last two rounds for the open championship—and he still had a chance to win! He didn't win that time but it was with the same devil-may-care attitude that he had gained so many great victories on the links in earlier days.

Dempsey was like a Newfoundland puppy, big, rough, and good-natured. A terror in the ring, a real bruiser bent on knocking the brains out of his opponent with slight regard for such minor matters as rules and regulations, outside the ropes he was as genial a playmate as could be found in a day's walk—except that his play was a bit too rough for the average citizen. But when he retired from the ring he had his broken nose straightened and his manners polished and now, as a prominent restaurateur, he makes a good talk and a good appearance. He is a naturally friendly fellow, but don't let him come too close. Even now he slips trick packets that grow hot to the touch and throw off smoke in the pockets of the unwary and he likes nothing better than to creep behind a chair and give some dignified

acquaintance "the hot foot," this delicate attention consisting in sticking a match between the sole of the upper of a shoe and setting it afire.

For all-around work in the ring, Dempsey was the best heavy-weight I ever saw. Shufflin' Joe Louis could hit harder with either hand, but he didn't have Dempsey's iron jaw and relentless fighting spirit. Tunney was hard to hurt and a far more scientific fighter than Dempsey, but he didn't have Dempsey's punch. Where Dempsey belted his opponents down in fury, Tunney coldly cut them to bits. Dempsey was slowing up a bit when Tunney came along to win the title from him and defeat him again in a return bout. Which would have won if they had met when both were in their prime? I argued this for two hours one night with a big quiet chap who should have known something about it. It was my opinion that, despite Tunney's science and ability to stand up under punishment, Dempsey in his prime would have been fast enough to get through Tunney's guard with a knockout blow. The big, quiet fellow summed up for both sides fairly but said he didn't know what the outcome of such a fight would have been. The big quiet fellow was Gene Tunney.

Dempsey in the ring, Tilden on the tennis court, and Bob the Emperor Jones on the golf links were outstanding figures of their day. But perhaps Babe Ruth at bat topped them all. The Paul Bunyan of baseball! He stood out among the ordinary heroes of the diamond as Gulliver towered above the Lilliputians. Even his escapades were colossal. He never did anything by half measures.

The Babe's baseball record need not be reviewed here. It may be found in its awesome length and breadth elsewhere. But those who knew him best can still gape with wonder or rock with laughter in recalling his off-the-record feats through his hilarious career as one of the most popular athletic heroes any game or any country ever produced. Huge of frame and with a moon face that was unmistakable, the fellow had practically no pri-

vacy once he rose to fame as a home-run hitter. By night or day, he was recognized and hailed wherever he went. And he went everywhere. The product of a poverty-stricken neighborhood of Baltimore, with little schooling, he soon found money flung into his lap for doing what gave him the greatest pleasure in the world, playing baseball. Only a few years away from the days when he didn't have a dime in his raggedy pants, the New York Yankees paid him \$30,000 for a single season in baseball. The following Spring he had to borrow money from the club to pay his way to training camp. Later in his career he was paid as high as \$80,000 for his season's services on the diamond and must have made almost as much more in lucrative sidelines. He was wiser by that time and saved some of that money.

But before he reached the saving stage, some of his financial operations became famous. He went on a vaudeville tour of five weeks at \$5,000 a week. On the trip he spent \$30,000, mostly entertaining his friends in the different cities. One heavy item on the bill was handed to him in Chicago where, as a big baseball city, he had an extra supply of friends. He had a suite in a hotel and in it he found an empty closet. It was in prohibition days and a bootlegger, of course, was on hand. "Put a lotta wine in that closet," said the Babe. The bootlegger did. He filled it. The Babe and his friends emptied it again. The bill for the wine was almost \$5,000.

The Yankees opened the season in Washington one year. Instead of taking the train from there to New York with the other players, the Babe bought a new car and started to drive up with a couple of cronies. An hour or so later the agency that sold him the car received a telephone call from the Babe. He had gone off the road. The car was upside down in a culvert. He laughed about it. Nobody was hurt. The agency manager said he would send out mechanics to fix the car.

"Hell, no!" roared the Babe. "Don't bother. Just send me another new car. I'll pay for it." And he did.

He went to Cuba once to make a movie and received a check for \$25,000 when the film was completed. He stuck the check in his vest pocket, hauling it out now and then to show those who doubted his tale that he really had it. He almost wore it out that way and by the time he got around to presenting it at a bank, the promoters had run into difficulties in peddling their film and their money had disappeared. Good when it was issued, the Babe's \$25,000 check became just a soiled scrap of paper the way he handled it. The Babe laughed. He thought it was a good joke on him.

For some seasons he was the daydream and the nightmare of the late Miller Huggins, Yankee manager of those days. He won ball game after ball game in the afternoons, but at night his disregard of the club rules of discipline was superb. He led late sorties of Yankee players along the primrose path of dalliance. One such series of adventures was climaxed, while the team was in Chicago, by an after-midnight frolic in a Joliet brewery producing illegal brew, and one of the group, an added starter, persuaded the revelers to have their pictures taken holding aloft steins of foaming beer. The added starter was a detective hired by the Yankee owners who had heard echoes of these Ruth-conducted ramblings after hours. Copies of the pictures were presented to the Yankee owners and to Judge Landis, the boss of baseball. Fines were imposed and new rules were laid down for player observance.

That stopped the Babe only temporarily. But in later adventures he generally went it alone as far as the ball club was concerned. Most of the joyous companions of his earlier escapades had been dropped quietly from the team. This part of the Babe's career came to a close when he had his famous quarrel with Miller Huggins in St. Louis and was fined \$5,000 and sent back to New York under suspension. The Yankee owner, Colonel Jacob Ruppert, backed up the little manager and it proved a salutary lesson to the amiable but erring Bambino. Thereafter the

home-run hero was a changed man. He respected Miller Huggins. He went through whole seasons without drinking a drop of hard liquor. He saved his money. He worked hard to keep in shape.

Another reason for the reformation was that the Babe had married a second time and his second wife was a very competent lady. The "little woman" certainly made the "big feller" save his money, shun the roistering companions with whom he romped earlier in his career, and come home to supper every night on time. If he went out at night, she went with him. He was playing golf on Long Island with a group of us one autumn day and we were staying at the club for dinner. We invited the Babe to stay with us. He was more than willing to stay but he confessed he couldn't unless he received his wife's permission. Somebody had to phone her—and he wouldn't be the one! It seems that he had played golf with Paul Gallico at a Westchester club earlier in the week and had stayed to dinner without consulting his wife. When he reached home at 9 P.M. he said his wife "bawled hell out of him" and told him he never, never could play golf at that club again. So he didn't care to take any more chances. However, this time one of the sedate writers phoned his wife and received permission for the Babe to remain to dinner, provided he came straight home from there. Which he did like a little lamb. This was indeed a remarkable change from the boisterous Bambino who often had stayed out all night, had thrown dust on the sacred heads of umpires, had told Judge Landis to "go jump in the lake," and had leaped over the dug-out roof to chase a heckling rooter clear out of the ball park.

That brings up a delicate point. Is a popular idol or a famous athlete entitled to any privacy? Manager Bill Terry of the New York Giants recently made that the theme of an article attacking the baseball writers of New York. He said that even a public figure was entitled to some privacy and that was where he split with the writers on the question. However, there were

some other points of difference between the writers and Bill Terry that he neglected to take up in his published complaint. The Ruth case was in a different category altogether. After a preliminary skirmish with the baseball writers in his early days in New York, the Babe established cordial relations with the press that remained unbroken to the end of his playing career. But the whole story of Babe Ruth can't be told without intruding on his private life to some extent. The intrusion here will be held to a minimum.

One of the reasons why the Babe didn't settle down earlier was that his first marriage went on the rocks and ended in a ghastly tragedy. It was the fault of circumstances more than anything else. Young, husky, and harum-scarum, emerging suddenly from poverty and obscurity to become rich and famous, the Babe didn't know how to handle himself or his money. Neither did the pretty little girl he married. She had been a waitress in a restaurant frequented by the ball players in Boston. If the Babe had been a good carpenter or a steady-going clerk, they might have lived happily ever afterward. But the demands on the Babe's time as a popular hero, the adulation and the temptation he was subjected to, the lack of balance or background in the young couple themselves, and the sudden rush of riches to a pair unaccustomed to money in large quantities doomed that marriage from the start. They parted. The Babe was generous in his financial settlement. The curtain fell heavily on this part of his private life when his wife was burned to death in a fire that consumed the cottage she was living in not far from Boston. The Babe took charge of the funeral and wept bitterly over the coffin.

After a bit the Babe married again and this time the reigning lady was not only pretty but thoroughly competent to handle any situations that might arise in the Ruth household. She had background and balance. She knew how to handle money and the Babe into the bargain. But the one thing in baseball that

club secretaries and business managers object to is wifely interference—as they call it—around a ball club. In his last days with the Yankees and his brief adventure with the Boston Braves, the angry opinion of baseball officials was that Mrs. Ruth was dictating to the Babe what to say or do at all times and they didn't like it a little bit. That certainly was one of the reasons why the great Bambino, who was still a gate attraction in baseball, did not receive an immediate trial as a big-league manager when his playing days were over. Grudgingly admitting that Mrs. Ruth might be a fine manager for the Ruth family, they were determined that no part of that management would extend as far as their baseball dugouts. Evidently they were sticking to the old-fashioned notion that a woman's place is in the home.

Since Manager Bill Terry of the Giants brought up the matter of the amount of privacy to which a public figure is entitled, it might be mentioned that the sports writers, on the whole and probably through friendliness to the famous figures of the sports field, are inclined to guard rather than to invade the private lives of their heroes. A fine young outfielder with the Yankees fell into a terrific hitting slump. The baseball fans wondered. The sports writers knew. The wife of the ball player had placed their young baby on a pillow on a fire escape. The baby fell three stories to the ground and was killed. The wife went out of her head. A brief account of the accidental death of the child appeared in the news columns but apparently few baseball fans saw it. The sports story on the promising young rookie, as he drifted back to the minors, was that he couldn't hit big-league pitching, which was true, even if it mercifully concealed more than it revealed.

Take the case of Grover Cleveland Alexander, called Old Alex, the great baseball pitcher. Old Alex had a physical ailment. He took epileptic fits. But that embarrassing ailment was "covered up" by the sports writers until it was no longer pos-

sible to keep it a trade secret, due to the fact that finally when he was with the Chicago Cubs toward the end of his big-league career, Old Alex was seized with a fit in front of the Chicago dugout before the astonished gaze of thousands of fans. A Yankee ball player had the same failing. He was seized with an epileptic fit as he attempted to leave the Pullman car the first morning he ever saw New York. I was in the car with him at the time. He was a star player with the Yankees for years, suffering occasional seizures, luckily not before the public gaze. Reams were written about him, because he was a great player and a fine chap, but nowhere did I ever see any printed mention of his unfortunate ailment. It might have made an interesting clinical note but it just didn't seem to be a sporting story.

There was no way of keeping quiet, however, about the fact that Bob Jones often became violently nauseated, due to nervous strain, at the conclusion of some of his greatest rounds on the golf links here and abroad. Too many locker-room gossips saw him in the throes. But these are not the "inside details" a sports writer delights in revealing. There are more pleasant topics. What made Babe Ruth such a great hitter, for instance? He had size and strength and muscular co-ordination to a high degree. There were other ball players who had that. But Ruth's eyes—they were astounding. The Babe and I and Frank Stevens of the noted catering clan went duckhunting on Chesapeake Bay. As dawn broke we began scanning the gray sky for duck. Time and again the Babe would point and say, "There they come!" Frank Stevens and I would look where he pointed and see nothing. Even the guide couldn't see them. But we all saw them when they came closer. The Babe could read automobile license-plate numbers at an almost incredible distance. To me, that must have been the secret of his hitting.

Babe Ruth, Bob Jones, Bill Tilden, Jack Dempsey, and Man o' War, the five-star headliners of a great era in sports! Shall we ever see a galaxy like that again? If we live, we shall. My

final conviction and inescapable conclusion, after years of watching and wondering, is that the athletes of today are better than the athletes of yesterday, just as the athletes of tomorrow will be better than those of today. Furthermore, the benefits of the sports field are widening and the evils in the game are lessening with the passing of time, the increase in average education, and the spread of civilization.

While not of the Dr. Pangloss School of Philosophy with its benign slogan: "*Tout va au mieux ce meilleur des mondes*," which is amiable idiocy at best, I would echo the legendary cry of Galileo: "*Eppur' si muove!*"

9. *Manhattan Machine*

By William R. Conklin

NEW YORK, financial colossus among cities, has been a veritable treasure island for the piratical crew of Tammany Hall for more than a century and a half. Perhaps it's more accurate to say that it had been until 1933.

The city of steel and stone has thrown her towering buildings on the backdrop of the skyline with the aid of Tammany laborers, Tammany timekeepers, Tammany contractors, and Tammany officials. For many years, the chunks of hard rock shipped out of Manhattan's stone foundation wore Tammany labels. The hard-knuckled hands that dug the subways and water tunnels received their weekly pay from contractors favored by Tammany Hall. The rye-drinking sand hog in his caisson under a new city pier was drawing his wages from a firm that was in right at "the Hall." Tammany literally embedded itself in the brick and straw of the great metropolis. There are few buildings of any size, public or private, in the city, which do not carry the Tammany trademark in one form or another.

Running New York City was Tammany Hall's business. As the city expanded, the Gargantuan political machine expanded with it. Tammany had its finger in the commercial life of the city in many different ways. A new enterprise, sooner or later, had to come hat in hand to ask for favors. An outside contractor might be bidding for city work—if he promised to take out his performance bond from a Tammany insurance firm, he got the

contract. An oil company might want a gasoline station at a certain location—that meant a city permit which might or might not be granted, depending upon the company's ability to "be reasonable." A department store might want to build a basement under the street—again, a city permit. Never-relaxing Tammany held a death grip on the commercial life of the city.

Tammany corsairs used votes as their ammunition to repel invaders. As soon as any movement was begun to oust the pirates, Tammany bombarded the opposition with votes and sank it. Meantime, the businessmen of the city found it wise to hobnob with Tammany judges, Tammany mayors, and minor officials of the organization. If the businessman kept on good terms with Tammany Hall, he knew where to get a favor done when he wanted it. If he did not cultivate such friendships, his occasional need for political influence forced him to pay someone who had it. All in all, it was both cheaper and more pleasant to play ball.

That was the picture, by and large, up to 1933, when a squat, swarthy, little-known congressman named Fiorello H. LaGuardia came along and dumped the Tammany applecart. LaGuardia was elected Mayor in that year, largely because of the Democratic split between John P. O'Brien and Joseph V. McKee. And as soon as he went into City Hall, Tammany started down the toboggan slide, and good government, which it despised, started up the hill toward control of the city.

There have been more than one hundred and fifty mayors of New York City since Thomas Willett first took the job in 1665, but none of them has been remotely like LaGuardia. In the long array of politicians who have had something to say about how New York was run, he has no counterpart. He is a unique figure on the American political scene, and a highly dangerous adversary because he plays according to no rules except his own. Coming to City Hall with a hard-and-fast reputation for financial honesty, he has tried sincerely to give the town good

government. The results of his first four years were endorsed in 1937 when the citizens sent him back to City Hall for another four-year term.

By contrast to a majority of reformers, LaGuardia is no novice either at government, or at the lightning-fast political game that is played in New York. As a Congressman early in his career, he learned the rules of parliamentary procedure thoroughly—not because he wished to abide by them, but because he wished to be able to force opponents to follow the rules when it suited his purpose. Even Tammany veterans concede that he is a smart politician. He knows the game and all its tricks, and the old hidden-ball play is no novelty to him.

Perhaps because he has been in a minority almost all his life, LaGuardia is possessed of an abiding suspicion which extends even to his closest friends. A man who agrees with him is one who wants something from him—one who disagrees is his enemy. He has a ready ear cocked at all times for talebearers, and it is not difficult to convince him that one whose loyalty he counted on has turned traitor. He considers it strange that a man should stand by his friend, and has said so. He will not dine with the friends he has made since he became Mayor—people who invite the Mayor to dinner, he believes, want something from him. He thinks nothing of spending \$200,000,000 on parks, but he considers sixty-five dollars “a hell of a lot of money” for a suit of clothing. Frequently he tells his own commissioners that they might as well be on the Tammany payroll for all the help they are to him. The members of his official family may be addressed as “Son,” or as “Son” followed by three other words, depending upon the Mayor’s mood. In anger, his vituperation is a caution, and he doesn’t care where the words land.

LaGuardia is money-honest and is a strict family man. Aside from those qualities, he lacks the moral values observed by his contemporaries in politics. If it suits his purpose in a campaign, he will disparage an opponent’s private life, thus transgressing

one of the unwritten rules of Tammany campaigning. He is a master of innuendo and does not hesitate to use that weapon to destroy an opponent.

LaGuardia was not in City Hall one year before he tried to have at least six City Hall reporters dismissed by their papers. His complaints on stories written about him were continuous and were addressed to the publishers instead of to the men who wrote the articles. Sometimes he was displeased because a reporter used adjectives such as "roly-poly," "stocky," "swarthy," "diminutive," "pudgy," and "little" in describing him. At other times he was angry because he thought that the achievements of his administration had not been fully described in the newspapers. At any rate, his never-ending stream of complaints had the effect of imposing a sort of censorship on City Hall news. A reporter with a critical story to write thought twice before he wrote it, knowing full well that the inevitable squawk would be forthcoming from His Honor if he wrote the yarn the way it should be written.

While he was constantly critical of newspapermen, the Mayor did not hesitate to ask them for favors. He cannot grasp the idea that decent newspapers are interested in an objective reporting of his work whether the report makes a good impression on the public or a bad one. He feels that the papers should support his crusade for good government, and that part of the support should consist of coloring the news in his favor in their news columns.

LaGuardia has made his impression on New Yorkers by harping on the theme of good government. He emphasizes a strict observance of the merit principle in civil service; the advancement of the career man in city employ; the absence of graft and corruption; the city's provision of parks, playgrounds, and other social facilities.

Unquestionably, he has done a great deal of good in the city. Major rackets are gone from New York, and the professional criminal finds slim pickings under LaGuardia. New highways,

hospitals, schools, health stations, subways, and other city facilities have been built. The Mayor planned and launched the World's Fair which is to open in 1939, and which is expected to draw gold into the pockets of the city's merchants. He has tried valiantly to improve shipping in New York harbor, but has been less successful in that field than in some of the others. Of course, he also gave the city the highest tax rate in its history—\$2.80 on each \$100 of assessed valuation. He is responsible for the recent enactment of a supplemental \$10,000,000 relief tax program as well as for an earlier one which raised \$74,000,000 in relief money in 1935. Despite the cost of his administration, New Yorkers believe they have an honest Mayor, and he retains their support.

For the last ten years, both before and after the LaGuardia administration, I have worked at City Hall day in and day out, and it has been my good fortune to watch the shifting tides of political strength in New York City. For me, the scene has been a lively battleground in which groups fought each other for the rich prize of gaining or retaining control of the city government. Knowing the individuals involved in this struggle as intimately as I know them brings the whole canvas to life. The play of personalities against each other in this arena is fully as exciting as the contest between armies in the field; more so, for politics permits the sort of subtle conniving that is impossible in military tactics. I have watched moves and counter moves in this grim game from behind the scenes. The humor behind some ludicrous political error has been shared with me, as well as the sorrow that goes with the death of a well-beloved political leader.

With very few exceptions, successful politicians are the best of companions. They are gregarious and friendly, for their success depends on the number of friends they have. They are spectacular, long-shot gamblers, because they must be. They are exceptionally human, for their night-and-day contact with the troubles of their people broadens their outlook upon life. Once

committed to a course of action, they are desperadoes determined to gain their objectives by fair means or foul. There are very few ethical rules in this rough-and-tumble, and even those few may be violated if the pressure is extreme enough to warrant it. —But let me get on with my story of Tammany Hall and F. H. LaGuardia.

Tammany Hall, a big, powerful political machine seldom beaten in its one hundred and fifty years of campaigning. Diminutive, evil-tempered LaGuardia, who got the beating of his life when he ran for Mayor against James J. Walker in 1929, yet came back to beat Tammany in 1933 and give it an even worse drubbing in 1937. Tammany was like Jess Willard—big, and supposedly invincible. LaGuardia was a political Dempsey who demolished his opponent's awesome reputation with a few body punches. It was the story of David and Goliath in a political setting; a furious struggle which resulted in Tammany being shown up to the rest of the country as the greatest myth in a century of politics.

I watched this flesh-and-blood conflict as it developed day by day. I saw the processes by which Tammany fell, and LaGuardia's star shot high in the political heavens. In dingy, glaringly lighted assembly halls I heard the speeches of the three campaigns; in damp cellar meeting rooms in the Tammany clubs perfumed with the heavy residue of corned-beef-and-cabbage parties, I heard the issues and the persons discussed. The drama of the "ins" trying to stay in and the "outs" trying to get in passed before my eyes like a nimble kaleidoscope high-lighted by the colorful figures at grips with each other.

LaGuardia began his long climb toward the Mayor's chair when he was elected President of the Board of Aldermen in 1919 in a surprise Republican victory. He was then fresh out of the air service, having served as a major on the Italian front. He was thirty-eight years old, full of vigor and obsessed with ambition. Prior to 1919, he had served two terms in Congress. Iron-

ically, it may have been Charles F. Murphy, one of Tammany's greatest leaders, who turned LaGuardia's thoughts toward becoming Mayor of New York.

"I met Murphy only once," LaGuardia confided to me one day as he lounged back in the Mayor's chair at City Hall. "It was at a political dinner, just after I had been elected President of the Board of Aldermen. When I shook hands with him I said:

" 'I don't get along very well with political leaders.'

" 'Keep on the way you're going,' Murphy replied. 'Times are changing in that respect.' "

Perhaps the taciturn, hard-fighting Tammany leader foresaw a weakening of his organization's control over the city's voters which would give the newcomer his chance to be Mayor of New York. At any rate, in 1929 LaGuardia was running for Mayor against the exceedingly popular James J. Walker. The figures tell what happened: Walker, 867,522; LaGuardia, 367,675, and Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, 175,697. LaGuardia charged Walker and Tammany Hall with all sorts of corruption during the campaign, and Walker never once answered a single charge from his opponent.

"Why should I make his campaign for him?" Walker demanded one day when I brought a charge from LaGuardia to his attention. "Let him make his own campaign—I won't build him up. It would be fun, though, to ask him one question—ask him what he was doing in Waterbury on July 16, 1928."

"Was he there at that time?" I asked.

"I dunno whether he was or not," Walker replied. "But if I asked the question he could deny he was there till he was blue in the face. A lot of suckers in this town would never believe him, and no matter what he said they would figure there was something very fishy about him and Waterbury."

LaGuardia came out of the campaign shouting that a man could get four hundred thousand votes against Tammany Hall and still be cheated. In September of the following year, the

Appellate Division designated Samuel Seabury as its referee for an investigation of scandals involving the Magistrates' and Municipal Courts in Manhattan. Seabury's name did not scare Tammany at the time. He looked like a paternalistic old codger ideally suited for a place on the bench, with not an ounce of harm in him. The sachems and their allies were to learn before very long how false this appraisal was. For Seabury later became the crowbar that pried the lid off New York, thus starting a chain of events which resulted in LaGuardia's first election in 1933.

In July, 1931, Seabury began his work as counsel to the Joint Legislative Committee appointed by the Legislature to investigate reports of corruption in the City of New York. At the 1931 session of the Legislature sentiment for this investigation started slowly but rapidly gained momentum. Tammany, then under the leadership of John F. Curry, became slightly alarmed. One Tammany district leader whose education in politics had been entirely practical got in touch with another practical soul. After his conversation he went to see Curry.

"That investigation can be blocked in Albany for \$35,000 and I have the man to put up the money," he told Curry.

"See me Thursday," said the Tammany leader, ushering him gently out the door.

Naturally, the district leader spent no further time on the matter. Curry was an extremely stubborn man and he was convinced that he had nothing to fear from the investigation. He described his mental traits in words of his own choice once, when he said:

"Once I feel that I am right about anything, I never let go."

He might have added that forty friends telling him he was wrong never shook his confidence in himself.

George R. Fearon of Syracuse, Republican majority leader of the Senate, dropped in at City Hall one day to see Walker, while the investigation resolution was still pending.

"What about this investigation, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Let it come," Walker smiled. "I've got nothing to worry about."

Fearon made no commitment, but he had left the door open to his old colleague in the Senate to ask for help if he thought he needed it. But Walker was unconcerned, and his attitude became that of Curry and a majority of the Tammany district leaders.

As the hearings of the Legislative Committee wore on in the fall of 1931, Walker suddenly conceived the idea of going westward on a great humanitarian mission—the freeing of Tom Mooney from San Quentin Prison. He said for publication that he could not resist the plea of Mooney's old mother. Some of the more cynical among the populace looked upon the expedition as an easy escape for Walker from the Seabury inquiry. It presented the spectacle of the Mayor of a great city journeying across an entire continent to aid a poor prisoner—and while he was engaged in this most worthy mission, he was being stabbed in the back by Mr. Seabury back home.

It happened that I was just home from a vacation trip in Germany, and I barely had time to get clean laundry before rolling westward with the Mayor; Morton Downey, the singer; James H. R. Cromwell, now the husband of Doris Duke; Aaron Sapiro and Frank J. Walsh, who were to act as counsel for Mooney, and State Senator John J. Hastings of New York, a young friend of Walker's who, it later developed, was up to his neck in a deal to obtain a city-wide bus franchise for the Equitable Bus Company—for a price.

One of the pleasant memories of that trip is one evening after we had picked up a basket of fresh mint at Ogden, Utah, and the whole crowd sat around a table picking the leaves off the stems. Walker and Cromwell debated the relative merits of the Lexington and Louisville schools of the mint julep, while the rest of us picked enough mint to provide samples for both sides of the argument.

As it turned out, the California expedition was almost a com-

plete flop. Walker made an eloquent plea for Mooney in San Francisco, which fell on deaf ears. The West Coast newspapers were telling him to mind his own business and go home, which didn't make it any the more pleasant. When we stopped over at Santa Barbara, the demon photographers got hold of Walker and asked him to pose. He did. Then they asked him to pose with an orange. As he raised the fruit to his mouth he said:

"The dental work is by Dr. McGovern, if you're interested."

In Los Angeles Walker was invited to scores of parties by the movie folk. He reached me by telephone the night before we were to start back and asked if I and the other newspapermen would not enjoy a round of parties.

"Sure we'd enjoy them," I said. "But you came out here to do a job, and if you start playing around now I'll have to start going to work on you in the paper."

"O.K.," he said, "I was afraid you'd say that. We go home in the morning."

Back in New York, the implacable Seabury was still hammering away. Walker's commissioners came in one after the other, exhibited their summonses, and asked Walker what they should tell Seabury.

"Tell him anything you want to tell him," Walker would say. "We've got nothing to worry about."

After Seabury had held sixty-three public hearings and had examined more than twenty-five hundred witnesses in private, some of Walker's friends began urging him to resign. The idea was for him to resign, issue a statement that he could not get a fair hearing, and run for re-election the same year to vindicate his name.

Reuben A. Lazarus, then an Assistant Corporation Counsel, was one of those who urged Walker to quit. When he became persistent in pushing the idea, Tammany Leader Curry sent for him one day.

"We Irish don't fight that way," Curry told him.

"I'll tell you a story," Lazarus replied. "Cassidy was walking down the street. A friend asked him why he was all done up in bandages and he said, 'I fought Casey.'

"'Did you lick him?' the friend asked.

"'I did, and I knocked hell out of myself doing it,' Cassidy said."

The moral of the story was completely lost on Curry, who was still convinced that the investigation would come to nothing. Walker believed that he would never be called before Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Governor, to answer the charges. As it turned out, he was perfectly right in saying that he had nothing to fear, for even today Judge Seabury cannot say that he ever traced a wrong dollar to Walker's pocket. Walker's great mistake was in failing to realize how thoroughly his friends had used their intimacy with him to promote their own financial interests.

Finally, however, Walker was called before the Governor to answer charges. But there were still those who told him it was just a formality; the Governor would never remove him from office. These wiseacres pointed to the fact that Roosevelt would be a candidate for President in 1932, and they asked whether he would jeopardize his chances of getting the New York vote by removing such a popular figure as Jimmy Walker. The answer, of course, was no.

I met Walker at Grand Central Station one afternoon after he had come down from a session at Albany.

"What kind of a deal are you getting up there?" I asked.

"What do you think?" he asked glumly.

"I can't print what I think—no one's interested in that," I said.

"You can't print what I think either," he said, forcing a smile.

So far as I know, the real story of Walker's resignation has never been published. Now it can be told.

Up to August 30, 1932, Walker was firmly convinced that the

hearings before Governor Roosevelt would not unhorse him. But on the evening of that day, one of his aides was hurriedly summoned to Albany. After a breath-taking drive by automobile to the State capital, the aide was brought into the Executive Mansion and was shown the removal order against the Mayor, already prepared. It lacked only the signature "Franklin D. Roosevelt," and if ever anything spoke for itself that order did. Hurrying back to New York, he got in touch with Walker immediately.

"Up to now," he said, "you had a choice between resigning and fighting it out. Now, you no longer have that choice. The only question now is the manner in which your resignation will be presented."

The Tammany war board convened in haste. Lazarus and Charley Kerrigan, a former Albany reporter, drove over to Kerrigan's home in Flatbush, and started writing Walker's resignation. On September 1, it was read and approved by the Tammany strategy committee, and late that night it was released to the press at City Hall. The statement accompanying his resignation contended that he had not had a fair hearing before the Governor and emphasized the failure of the investigation to "pin anything" on Walker personally. Walker did not resign voluntarily as many New Yorkers believe to this day. He resigned only because he knew the gubernatorial baseball bat was swinging only a few inches away from his head, and that he would be knocked out if he did not resign forthwith.

Walker was through as Mayor for the time, and Joseph V. McKee, then President of the Board of Aldermen, stepped in as Acting Mayor. Curry and his henchmen were still devoted to the idea of running Walker for vindication in the fall. And then a most unusual thing happened. The Catholic Church entered the picture.

Veteran politicians in New York have always contended that the Roman Catholic Church wielded tremendous influence in

local politics, but there have been few instances where it has shown its hand openly. It did in the case of Jimmy Walker.

John F. Curry, a devout Catholic who would no more think of missing Mass in the morning than he would think of missing the race track in the afternoon, had dinner one night early in September with Monsignor John Chidwick, a friend of years' standing, who had married him to Mrs. Curry. The Tammany leader broached the subject of Walker's nomination that fall. The Monsignor gave him a long look and a very decisive "No." That word sealed Walker's fate, for it meant that the Church would knife him if he attempted to run again. Behind it was an ecclesiastical disapproval of Walker's playboy qualities, his treatment of the first Mrs. Walker, and his subsequent marriage to Betty Compton, a musical-comedy dancer.

On September 12 Monsignor Chidwick preached the funeral oration over Martin McCue, East Side Tammany leader, with practically the full membership of Tammany Hall in the church. He praised McCue's honesty and morality and expressed regret that there were not more men in politics with those attributes. Only a few words, and not particularly significant to those outside the know. But to those inside they were charged with meaning. It was the nearest thing to an expression on the Walker case that any member of the Church made, though Bishop Thomas Molloy of Brooklyn had telephoned to Governor Roosevelt while the hearings were on, expressing his disapproval of Walker as head of the city government.

I sat in the church the day of McCue's funeral, and heard Monsignor Chidwick lay down the law to the Tammany chieftains. He spoke slowly and deliberately, eying each of them in turn, for he knew most of them personally. Here was drama indeed—the spiritual government of the city arrayed against its temporal government and speaking with the voice of solid authority. As the Monsignor spoke, the Tammany men paraphrased his words in their own minds.

"Walker can't run again—the Church won't stand for him" was the message they got out of that funeral oration.

One of the strongest tenets of the Catholic Church in New York City is its often expressed determination to keep out of politics. Realizing this, the Tammany leaders knew that it must have been a strong compulsion indeed that impelled the Monsignor to deliver his message. Furthermore, they all knew that he was speaking for Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, and not alone for himself.

So far as is known, the Catholic vote in the city has never been estimated in accurate figures. But Tammany Hall needed no numerical estimate—for it always had been an accepted fact in Tammany that going against the Church in a major fight was political suicide. The sachems knew full well the power of the Sunday sermon, and they also knew how adroit the priests could be in drawing a Biblical lesson from the transgressions of a venal politician. At any rate, Monsignor Chidwick had by his few words removed all hope that Walker would run to vindicate himself.

The spotlight turned on McKee. For four months, Acting Mayor McKee had the town by the ears. He started to wield the broom briskly and readily captured the imagination of the people. He fired Markets Commissioner Thomas Dwyer for failing to provide a plan to make the Bronx Terminal Market pay; took city cars away from city officials by the score; went after petty grafters, and struck out in many other directions. For four solid months McKee was page one every day including Sundays.

Curry, meantime, had gone out to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago to oppose Roosevelt's nomination, though he had been told on excellent authority that Roosevelt could make any one of three deals to assure himself the nomination. Curry's stubbornness was again to put him on the wrong side of the fence, as it had in 1928 when he opposed the nomination of Lieutenant Governor Herbert H. Lehman for Governor. Perhaps

dreaming of another Albany regency which would make him master of the State, Curry had made a deal at that time with the O'Connell brothers, Albany leaders, to support their candidate for Governor—Mayor Thatcher of Albany. The folly of Curry's plan became apparent when it was realized that the move arrayed him against Roosevelt, Alfred E. Smith, and Lehman himself. While the nomination was pending, a bitter star-chamber session was held in an Albany hotel room.

"If you persist in holding out against Lehman, I'll go down to New York and run for Mayor," Al Smith told Curry.

"And what ticket would you run on?" asked one of the conferees, knowing that Walker would be the regular Democratic candidate in 1929.

"I could run on a Chinese-laundry ticket and beat your crowd," Smith retorted.

At the last minute Curry tried to save his face by switching the nomination for Governor to Robert F. Wagner, and offering Wagner's Senatorial nomination to Lehman. Lehman refused the offer and insisted on being nominated for Governor. With Smith's backing, he got the nomination.

With two strikes on him in the persons of Roosevelt and Lehman, Curry came up to the special mayoralty election in the fall of 1932. He could have made a deal with Edward J. Flynn, Democratic leader of the Bronx and a pro-Roosevelt man, which would have elected McKee Mayor. Instead, he plucked an aged Tammany wheelhorse named John Patrick O'Brien from the Surrogate's office and ran him for Mayor. O'Brien was elected to serve out the year and McKee dropped back to President of the Board of Aldermen once more.

Had McKee possessed just a little more courage, he could have run against O'Brien in 1932 with every chance of being elected Mayor. He towered over O'Brien in popularity, and his handsome features made a strong appeal to the women voters. His candidacy would not have raised the Church protest which

was certain to develop on Walker. But McKee was timid; he consistently described himself as Acting Mayor during the four-month period in which he ran the town. He allayed the fear that he would fight the Democratic organization by proclaiming his party regularity publicly. Had he run in opposition to the organization candidate and lost, his political future could not have ended any more suddenly than it did when he decided not to make the race. He was a rocket in the show of political fireworks—spectacular, bursting with fire, but short-lived. Few men of his generation have gone so quickly from the top of the political ladder to the bottom.

In November of 1933 came the regular election for Mayor, which brought a belated decision from McKee to make the race in opposition to O'Brien. Curry again had his chance to make the deal on McKee, but turned it down in favor of his strict-living, religious, family-man candidate, whose uprightness had brought commendation from the Catholic Church. Curry may have thought that McKee was the man he had to beat; but there was also a man named LaGuardia on the Republican-Fusion ticket. After his crushing defeat four years earlier, LaGuardia was back again to take another crack at running for Mayor. The returns showed 868,522 for him; 586,672 for O'Brien; 609,053 for McKee, and 59,846 for Charles Solomon, the Socialist candidate. LaGuardia was in, and Tammany was out.

HOW POWERFUL WAS TAMMANY AND WHAT OF ITS FUTURE?

"Charles F. Murphy had the heart of a lion—John Curry wouldn't swipe a handful of grass out of Central Park unless he had four guys to help him, and they'd have to be big guys at that."

Curry's timidity was thus summed up by a Tammany district leader who had served under the leadership of both men. Curry is generally held responsible for the destruction of Tammany

Hall as a first-flight political power in the last six years. In the last century and a half Tammany has made Presidents and Governors; even in its earliest days it was active in national and state politics. The depth of its descent from that pinnacle of power can well be shown by the fact that the best brains of the organization were mustered in City Hall in January, 1938, for the purpose of having one member of the City Council elected as Vice-Chairman of that body.

The great revolution in governmental concepts which Franklin D. Roosevelt brought into national politics in 1932 swept over Tammany Hall without making any marked impression. Tammany, under Curry's leadership, opposed Roosevelt in the Chicago convention and from that time on Tammany joined the lost souls in the outer darkness. They were distinctly not of the FRBC group—For Roosevelt Before Chicago—and they paid a heavy price for fighting him. Tammany was dying out from the top—the conservatism which comes with age was the dominating concept in running the Hall, and young men were generally discouraged from taking any interest in its affairs.

Tammany had become great and remained great largely because it had always seen the wisdom of replenishing its strength from time to time. Under Charles F. Murphy, who died in 1924, Tammany put forward a choice group of young men, and as they showed promise in the political firmament they were pushed ahead.

The group included such figures as Alfred E. Smith, James J. Walker, Surrogate James A. Foley, Robert F. Wagner and others of that caliber. In addition to this infusion of new blood, Tammany was not above taking a transfusion from its political opponents if circumstances were right. Murphy knew when it was wise to make a deal with the anti-Tammany elements, and he also knew how to maneuver so that Tammany would retain control while its opponents got their sought-after recognition. Murphy was a hard-fisted, hardheaded man who had been a dis-

trict leader in the old Gas House District on the middle East Side. Some idea of its complexion can be gathered from an old song which is still sung there. It goes:

*All the neighbors' boys is marching
To the Penitentiary—
Some of them is doing six months
While others is only doing three.*

Tammany Hall in Murphy's day was an efficient organization. In its staff of election-district captains, the Hall maintained a corps of house-to-house canvassers which could make the Fuller Brush battalions look like novices. The captain knew everyone on the blocks assigned to him. If a family head was out of work, he reported it to the leader in the district clubhouse and aid was forthcoming. If a young lad was arrested, bail was arranged and a lawyer was obtained for him.

Before public relief became a national institution, the Tammany clubhouse was the only place in the city where an organization Democrat up against it could turn for help. It might be as little as a bag of coal or a basket of groceries, but the man's vote was in the bag from then on. The district leader was in his clubhouse a good part of the time, and there were always lines of men and women waiting for a word with him. Aliens looking for citizenship papers; a mother wanting to get her imprisoned son out on parole; a city employee looking for a little raise in salary; a policeman wanting a transfer to a precinct near his home; a citizen with a parking ticket he wanted fixed, and a host of others brought their problems to the clubhouse. Finding a Republican voter with a jury notice that his own organization couldn't "handle" was like finding fifty dollars in the street to a Tammany leader. He'd fix the jury notice, the Republicans would lose one voter, and the Democrats would gain one. Tammany was always interested in humanity—the problems of the

poor, handled sympathetically, made votes which put Tammany in position to make more money to devote to the problems of the poor. It was a beautiful system.

Coming up to elections, each captain was instructed by his leader to estimate the vote in his blocks. The leaders got the figures for their districts together and forwarded them to Tammany Hall. There, they would be carefully studied. If one district was weak, money and men were poured into it. In another where Tammany was sure to win, the appropriation from the war chest would be relatively small. The taciturn Murphy called his leaders together once after a disturbing study of the pre-election figures.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we may have trouble winning this time. Tell your captains to get out the vote. That's all."

One leader turned to another and whispered, "Gee, he's getting awfully windy, isn't he?"

For many years Tammany maintained a reciprocal arrangement with Philadelphia under which its citizens came to New York for the municipal elections, and Tammany men went to the City of Brotherly Love when it was holding an election. Mrs. Cassidy would be told by the district leader in New York that she was going to have two boarders until after election day. They would be no trouble and no expense to her, and she would have no objections. If there was a hotel in the district, its renting of rooms would show a sharp jump a few weeks before election day. The floaters would be furnished with the names and addresses under which they were to vote on Election Day, and the usual fee for their lack of conscience was five dollars.

In the days of paper ballots Tammany would have its election inspectors out bright and early. Drawn from the district, they knew almost everyone who came in to vote and could tell pretty well what the count was as the voting progressed. When it came to the counting of the ballots, a Tammany inspector would unfold the large sheet and note from a quick glance how it had

been voted. Accidentally, the stone in his ring would tear the ballot if it were "wrong," and it would thus be voided. A bit of pencil lead concealed on the underside of the ring could make a mark on the ballot which would deface it and result in its rejection. When the voided ballots were separated from the rest, the Tammany inspector would say to the Republican inspectors:

"Come on now, you don't want this election board to look like a bunch of dopes. Suppose we make a division on these voided ballots—so many for your candidates and so many for ours."

The suggestion usually worked, and the Tammany men saw to it that the division was about eighty to twenty, with the Republicans on the short end.

"Wouldn't Republican inspectors kick about that?" I once asked a Tammany leader who was describing this process to me.

"Republican inspectors in New York are like Democratic inspectors in the Republican territory upstate," he said. "They both know how to do business."

Voting machines had replaced the paper ballots when LaGuardia first ran for Mayor in 1929. There are many upright citizens who believe that a voting machine cannot be beaten, but LaGuardia in that election was robbed of many hundreds of votes that were legally his. Mayor Walker once gave me a line to illustrate his contention that the same ingenuity which produced a machine would also produce a way to beat it.

"That's why the bartender calls the cash register his best friend," he said.

Here is an example. In many of the Italian sections of the city the ignorant voters came in at six o'clock in the morning. Near the full-sized voting machines stood miniature models for the instruction of the voters. Hundreds of early morning votes were cast for LaGuardia on the miniatures, to which the voters were directed by Tammany inspectors. As soon as ten or twenty were collected, a Tammany man stepped into the regular machine and rang them up for the Tammany candidate. In other cases, an

intelligent voter siding with the opposition would be only half-way through his voting when the Tammany inspector would pull the cord throwing back the curtain.

"But I haven't finished voting," the man would protest.

"Sorry, mister, your vote is registered," was the answer. "You can look at the back of the machine yourself and make sure."

Tammany's stock in trade was votes. From morning to night, all year long, its members worked for votes. If they could not get the votes on election day by fair means, they still managed to get them. If election inspectors got into trouble and went to prison, Tammany took care of their families until they could be released. If Tammany was in power, the release could be managed fairly easily.

Party regularity was the shining virtue of a Tammany man. Briefly, the words meant the subordination of the individual's interest to that of the organization. Like all well-oiled mechanisms, its main bearings were silent. If a quarrel broke out in the Tammany executive committee, few members would talk to reporters about it. They would hold a closed session, adjust their differences, and come out with a complete appearance of reconciliation. Very few rows broke on the surface for public consumption. One of the worst condemnations that could be used by one Tammanyite to denounce another would be to say:

"When he went to school, he didn't learn division."

Another in vogue for many years was to call a faller from grace an "ingrate." This reproach was worse than a gypsy curse, even though it took years before some of the faithful knew what it meant.

When Tammany won an election, the Tammany leader named the city commissioners, most of whom were district leaders. In addition, each district leader had an alderman to keep him in close touch with affairs at City Hall. Each leader had a state assemblyman or senator, in addition to having one or more

members in Congress. Nationally, in the state, and locally, they knew what was going on.

In many sections of the country Tammany Hall is a synonym for political graft, but the ways in which graft was taken are not very well understood. Many Tammany members were in the insurance business. When a contract came along for a \$40,000,000 water tunnel, the favored contractor had to post a performance bond with the city to guarantee completion of his job on time. And who do you suppose wrote the bond? That's right—not a Republican. Of course, it was ludicrous to assume that the city needed outside insurance—with its tremendous resources it should have been a self-insurer, and it has become that under LaGuardia.

Then again, if the city needed school sites there might be a few lucky individuals who would just happen to be holding the land when the city came along to take it. In the Legislature the term "strike bill" is well known. A member might introduce a bill to tax utilities, and it might take quite a bit of persuasion from the proposed victims to make him withdraw it. Two years ago the Legislature remained in session half the night on an important piece of legislation—a bill to legalize parimutuel betting in New York State. It would be unwarranted to say that this measure was a profitable one, but the fact still remains that the hand bookmakers were violently opposed to mutuels, and the company manufacturing the mutuel totalizator was equally interested in obtaining that form of betting. The bill was finally killed.

Boss Murphy, during his reign, had a substantial interest in the New York Contracting and Trucking Company. The firm leased piers from the city and leased them in turn to railroads and other shippers, at handsome and yet legal profits. Murphy took graft out of the petty stage where policemen bothered prostitutes for twenty-five cents' tribute a night. He gave the cue to his colleagues, and they went into such sound commercial en-

terprises as insurance, city printing, the sale of patented articles to the city, and general contracting. That form of graft, if it can be so described, is one of the invisible bequests that Murphy made to Tammany Hall in his will.

Aside from these lucrative sources of revenue, there remains the always present "contract"—something an individual wants done which can be accomplished only through a political organization. It might be anything from the killing of a traffic ticket to a modification of the Building Code which would save hundreds of thousands on a new building. Whatever it is, it has its value and its price.

With its political leadership, its grip on the business life of the city, its rich revenues from multifarious sources, its tremendous voting power, and its fearsome reputation, Tammany Hall ran the town. It is difficult to understand how such a Gargantuan monster was ever brought to grief, but the main channels through which its strength ebbed away are easily discernible.

One of the basic causes for Tammany's decline and fall was a substantial shift in population away from the Borough of Manhattan, and into the Boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx. Strictly speaking, Tammany Hall is a Manhattan organization, although it is generally considered as the Democratic machine in New York City. As voters poured into the outlying boroughs, the political leaders of those boroughs began to study their chances of competing with Tammany in elections. More and more they demanded recognition, places on the city ticket, and jobs as rewards for their aid to Tammany at election time. Numerically, the outlying boroughs have enough votes to drown Tammany Hall completely; only its lingering prestige still entitles it to first place in the party councils.

The Manhattan organization's power waned for another and less obvious reason. As demands were made for dwelling space on Manhattan Island, apartments supplanted the older one- and two-family houses. In the old days, families lived for generations

in the same house on the same block, in the same district. They could be counted on to "vote right" every year, and in return these householders got the advantages which the political organization could confer. A man's tax bill might be too high; the district leader would seek an adjustment. A building violation might be put on his structure for failure to comply with the Multiple Dwelling Law; that could be fixed. A boiler inspection might result in an order for the owner to install new boilers, and here again the political leader could get in his work.

"But what the hell can you do for a fellow who lives in an apartment house?" the Tammany stalwarts demand. "In the first place, you hardly ever see him and you can't get to know him. If he comes to your club, the chances are he has a parking ticket that he wants to have fixed. And once he gets it fixed, he forgets all about you till the next time. Another thing—people like to move from one apartment to another every year. You can't hold a district together when you have that kind of people living in it."

Another body blow came with the advent of the Roosevelt Administration in 1932. Relief, which had been a Tammany function, was taken out of its hands when the Federal program went into effect. The national government has run relief ever since, and Tammany has not had the slightest control over it. Because Curry had opposed Roosevelt's candidacy, the Tammany cohorts got no Federal patronage to amount to anything. They went on a starvation diet administered by the President, and they have been kept on it. In New York State, Curry's opposition to Governor Lehman's original nomination caused a coolness toward the Tammany organization. Finally, the Hall lost the city to LaGuardia in 1933, and he went into office determined to smash Tammany as a political organization once and for all.

LaGuardia's practical steps took the form of a new city charter which abolished the old Board of Aldermen—sixty-five men—and replaced them with a new City Council of twenty-six,

elected by proportional representation. Departments were merged or abolished; Tammany officeholders were thrown out of their jobs, and even those who were protected by mandatory legislation were dropped from the city budget. LaGuardia uprooted the root and branch of Tammany; stopped the insurance racket, checked the cost of city printing, kept after business racketeers like a scourge, and tried to jail grafters wherever he found them. Before the 1937 election Tammany men conceded that they might as well close up their clubhouses if they failed to beat LaGuardia. After he won, the clubhouses were practically deserted and Tammany Hall itself, on Seventeenth Street and Union Square, is an empty building. Murphy's vigorous, prey-snatching Tiger has become a weak kitten whimpering in a corner and licking its wounds.

Can the oldest political machine in America come back to power again with both the national and local administrations arrayed against it? Tammany men are confident that they will sit in the driver's seat once more, but even they admit that Tammany will never again be supreme in the sense that it once was.

The scene has changed—too many fundamental shifts have been made since 1932 for Tammany ever to reassert itself as the controlling force in national, state, or local politics. Tammany has failed to keep abreast of these changes and in fact has sought to ignore them. Its present-day leaders have not realized that politics proceeds on an economic basis, rather than on a political basis. Political parties are attractive only for what they offer the voting public. A strong attachment to the Democratic principles of Thomas Jefferson is no longer enough of an inducement for a man to be a Tammany man. The average voter is much more likely to look at the newly arrived American Labor Party and say to himself:

"I work for a living—I should be represented by other men who work for a living."

The American Labor Party polled 237,000 votes in its first

city election and four years later it had gathered 455,000. The old hokum about party regularity has lost its appeal. The workingman is feeling his oats, and he is fed up with professional politicians. The national desire for a New Deal has its counterpart in New York City politics. On all hands the shifting basis of political action is apparent, and the new basis is definitely an economic one. The Liberty League joined wealthy conservatives of both the Democratic and Republican parties; the fight on Roosevelt's Supreme Court bill united liberals of all parties in favor of it, and aligned conservatives of all groups against it. The handwriting is there for all to see.

LaGuardia is generally expected to be out of the local political picture by 1940. He is credited with aspirations for the Presidency, but there are many who believe that he will wind up as a candidate for Vice-President, with Philip LaFollette of Wisconsin heading the third-party ticket in the 1940 national election. LaGuardia believes that the economic realignment of parties will have gathered sufficient momentum by 1940 to make the chances of a third-party movement very good. So, the likelihood is that Tammany will not have to fight LaGuardia again for the Mayor's job.

The Manhattan Democracy has a few points in its favor. It succeeded in electing twelve Democrats to the City Council, which has a total membership of twenty-six. In the anti-Tammany coalition, four groups are represented, led by the American Labor Party bloc of six votes. A veteran Tammany man who walked into a Council meeting nowadays would stagger in amazement. The old Board of sixty-five Aldermen, robust souls who liked to drink, go to outings, and play the horses, are no more. The new Council includes one coalitionist born in Bessarabia, and its majority leader is B. Charney Vladeck, a heavy-accented legislator who spent a few years of his life as a political prisoner in Russia.

"Looks like a meeting of the Foreign Legion," one of the Demo-

cratic veterans remarked when he took his Council seat for the first time.

In the guttural words of Councilman Vladeck, the anti-Tammany group is a "tough bunch." They know what it's all about, and no Tammany wool is going to be pulled over their eyes. They have a definite program of legislation and they have the votes to put it through. The Democrats will fight valiantly for control of the Council as their first step in a comeback, but they have a long hard row to hoe there.

In the Board of Estimate, the Democrats have only one member of the eight. This, of course, has its disadvantages, but the Democratic picture is brighter if considered from another angle. LaGuardia has all of his own people in this administration; therefore, he is responsible for the mistakes that are made. Thomas E. Dewey, the special prosecutor and young District Attorney who virtually banished racketeering from New York, fired his guns in former years at crooks who had been unmolested by the Tammany regimes. Now the situation is different—whatever hue and cry he raises in this administration will be directed at LaGuardia's government. As the Tammany gentry see it, their organization will not play the role of fall guy for the next four years.

Meantime, LaGuardia has both hands full of trouble with the relief situation, which becomes constantly worse. His budget is just about balanced, but another year may bring the necessity for pay cuts and payless furloughs for the city's 145,000 employees. That would be gravy for Tammany, for no campaign issue imaginable is as persuasive as the pocketbook issue. In addition, there is better than an even chance that LaGuardia will have to raise the five-cent subway fare. Tammany fought and won a number of city campaigns on the five-cent fare issue. Raising the fare would, in the opinion of some observers, make Tammany a present of a certificate of election in 1941.

However difficult it may be to hold an organization together

in the face of Roosevelt's starvation diet and constant hammering from City Hall, Tammany must do that to preserve itself. Structurally, the organization is still there. The captains are still captains, the leaders are still leaders, and the only real weakness in the organization results from lack of financial nourishment.

Locally, Tammany's greatest fear is the other boroughs. The most formidable political organization in the city today is the Bronx Democratic organization whose leader, Edward J. Flynn, has remained friendly to Roosevelt. He has received, in consequence, the Federal plums for New York, such as the postmastership and the job of collector of the port. Flynn is a shrewd politician, and his organization is expanding every day as new residents come to his borough. He was the only Democratic county leader who succeeded in electing his candidate for Borough President, James J. Lyons, in the 1937 LaGuardia sweep.

Brooklyn, ruled by Frank V. Kelly, is also on friendly terms with the national administration and has a solid bloc of Democratic votes. Numerically, the Bronx and Brooklyn could overwhelm Tammany if they combined. Democratic politics in Queens are muddled, but the Democratic voters of that community might also be drawn into a three-borough coalition opposed to Tammany Hall.

In its long history of a hundred and fifty years, Tammany has been flat on its back before, and more than once has suffered worse beatings than it is taking today. It has always bobbed up again with a resurgence of power. But in the present setup, if it gains control of the single borough of Manhattan by 1941 it can congratulate itself on having performed a marvelous comeback. Its only hope of keeping the other boroughs in line is by trading jobs, and trading jobs out of the Manhattan organization inevitably weakens it. It cannot afford an open fight with the other boroughs. for defeat would be staring it in the face at the out-

set. It cannot build up its own organization unless it gets control of the city government, to some degree at least.

Taking all the factors into consideration, it is extremely unlikely that Tammany will be able to do more than control Manhattan Island for a good many years to come. Its force and effectiveness as an important factor in national politics are things of the past. It exercises some control over the state government, but not enough to count very much. For the next few years it will be fighting tooth and nail to retain the power it has in Manhattan, and time alone will tell whether it will ever again become feared the country over as an outstanding example of machine politics in America.

10. *Land of the Rising Sun*

By Hugh Byas

ASSIGNMENT IN JAPAN was not assignment in Utopia. The record is not one of dreams gone west but of ambitions realized and the building up of power. Sentimentalists at the theater, mystics in politics, the Japanese are realists in national affairs. Believing that the strong will inherit the earth and that only the strong are safe, they are building a Far Eastern Empire in which Japan shall be the predominant partner in a bloc of six hundred million civilized people, who use the same written language and inherit the same fundamental culture.

Japan closed her shell for two hundred and fifty years, and found when she opened it that the oyster was lying on the fish-monger's slab. New Japan seemed to have been born too late. An age of expansion was rushing to a close; the last open spaces of the world were being staked out. Japan saw the Germans and French carve out colonial empires and England add thousands of square miles to her already great estates; saw Alaska purchased, Hawaii annexed and fortified, the Stars and Stripes advance to the Philippines, the Panama Canal dug. But the time spirit had not been unkind. Japan awoke just as the machine age was tuning up and found the age congenial to her people's inherent facility for organization and combined action. No one can live in Japan without observing how profoundly the Japanese love discipline, authority, regimentation. There are a hundred thousand students in Tokyo, young men of an age when a difference

in neckties is of some importance. They are all alike buttoned up in dingy black uniforms, mass-produced. The passion for conformity is a national trait. In what other country has the costume of women been standardized for centuries? When nations are developing mass action on the largest scale this trait is a source of strength.

Neither in art, literature, or philosophy has modern Japan made any contribution to the modern world. In these matters, as a foreign diplomat said, "*Le Japon d'aujourd'hui c'est une traduction mal faite.*" In industry it is different. Japan in a few years took from England the world's lead in cotton. She is now applying her organizing capacity and driving power to the development of heavy industry. Military and industrial power have advanced side by side. Unsatisfied, ambitious, self-confident, the Japanese carry a weight that Hohenzollern Germany never attempted to bear: the simultaneous burden of a fleet second to none and universal military service.

Some observers predict that the load will become too heavy, but prophecy is a dangerous sport here. On my way out, in the spring of 1914, I read in the latest study of Japan, a massive work, that the country was drifting down the rapids to bankruptcy. An economic mission from Europe departed, demonstrating with Teutonic logic that Japan economically was unsound to the core. I am still reading similar predictions. In the interval Japan has added twenty millions to her population, raised their standard of living and opportunity, doubled the value of her annual production, increased her output of electricity six hundred per cent and expanded her export trade five-fold.

With the rise of Japan, Asia ceased to be a passive corpus of markets, colonies, and protectorates. A dynamic new nation had appeared, claiming the hegemony of eastern Asia as its rightful prerogative. The Japanese have never ceased to increase their strength and expand their power. Their island frontier has been

extended to the equator; their continental frontier is the Amur, and their armies have carried the flag to the Yangtze and Yellow Rivers. Japan controls on the mainland of Asia a territory larger than France and Germany put together. Japanese frontier guards face the Red sentries at posts as far from Tokyo as North Africa is from London, and Japan is owner or overlord of all the land and water in between. When she opened her doors she was weak and the machine age (and her own energy and aptitude) furnished her with the means of power. Now she is strong and the totalitarian idea, which she can assimilate more easily than any other nation, is concentrating that power in the hands of her rulers as an instrument of national advancement. Here rather than in backward Russia the controlled economy of the deified state will have its chance. The chapter now opening will be more eventful than the last.

But now let me get on with my own story.

The Japanese officer did not speak. He held out his right hand and with his forefinger made the motion of rapidly pulling a trigger. "General Ugaki," he said, "will never cross the Straits of Shimonoseki alive and be Prime Minister."

We were sitting on the floor of a Tokyo restaurant. Through the open paper windows the red and blue glare of the Ginza's neon lights was reflected in the sky, but a twenty-foot black-painted wall shut us off from the street. A stone lantern, a tiny waterfall (regulated by a tap), and a flowering bush or two created that illusion of rural solitude which is the pride of Japanese restaurants.

My question had been: "Why shouldn't the army support General Ugaki as premier? The Emperor's government requires a Prime Minister, and after all Ugaki is a soldier."

The date of our conversation was roughly midway between two outbursts of political assassination by young army officers. The Colonel was not bluffing. General Ugaki, then Governor

General of Korea, knew it and stayed in his colonial satrapy. A couple of years later, when the rebellion had burst and been vanquished and the high command had restored discipline, the Emperor sent for General Ugaki, then living quietly in Japan, and asked him to form an administration. Ugaki consented. He has one of the best brains in Japan, and he had waited all his life for the opportunity.

He arrived in Tokyo at midnight from the hot spring where he was staying and drove straight to the Imperial Palace. The secondary gate leading to the Household Department was open to receive him, and lights were glimmering in the huge block which houses by day the five thousand clerks who, under the suave and efficient Tsuneo Matsudaira, former Ambassador to Washington and London, administer the vast estates of the world's wealthiest sovereign and the ceremonial and official business of the Imperial court and family. The Emperor and Empress and their children live in a simple apartment in the midst of that little Japanese town behind the moats and walls of the Imperial Palace, and in his office the Emperor sat up to give his mandate to Ugaki.

As Ugaki's chauffeur speeded through the silent avenues; a gendarme held out his hand and stopped him. General Nakajima, commander of the gendarmerie, stepped up to Ugaki. He apologized for stopping him and explained that he did so by order of the War Minister in whose behalf, as representing the army, he tendered an "advice" that General Ugaki should not accept the Imperial command.

"Thank you," said Ugaki, "I am on my way to the Palace in obedience to His Majesty's command."

But the army's "advice" was more powerful than either Ugaki's ambition or the Imperial wish. He could not form an administration because the army refused to furnish a War Minister, and if there are politics in the grave, the soul of my friend the Colonel must have been consoled.

The High Command did not object to Ugaki personally. He failed because the Big Three (War Minister, Vice-Chief of General Staff, Inspector-General of Military Training) felt that the young officers would again have broken loose if a too brainy soldier, much mixed in old army feuds, and accused of associating with capitalists and politicians, became head of the government.

"Who are the young officers we hear about?" I once asked General Araki.

"The young officers," said that ready-spoken soldier, "are the flower of the army."

The existence of a young officers' movement in a disciplined and loyal military machine is, in fact, a peculiarly Japanese phenomenon. Its roots, like those of the Shinto religion, go so deep into the Japanese nature and the Japanese past that they themselves can hardly explain it to foreigners.

Japan is "a young officers' country." When a Japanese man reaches a high executive position he ceases—broadly speaking—to work. His work is done by his subordinates.

A group of Japanese naval officers was being shown round a British flagship. They came to the admiral's cabin. A number of newly sharpened pencils lay on his desk. "The admiral is all ready for work," said the guide. The Japanese visitors smiled. "In our navy," said one of them, "the admiral does not need pencils on his desk. The young officers do the work for him."

When the young officers' movement flared up in murder, bombs, and a program which was a mixture of Marxism and Fascism, the Emperor's advisers made the disagreeable discovery that the generals did not know what was going on in the army. Repeatedly they were assured by gray-haired generals that the movement was very small and had been got under control.

"How many are there?" said a Japanese friend of mine to a

high general when they were discussing the army's revolutionaries.

"Not many, you could count them on one hand."

"Fifteen have already been shot," I said, "and that's two hands and a foot."

When, after every such assurance, the agitation broke out again, I remembered the Admiral whose officers did his work, and had a vision of old generals sitting in the War Office and letting their subordinates run the army.

February, 1936, was a bad month. Snow fell, and fell again, and could not melt, and was banked up at the roadsides. On two or three of the coldest nights Japanese residents were awakened by the sound of soldiers marching past. "Brave fellows," they said as they turned over under the silk-lined quilts and wondered if any other soldiers in the world would undertake such night marches to harden themselves physically. The First Division, which had not been out of Tokyo since the Russian War, was ordered to Manchukuo to hunt bandits and these marches were part of its spiritual and bodily preparation. They marched past the Prime Minister's house until the sleepy guardians hardly noticed them pass, and the policeman in his street-corner sentrybox only huddled more closely over the charcoal brazier.

But the night marches were more than physical training; they were a rehearsal. One morning the soldiers did not pass the brown brick building, like a whelp of the Imperial Hotel, in which the Japanese Prime Minister dwells. The head of the column turned in at the gates and battered at the door and shot down the policemen who tried to stop them. The others marched on and took possession of the War Office, the General Staff Office, the Metropolitan Police headquarters, and the unfinished new Diet building.

The censorship in Japan is an invisible institution. Generally it acts on orders issued by authority to the effect that this, that, or the other event—it may be a fleet movement, a treaty, or a Communist raid—is not to be mentioned. One of the lessons a correspondent learns is to have his messages on the air, if possible, before the censorship has had time to get its instructions. While shaving I heard that General Watanabe, Inspector General of Military Education, had been murdered in his bed, and flashed off the news—to New York, I thought, but only in fact, to a spike in the Department of Communications.

That was the beginning of the February rebellion, which the Japanese press persisted in calling “the incident” till the story went round that the Emperor had said, “But this is mutiny!”

For a week central Tokyo was the scene of an armed revolt, and all round that square mile normal life went on. Shopboys on bicycles plugged through the snow delivering the groceries. The newspapers came out, full of all kinds of news except the news the people wanted. The cinemas were sometimes open and sometimes shut, according to how the police felt about the situation at the time. Twenty thousand office workers traveled in each morning on the elevated railroad, the streetcars or the motor-buses, and took back to their dead suburbs at night such gossip as they gathered on the rim of the war zone.

Tokyo sent out its groceries and cooked its dinners and the big executives dictated their letters and the stenographers typed them and the office boys stamped them, and none knew whether next morning they would be subjects of the constitutional Empire or of a new military shogunate.

After those bursts of submachine-gun fire poured into the bodies of five old men there was no shooting. There was no way of telling the rebels from the loyalists except by looking at the regimental numbers on their collars—if you happened to know which were which—and they did not like you to look too closely. The two forces could look into each other's eyes. The loyalists

surrounded the palace; across the road the rebels were around the War Office and the General Staff. The rebel soldiers did not know they were rebels. One of them told me he and his comrades had been sent out to protect the Prime Minister's house against some expected attack. He had obeyed his officer and that was all he knew.

There was a continual coming and going between the rebel officers and their besiegers. In the Military Club half a dozen old generals sat hearing reports and devising measures to put down the rebellion. There was more sorrow than anger in their minds. The Japanese look on crimes committed in the name of patriotism as unfortunate aberrations to be pitied but admired.

"If a true patriot commits a crime, how deep must be his sincerity!" they say. The young dupes or gangsters who, in most cases, are the assassins, intoxicate their weak minds with the thought that they are risking their lives for the country. They mean that they are taking the risk of being hanged, and the risk never materialized till rebellion was added to murder. It is a fact that at least one young officer implicated in the killing of the Prime Minister in 1932 had served his sentence and was out of prison in time to join the murderers of 1936, if he had cared.

While the world outside reverberated with stories of street fighting and battle in Tokyo, Tokyo itself went about on the snowy streets, unhindered except in that central mile of war zone. Correspondents filed their messages and fired them into the blue and sometimes they reached their papers and sometimes they didn't. The amount that got through varied with the situation.

On the third day, the government believed the army chiefs had reached a settlement with the rebels. A too optimistic Foreign Office flashed the news to its embassies abroad, and the press telegrams, which in most cases were more cautious, were passed freely. Streetcars began to run again in front of the Foreign Office. I passed the rebel headquarters about four in the

afternoon and saw soldiers fraternizing with the people of the neighborhood. The negotiations came to nothing, and the army closed its cordon round the rebels and prepared to strike.

Lieutenant General Kashii, sitting in the Military Club, with the old generals and his staff, was simultaneously negotiating and drawing his ring tighter. Civilians were evacuated from the huddle of small houses between the Tennis Club and the Prime Minister's residence. The German embassy, right in the danger zone, sent away its women folk, but the men remained. Next the American embassy is a small compound of foreign houses. The residents put ladders against the wall and climbed over into the embassy and slept on the sofas in Mrs. Grew's drawing room till morning.

At 11 P.M. my assistant, taking a cable to the telegraph office opposite the American chancery, found three barricades manned by soldiers with machine guns between him and the office. The soldiers passed him through two of the barricades but he was not allowed to pass the third and he could not persuade the captain to send a soldier across with the cable. As he stood wondering how he could get the message somehow on the air or the wires, the telegraph staff extinguished their lights and closed the office. During the night Kashii arranged his forces in a three-deep cordon around the rebels. The first line was infantry; the second trench mortars, field guns, and armored cars with tear-gas equipment. Behind were the ambulance wagons and the reserves.

From my windows—those of the highest house on the rim of the war zone—we saw the rebel flags still flying on the Sanno Hotel and the Prime Minister's house. The Japanese houses were lifeless under their roofs of snow. No children were shouting or playing on their way to school. On the roof of the school across the valley an observation post had been installed. The familiar figures of the streets—postmen, bicycle boys, fish peddlers, newsboys, ash-can rakers—had vanished. A call to the interna-

tional operator at Tokyo central exchange found that the international telephone and the long-distance telephone were out of order. No trains were coming into the city, and no streetcars were running. General Kashii had isolated Tokyo not only from the outside world but from the rest of Japan.

But he was determined to get a peaceful ending. His trump card proved to be a message to the soldiers, sent out in General Kashii's name, but written by Major Okubo. It was addressed only to the soldiers.

"Hitherto you have obeyed your officers believing their commands to be just. His Majesty now orders you to return to your barracks. If you fail to obey you will be traitors. If you return you will be pardoned."

Those phrases overcame the difficulty the High Command had felt about telling soldiers that they must disobey their officers. Then came, in beautifully phrased Japanese, the final fatherly touch:

"Your fathers and brothers and all the people are praying for your return. Come back to your barracks."

Announced by radio and dropped in leaflets from planes, the appeal confirmed the doubts that had begun to grow in the simple minds of the private soldiers. Watchers in the American Chancery saw groups of them emerge from the Prime Minister's house and walk down to the barricades. They surrendered their rifles and were taken to barracks in trucks. At 2 P.M. the table cover taken from the Peers' Club which served the rebels as a flag was hauled down.

Then the government waited for one hundred minutes, silently giving the rebels a chance to become heroes and martyrs. It was not taken. The only suicide was that of the leader, Captain Teruzo Ando. It was alleged in excuse for the others that they thought a trial by court-martial would give them an opportunity to propagandize their opinions. Their assumption was natural at the time, for the court-martial of Lieutenant Colonel Aizawa,

who had killed his superior in the War Office, had been turned into a regular Hyde Park of Nazi oratory. And at the age of twenty-five life is sweet. But the failure of the young officers to follow their leader to the shades of death disappointed many admirers and cost their movement an enormous loss of prestige.

To show them how a warrior should die, a young guardsman, Lieutenant Aoshima, and his wife committed suicide together a few days later. They died in the style of old Japanese warriors in a room which had been placed in perfect order and decorated with fresh flowers. Lieutenant Aoshima wore his dress uniform; his wife put on a mourning kimono of pure white silk. He slashed his abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound; she severed her carotid artery. In a letter addressed to his brother Lieutenant Aoshima said:

"Though Lieutenant General Kashii gave them fatherly advice, the insurgents showed no sign of bringing the matter to an end and dying honorably by their own will. Having committed grave acts, what excuse have they for living? To show them how a warrior should die, I now draw my sword."

His wife, a bride of a few months, wrote to her parents:

"I thank you for the many kindnesses shown me for so long. The day has come when I must act like a soldier's wife. Forgive me."

Such a "mutiny," such a drama, with its quiet and yet tense denouement could happen only in Japan.

When a Japanese Prime Minister, running from an assassin, dives into a toilet, he is doing what any human being would do in the same circumstances. But the true inside story of Japan is not backstairs whispers about political events; it is the story of things the Japanese do which we would do differently.

It is the differences that count. I found myself earlier in my Tokyo years much exposed to good-will propagandists who dis-

seminated, in the main—fog! They loved to dwell on Japan's successful copies. See, they said, our steel-and-concrete buildings—which make you feel that you are back in Seattle. See our automobiles, our cash registers, our filling stations. See our distinguished men, the product of Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Princeton. Our yellow journalism—is it not, alas! the child of your own?

They are wrong. There is no true basis of understanding in those superficial resemblances. It is the differences of the Japanese that make them interesting. It is only when I realize those differences that I can treat the Japanese as equals and understand their life. That inside knowledge came only slowly by a constant accretion of little things.

A clerk in the office looked after subscriptions. He was gentle, reliable, a good human being, and would always be a number two. He died and at seven on a cold morning we gathered at a decayed temple among a wilderness of poor houses to bury him. We were shown into a room where, around an unpainted table, we smoked cigarettes, and the Japanese mourners, to prevent the foreigner from feeling ill at ease, talked flippantly. A priest ushered us to the temple where a white wooden coffin, about eighteen inches square, stood before a poorly furnished Buddhist altar. In a brass bowl incense was burning before the coffin. One by one we knelt and bowed to the dead and placed a pinch of incense on the flame, our last offering. That was all. The body was afterwards burned and the dead man's brother wrapped the jar containing the ashes in a white cloth and took it away with him to be placed in the family grave. He took it in the train as hand baggage.

My cook's sister had her fifth baby, and her husband and she decided that it would be the last. But next year came a sixth. A cousin's only child had died, there was no hope of more, and the cook's sister, with her husband's consent and assistance, pro-

duced another baby which was duly handed over, and the childless house had an heir.

The ramifications of the Japanese custom of adoption are amazing. They make Japanese society a network of unsuspected relations. After the 1936 rebellion, Prince Saionji, the Elder Statesman, came to Tokyo to select for the Emperor a new Prime Minister. He stayed for the first two days in an office of the Household Department in the Imperial compound, and then moved to a modern house owned by Baron Sumitomo, millionaire mine owner and banker.

Why with Sumitomo? Because Sumitomo was his grandnephew. Saionji's name—the name with which he was born—is not Saionji nor is Sumitomo's name Sumitomo. Eighty years ago Prince Tokudaiji, a court noble of ancient family and small estate, had sons to spare. One was adopted into the sonless family of Saionji, the other into the sonless family of Sumitomo. Both founded new families, the princely house of Saionji, and the millionaire house of Sumitomo.

The Elder Statesman, a great prince who at the age of nineteen rode into the restoration wars in a new suit of green armor, has no external or legal connection with the great copper-mining, banking, and industrial firm of Sumitomo whose youthful head last year paid the highest income tax in Japan. Count Makino, lately Lord Keeper, senior statesman, one of the Emperor's closest advisers, lives in the inner world of elders who surround the throne. What can he know of banking? What touch can he have with modern finance? Well, his own brother is Mr. Toshikata Okubo, President of the Yokohama Specie Bank. Makino was adopted into the Makino family; Okubo remained Okubo.

Everything goes with adoption, name, property, rank, and title. A noble family in the past generation had only one daughter. They adopted a boy. He assumed their name, was incorporated in the family, and eventually married the daughter. A few years later he grew tired of the lady and divorced her, keeping,

of course, the title and the property. He remarried, and the estates, the clan, and all the rest of it passed to a new family which had no blood connections with the old.

Japan lives a double life, and the two lives are miles apart. The sons of the samurai are directing the automobile traffic and the "boy" who offers you an ice may be a descendant of the Forty-seven *Ronin*. Japan is like a grafted tree. The branches are new and the fruit has a modern flavor, but roots go deep into the ancestral soil.

In the street behind my house traffic was suspended one day for an extraordinary funeral. The street was lined with wreaths of artificial flowers mounted on easels of white wood. A pavilion of black and white cloth was erected at the dead man's door, where groups of men in ancient Japanese costume kept watch day and night. The house itself was a two-room shack in a muddy alley. The coffin, a plain white box, was brought forth in a bier of the same wood, carried on the shoulders of eight men who wore their long sleeves tucked up in readiness for defense. Every sign of the modern age was absent but two. These exceptions were two guards mounted on motorcycles who roared along in the style of the motorized policemen who escort the Imperial car when the Emperor leaves the palace, and a detachment of the Young Men's Association in khaki. All else was old. The mourners traveled in rikishas, and the funeral music was a hoarse chant and the rhythmic beat of hand drums.

More was spent on the dead man in that one afternoon than in the whole thirty-four years of his existence, yet the funeral was emphatically democratic. Not a single person in the procession was even middle class. Yet, apart from the hundreds of coolies carrying wreaths, there was no sign of poverty and absolutely none of subservience. The bearers of the coffin, with their sleeves tucked up to give their sword arms play, walked with a samurai swagger, "pride in their port, defiance in their eyes,"

and the group of chief mourners whose antique white garb concealed their place in contemporary life might have been warrior-priests, so confident was the air with which they strode over the streetcar tracks.

The man whose passing was attended by these pomps and ceremonies was nominally a building contractor. He was, in fact, a boss who furnished coolies. He had been murdered in a brawl with a rival boss. The neighbors were reticent when asked for information. They said he was "a kind of *ronin*" (free-lance warrior). Looking on these hundreds of wreaths and on the stalwart, self-confident mourners, it was plain that he who lay in that Shinto bier with a knife thrust through his heart was a man of many friends, a leader in some powerful, obscure organization.

About the same time a baron of Chicago's underworld was being buried in a silver coffin. There was a resemblance between the violent deaths of the two men, each of whom was a leader. But the Japanese was explained by a reference to the past. He was the latest of the Otokadate, the associations of "friendly, brave men" who in feudal days opposed plebeian resistance to samurai insolence. The Father of the Otokodate was a labor contractor who furnished porter coolies to the Japanese lords for their yearly journeys that the color-print artists have immortalized. They were the democratic counterpart of the *ronin*, or masterless samurai who played bloody parts in every political tumult. They still exist. The public calls them *soshi*, which literally interpreted means "strong gentlemen." They call themselves patriots, and they belong to societies with high-sounding aims which in many instances cover only a boss with a few strong-arm men at his disposal. If anarchy should ever again visit Japan it will find in this class of agitators instruments fitted to its hand. It is because they know something of this underworld that sober, modern-minded Japanese would prefer, if they had to choose, a military to a proletarian dictatorship.

In an old-fashioned cabinet that a Japanese carpenter made for me are a number of obese clipping containers. *A* stands for Army, and *Z* stands for Zen, the latter being a form of religion which has the supreme merit of being incomprehensible. In between lie the raw materials with which a Christmas pudding or Scotch haggis of Japanese history might be cooked, imposing in mass mixture and undigestibility.

In a dark corner, like poor relations at a banker's wedding, are three threadbare envelopes which have never been opened except with a smile. One is labeled "words" and contains examples of their artless use. Dipping at random, here comes a clipping headed "Ideal Husband Wanted for Girl Liked by All." The lady, it seems, joined the Koshien Tennis Club where "her bright smiling face and virtuous behavior on the courts soon drew the attention of all."

A new royal sport seemed to have been taken up in Tokyo when Rengo announced that "the Emperor will give a ducking to the diplomatic corps," but an event which would have been immortal in the annals of diplomacy proved to be only a duck-netting party.

The power of understatement was appreciated by the *Nichi Nichi* writer who described the mutineers of 1936 as the "ultra-progressives." The War Office found a new euphemism for suicide when it announced that one of the young officers concerned in the mutiny "had recourse to self-determination in his home at noon today." It is an absolutely correct description when one thinks of it. To determine, according to the dictionary, is to "put an end to."

Fact is not always so bluntly made evident as in this item from the court news. "Her Majesty the Empress who is now in the family way is returning to the capital this afternoon." A note inviting me to dinner says evening dress will not be necessary. "Plain clothes will be more than ample."

A journalist who goes from the United States to Europe to report events will find that he has changed languages but not civilizations. Life runs on the same rails. Food, clothing and houses, the church, the law, the government—all this groundwork of life differs in style, as Gothic from Greek, but only in style. It is easy to learn one's way about, for the Western world shares the same background of Greek and Christian civilization.

Going to the East is going to a different world. The human roots go down to a different subsoil, draw nourishment from different chemicals. Society is not an organization of individuals but of families. Death is not the gate to heaven, hell or oblivion but another stage on an eternal road. The motive of a Japanese who kills himself is not contempt of death but contempt of life. A soldier's wife will commit suicide so that her husband may not have to worry about her when he is serving the country. Two lovers easily die together. There actually was a case not long ago when a man who had made a muddle of his life persuaded a waitress, with whom he had only the casual acquaintance of a café customer, to enter a death pact with him.

Annihilation is not frightful; it is the consummation of perfect peace. Unhappy people leap into the crater of Oshima hoping that they will be completely consumed, transformed into a whiff of vapor, and dissipated in the universal air leaving not even a pinch of ashes as hostage with the material world.

The Empress Dowager died. I had to report a funeral pageant unlike anything I had seen or imagined, but one detail went unreported. The Empress died at her seaside villa. Some ancient rule of etiquette prescribed that empresses should die in the Tokyo Palace. Veiled, upright, dressed in her everyday clothes, the dead Empress returned to Tokyo by train, and, sitting in a closed carriage and pair with her ladies beside her, was driven past saluting troops to the Imperial Palace. Two hours later, her death was announced. This was on a day about mid-

May in 1914, but in 1937 its anniversary was celebrated on April 11.

The funeral was held at night. In the middle of the street dark sand was spread six inches deep. No human sound came from the procession as it passed in the darkness but the muted tramp of footsteps on this carpet. An ark of dark-red lacquer containing the coffin lurched through the darkness above the heads of gray-robed Shinto priests who flitted like shadows around it; and from axles so constructed that they squeaked at every movement came seven different wailing notes. The heavy breathing of five oxen straining at the load was distinctly heard, and the silence was so deep that as the procession passed people heard the croaking of frogs in the gardens.

I was with seven thousand others in the place prepared for the last rites in Tokyo. Two unwallled pavilions of white wood roofed with thatch had been constructed. We sat on backless benches. The place was flooded with silence and light. Great paper lanterns with the chrysanthemum crest swayed in the darkness outside. I said to my Japanese companion that it was a pity they had put electric bulbs in the lanterns instead of candles.

"Yes," he replied, "sham lanterns outside and sham heroes all around us"—glancing at young officers whose breasts jingled with medals won in peace.

At two square stone tanks of running water each Japanese as he entered rinsed his mouth in a symbolical act of purification. A red sunset flamed and the beacon fires came to life and darkness framed the white pavilions and the gold lace and glitter of the picture. We waited for hours, and then suddenly Shinto priests were walking along the avenue between the two pavilions. As they came they laid down the symbolic furniture of a medieval court. One bore the Imperial sandals, another the Imperial sword; there were eight with drums and eight with gongs; sixteen carried the brocaded banners of the sun and moon; there were chests and rolls of brocade; shields, halberds, bows and

arrows; sacred mirrors; two green sakaki trees covered with white and yellow streamers.

Then a flicker of torches, and the bier rolled past emitting its loud, sharp note. It passed into the shrine where the Emperor and Empress awaited it; the curtains were drawn and unseen Shinto priests said the last rituals around the lifeless center of that glittering hush.

As I left the enclosure a regiment of infantry swung by. They also were silent; the grind of their boots in the sand was but the ghost of a march. But what a different silence!

Next night they buried the dead Empress in a deep grave at Kyoto. Seven heavy stones were laid on the coffin, one after another. On top of these an eighteen-inch layer of concrete was poured, and the grave of the Empress Harukuo was sealed for ever with a tombstone recording her virtues.

Eighteen months later I rose at four one November morning and put on a silk hat and the things that go with it. My rikishaman crawled down Reinanzaka Hill in black darkness sparsely peppered with the candle lamps of other rikishas, all padding towards the plaza in front of the Imperial Palace. The plaza was stirring with invisible life, and as the darkness thinned masses of troops made themselves into the khaki and steel frame of a swept processional way. Dawn came up from America.

From the pinewoods above the moated walls a glittering procession poured across the double bridge. The Emperor rode in a state coach surmounted by a golden phoenix, but it was not on him that the crowd gazed but on a structure rather like a haystack in shape and some eight feet high and four or five across. It was covered with silk brocade and carried on the shoulders of sixteen young men from the village of Yase who have the hereditary right. Within were the three sacred treasures—the sword, mirror, and chaplet bequeathed by the Sun Goddess to her descendants. The crowd bent to the earth as their Imperial palla-

dium passed, esteeming themselves lucky to have had a glimpse of its outer covering. The Emperor was going to Kyoto to enthrone himself, a ceremony equivalent to but not in the least resembling the coronation of an English King.

Kyoto was dressed. The little shack-shops beside the station had draped their shabby fronts with the five lucky colors—green, white, purple, red, and yellow. Correspondents did not see much of the ceremony—no human eye except the Emperor's saw its central moment—but I had been to Kyoto beforehand and had gone over the ground and knew every detail of the ritual which is as fixed as that of Mother Church. On the day, half a dozen correspondents were assigned a place outside the main gate of the shrine where the final act was to take place.

From there we witnessed the solitary hitch of the affair. At the climax, the Prime Minister was to shout "Banzai" for the Emperor. The program had been rehearsed and timed to a split second. At the precise moment when the old man raised his hands for the cheer, the multitudes outside were to do likewise. Their cheer leaders were told at what time to cheer and they obeyed their orders, and we could hear the cheers start up in the park behind us and roll off through the city a full minute before the Prime Minister gave the cue. Exactly the same mistake occurred at the second coronation I attended ten years later. Both could have been avoided by placing a watcher on the wall.

The enthronement of the Emperors of Japan is a mixture of religious rites and political action. That mixture, if foreigners could understand it, is the keynote to much that happens in Japan. The present Prime Minister made it—"religious and state"—the first plank of his platform when he took office. That religion is not a world religion like Christianity but Imperial Shinto—the worship of the Japanese nation, past, present, and future, personified and deified in the person of the reigning Emperor.

A few minutes after the last breath has left the body of the

Emperor, his eldest son and heir appears before the shrine in the Palace and informs the spirits of his ancestors that he has succeeded to the rights and responsibilities of empire. The enthronement, a year later, is the repetition in public ceremony of this act of ancestor worship and its announcement to the nation and the world. The third and final movement is a private communion with and sacrifice to the Emperor's ancestral gods. In spirit it is an act of dedication. In form it is a survival of ceremonies by which primitive man thanked the gods of the fields for the harvest. It is the culminating expression, stated in symbolism as old as the Garden of Eden, of the religion of the Japanese—ancestor worship, Emperor worship, Japan worship.

I have written those sentences and I know that they explain nothing, yet I must put them down, for the coronation ceremonies are the supreme expression of the Japanese soul. Now let the picture speak.

The Emperor, in the morning ceremony, is to inform the ancestral spirits that he, their Heavenly Child, has ascended their throne. He does so in the open courtyard of a templelike building, raised above the ground on posts and crouching under its curved gray roof. The ground is covered with fine gravel, raked and smoothed. Every line is rectangular. Everything breathes austere simplicity—a graveled yard, gray roof, gray walls with trees beyond them.

Foreign ambassadors and Japanese dignitaries represent the world and the nation. A low Shinto stage is set for ritual dances after the worship. In the foreground is a Shinto shrine, a gem of simplicity. The Emperor and Empress appear. He is not in uniform but in robes and he carries a baton, the badge of his priestly office. Guards in antique dress keep the doors. Gongs and drums sound; the doors of the shrine are opened and food and wine are laid on the altar while prayers are read. The sacred sword and jewel are laid beside the Emperor. He advances to the altar and worships the Sun Goddess, his ancestress,

and reads to the ancestors the proclamation announcing his accession.

In the afternoon comes the formal enthronement when the living world is informed of that which in the morning had been announced to the world of spirits. Two thrones under lacquer canopies have been placed inside the templelike building. In the courtyard an orange tree and a cherry tree are growing. The guests stand around the walls in the open under spreading eaves. The foreign correspondents stand outside the gate and see by faith more than by sight. Heralds announce the Son of Heaven, Emperor of Japan. He appears wearing a robe of dull orange, the color of the new risen sun. When he has seated himself on the throne, the Sword and Jewel are placed beside him. High officers take position around him. The Empress enters and sits on her throne near the Emperor's but under a separate canopy. The Emperor rises and reads the proclamation. All bow profoundly. The Prime Minister reads a congratulatory address, and steps forward to lead the assembly in three *banzais*—"May you live ten thousand years."

The third and last act is performed by the Emperor alone between midnight and dawn. The scene is two small huts of plain pine with the bark left on. The roof tree is an unhewn log. There are no nails; the boards are tied together with tendrils of the wild vine. The first rite "for the pacification of the soul" is a very ancient and mysterious ceremony in which the Emperor's soul is invoked and desired to dwell calmly and peacefully in his body.

In the evening the Emperor takes a bath of purification in a wooden, boat-shaped bath. He dons a robe of pure white silk, and is prepared "by all the high and ancient rites of Shinto to enter into communion with the great spirits of the food ritual." The Emperor enters in procession, the sword and jewel carried on his right and left. His feet are unshod, and as he walks a mat of rushes is unrolled before him and rolled up after he has

passed so that no touch or contact may contaminate the ruler who is about to enter into communion with the gods of Japan. The Emperor enters the hut and the offerings are carried in—primitive utensils, dishes made of leaves stitched together, rush mats for the food of the goddess and of the Emperor, chopsticks, rice and millet, dried fruits, rice wine, two wine cups. The curtains are drawn and the Emperor is left alone to perform his act of communion with the invisible presence.

If you live in Tokyo, the way to anywhere is round the world. The writer, traveling from Tokyo to Tokyo via ports, was standing at the lunch hour one summer day of 1926 at the bar of the Falstaff, in Fleet Street. English journalists, over their half-pints of bitter, did not conceal their sympathy.

“What, you are going back to Tokyo where the earthquakes are?”

“I am going back to Tokyo where there are no General Strikes.”

Earthquakes, in fact, are less alarming than they sound. The great calamities occur but seldom. It is as uncommon a human experience to be in two serious earthquakes as to experience two liner shipwrecks or two express collisions in one life. Japan seems to have a fairly definite rhythm: a major earthquake about every fifty years. The thousands of minor shocks are less alarming and less troublesome than a high wind. A laden truck passing along at thirty miles an hour will shake any house quite as much as the average earthquake. Yet it is true that there comes with every earthquake a spasm of alarm which familiarity never makes contemptible.

A perpetual debate goes on as to the proper tactics in the presence of an earthquake. Should you run into the street, or wait and see if it is a bad one? Temperament decides it; there are always some who wait and see and some who run. It matters little. When the great earthquake of 1923 began, the British

consul at Yokohama was sitting at his desk talking to his wife. She stepped automatically through the open door into the garden and was saved; he waited and was killed. At the same moment some employees of the Standard Oil Company rushed out and were killed by a falling wall; those who stayed in the office were saved.

At two minutes before noon on that awful day the captain of the *Empress of Asia*, standing on the bridge ready to give the order to cast off, saw the quay suddenly wave like a loose rope that has been shaken. At Kamakura, twenty miles away, some English people, sitting in their summer cottage, saw the sea withdraw and the ocean bed laid bare as far as the eye could reach—a revolting and terrifying sight. “There will be a tidal wave,” cried one, and they scrambled up the rough hillside to wait for it. As they gathered their breath, a French diplomat, their seaside neighbor, joined them. “*Mon Dieu, quelle emotion!*” he said, as he wiped his brow and broke the spell and brought them back to earth in a gust of laughter.

It is only in the details that a picture of so vast a catastrophe takes life. Like a physical injury, the shock brought a kind of mental unconsciousness which deadened the sensations. A foreigner, walking on the pier at Yokohama, when it slithered into the water, thought quite simply that the end of the world had come. “And lo, there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black and the moon became as blood. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.”

Everywhere the homely and the catastrophic were mixed. A little Japanese girl, who escaped with her sister, wrote an essay for her teacher in which she said: “We felt we were walking in some strange country; there were no pleasant people and no nice shops, only ashes and a smell of burning.”

A Japanese newspaperman sat at his desk wondering if it was worth while to write a story of the earthquake for a paper

that might never come out again, when the telephone bell rang. It was from the Imperial Household telling him that the Prince Regent (now the Emperor Hirohito) was safe in a summer house in the palace gardens.

An American going to the coast by train suddenly saw a stone embankment shoot out across the track in a single movement. The next thing he saw was the train boy at the carriage door, cap in hand, bowing and announcing: "This train will not proceed further today." Some hours later, walking the thirty miles to Kamakura to find whether his family was alive or dead, he bought a bottle of tepid beer from a woman whose roadside shack had fallen down. She apologized for not being able to find an opener.

It was hard, after the event, to obtain any clear-cut impressions of the quake itself. The shock was as sudden and terrific as a bullet wound or a knife thrust, and the brain could not register the sensation of the moment. What some Yokohama survivors afterwards remembered was a wait that seemed endless in the mud and water of the flooded public park where they had taken refuge from the flames. Others had been in that still more eerie congregation of the lost ones who stood waist deep in the harbor and watched and waited and thought.

A pious old Japanese Buddhist drifted with a crowd along the water front. The fire was creeping up behind them and before them, the sheds beside them were burning, their world was a diminishing strip of road between the fire and the water. "Our birthdays were doubtless far apart, but it seems that our death days will be the same," said the old Japanese to the man who stumbled along beside him. And suddenly a barge appeared among the red reflections and took them all aboard.

A Japanese Christian of my acquaintance lived in the midst of the poor quarter called Fukagawa built on reclaimed land at the head of Tokyo Bay. He had a factory where he made some kind of acid which gives off an unflammable vapor. The acid

flowed out of its broken containers and created a screen of gas through which the flames could not pass. After the earthquake, his two-story frame house was blackened but stood intact alone. A daughter of eighteen was absent at school. She could not get back to the house till the fires all around had burnt themselves out three or four days later. Her father and mother had gone and no one knew where they were. There was nothing left in the district, except her own home, which looked like the corpse of a house. She got hold of a college boy's school uniform and a bicycle, coiled her hair under her cap, and set out to look for her parents. Three weeks later she found them in a village on the other side of Tokyo Bay. The house still stands. I never see it without thinking that a ghostly Lazaruslike aura surrounds it and separates it from other houses as that cloud of vapor surrounded it and saved it from the fire.

Under the weight of mass danger the mass mind broke down. A rumor got around that the Koreans were massacring the Japanese. It had no foundation. It spread like wildfire. There were no newspapers and no means of disproving it. People sleeping in the streets heard "the Koreans are coming," and lay down with sticks and knives beside them. The villagers of Karuizawa, where foreigners spend the summer, heard that three hundred Koreans were coming up by train to massacre them, and the impossibility of such an invasion over the government railroads did not prevent the foreigners' servants from scattering back to their homes. A missionary walking in Tokyo saw women and children running hither and hither and the men arming themselves with sticks and iron rods: "The Koreans are coming!" Catastrophe, like revolution, like any force which breaks down the defenses of society, releases a mass madness in which dark, sadistic instincts rise to the surface. Hapless Koreans were slaughtered by self-appointed executors, some of them mere boys. There is no means of knowing how many perished before the fever fit abated.

The most dreadful incident of the calamity has never been fully recorded or explained. A mass of people, believed to number between thirty and forty thousand, were consumed in a mass holocaust in an open field, a huge space which had been occupied by a range of temporary buildings called the army clothing factory, where uniforms were made and sold to Russia during the World War. After the war the sheds were pulled down and the ground left empty. As the fire spread the police directed people to seek refuge in this place, the Hifukusho. In that broad space, beside the Sumida River, it seemed that all who sought safety could find it, but all were burned. In the memorial shrine which now stands on the Hifukusho, chests of human ashes are piled to the roof behind the altar.

The mystery of the holocaust was long debated but has never been solved. The most rational explanation is that most of the refugees had brought with them their bedding of wadded quilts, always the most valuable furniture in a poor home, and that these were set on fire by sparks carried into the heated air from the furnace around. The little schoolgirl whose essay has already been quoted was there and told the story of her escape:

"We saw a girl rising into the air and her hair was blazing like a torch. I turned to say something to Masu and before my eyes she too began to rise up into the air. While I was thinking 'How strange!' I felt the air going round and round and suck me up towards the sky. I think I went to sleep, I do not know how long, but I fell and it awoke me. I was in a pool of dirty mud. Many people were around the pool but they were no longer strong, and as I looked at this one and that I thought 'He will die now' and he did."

* * *

A *cause célèbre* in the Tokyo criminal court was the first job of reporting I assigned myself. Five judges tried it. They were comparatively young men. In Japan the young lawyers are

judges or procurators, and the old successful are practicing lawyers. The presiding judge was a man of about forty-five. From time to time he said, "H'm," to indicate that he had taken a point. It was practically all that was said from the bench. The judges and barristers wore gowns with a collarlike embroidery on the front and high pointed caps rather like those contraptions of Astrakhan fur which Russians of the old school used to wear. One of the defending counsel was an Englishman who had acquired a command of the Japanese language and law. Tall, portly, with a heavy red mustache—"a Britisher by girth" as a happy misprint once described him—he conducted his case in Japanese and closed it with an address from which neither fluency nor mannerisms—such as the indrawn breath and the frequent bow, hands on knees—were missing.

The trial was the last echo of an affair that had plunged the Japanese nation into a mood of despondent self-questioning. Was Japan's progress but a thin veneer of borrowed civilization? Had she lost her old standards of honor and failed to assimilate the new? "The sword is the soul of Japan," said Japanese editors, "but what if the hands that wield it are unclean?"

Stripped to essentials, the story told in Court was this: A discharged clerk had offered to sell a foreign correspondent some documents bearing on the famous naval scandals of 1914, which had been causing much public excitement. The correspondent kept the papers for a night and next day purchased them for seven hundred and fifty yen. He sent them to Shanghai for safe keeping and insured them heavily. Soon afterwards an offer came to buy back the papers. The sum of \$125,000 was mentioned. The journalist replied, "I am not selling but publishing." Next came a representative of an armament firm to talk with the correspondent.

"I will be frank with you," he said. "We are both businessmen. Our clerk stole the papers from our files. Will you make a deal?"

They separated without agreement. Next day a naval officer rang up, and said the matter must be settled that day. Later in the day the correspondent was given an order on a bank for \$125,000. It was nonnegotiable and was evidently intended as a guarantee.

The documents, which had been sent to Shanghai for safe custody, were brought back. A meeting took place in a bank manager's parlor at Yokohama. The documents were handed to the firm from which they had been stolen, and \$25,000 changed hands, one-half being intended to pay for the services of the various people who had helped in the deal. The news leaked out. Some armament-company directors left Japan for their health. The journalist faced the music.

"Why did you take the \$25,000?" he was asked in court.

"Because it was offered me," he replied.

He gave notice of appeal against the sentence, and left Japan. The police saw him walk up the gangway of the steamer and did not stop him. The appeal was never heard. The war came and the scandal was forgotten. Japan ceased to order warships abroad.

These are the memories of more than two decades, memories of a past that is still the present. The Golden Age is gone and yet Japan, child of the samurai, endures.

When I came to the Orient more than two decades ago, travel was easy; there was no passport parade; I had no passport. There were no interrogatories on entering Japan, no tests for dangerous thoughts, no search of your books, no gendarmes swarming aboard, as happened the other day because an airman flying over a tourist ship had seen a passenger snap a camera in violation of the sanctity of a fortified zone. Communism was supposed to have perished with the last volley at the Paris barricades in 1871. The only nationalism in the news was that of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons. It was

only natural that the Far East shared the West's confidence in the political integrity of first-class passengers.

But alas for romance! Alas for my picture of Lafcadio Hearn and romance!

My years in Tokyo were to be filled, like the years of all men everywhere who have lived through the two mad decades just past, with heavy politics, treaties made and broken, international crises, earthquakes, murders, mutinies, and madness. But looking back, it is not those portentous events that rise to the mind. It is the human qualities of life in Japan, its unexpected oddities, all the small daily things of which life is made. . . . The personal advertisements, or gossip columns in the daily newspapers: "Lady, 25, beautiful, open for employment as substitute for housewife; aged employers eligible." Fuji and the hills hidden in the steamy air; wizened little longshoremen moving about the quay; the caption in a daily newspaper beneath the picture of a young man and woman, who "left Osaka station Thursday on an engagement trip to France. They are to be married after their return."

Yes, it is a queer sensation to be a newspaperman in a country full of newspapers, all printed in a "language of the tea-boxes," the strange characters containing for us Occidentals the charm of the unknown and the unknowable. Yes, life in Japan is like a good pipe mixture—a blend of mild and bitter, with an exotic aroma of mystery.

■

11. Off Stage and On

By Brooks Atkinson

WHEN THE CURTAIN STARTS TO FALL the morning newspaper reviewers leap into the aisle and hurry to the exit, hoping to get out of the theater before the departing audience clogs the passageways. It is eleven o'clock or eleven-fifteen and already most of tomorrow's newspaper is in type and in the make-up chases. Broadway is wriggling with humanity at that time of night; it is full of night-crawling daydreamers, and a sore impediment to a man who is in a hurry. But Forty-third Street is as open as a country lane, and a good place for brisk walking for a man who has a story on his mind.

At that hour the *Times* office is light and hospitable; my little coop on the outermost beach is a soothing haven. First, put the program on the desk so that the title of the play and the names of the actors can be accurately copied. Then lay out a box of matches, light a pipe, take a pad of yellow paper and a dozen sharply-pointed pencils from a drawer that has not been cleaned for a decade, and by that time a gentlemanly copy boy is at the door for the headline. It will measure one column or two according to the virtue of the drama tonight. Now, let's get down to serious work. What will the first line be? That is the crucial factor in the whole night's work. It is the entrance into the story; if the beginning is clumsy no steadying on this side or that can give the review an orderly appearance in the paper the next morning. Any reviewer worth his salt in the professional world

would concentrate on the first line during the dash back to the office, instead of idly gossiping with Mantle of the *News* or Watts of the *Herald Tribune*, who are pretty genial fellows. But if the first line pops out of the fuliginous silence when it is needed, and by some miracle makes a perfect departure into the story, the rest of the review falls into place with the most astonishing willingness. Praise God from whom first sentences flow!

Take, say, fifteen minutes for the first paragraph, which is the whole review in miniature. The obliging copy boy takes it out to the copy desk, where mistrustful copyreaders hastily examine it for accuracy, grammatical coherence, good taste, force, elegance, and indecency, consulting the night editor on any ribaldry that may be too impudent for a respectable newspaper. (Once Falstaff's "belly" was changed to Falstaff's "stomach," until I heard about it; and there was a time when every "prostitute" had to be a "wanton" which, so far as I understand love, is quite a different thing.) After the first paragraph has been disinfected the man at the copy-control desk takes a disinterested glance at the length and sends it up to the composing room on the automatic carrier. By that time the second paragraph is written, and unless the copy boy is practicing his Yogi exercises he transmits it to copy-desk headquarters and the same procedure continues until the review is finished.

Meanwhile, the composing room, which is a chamber of magic, has been tapping away at the Broadway bulletin. Columns of crisis and scandal have been bearing down on that patient room for hours; stock market tables have been testing a compositor's dexterity; from Washington the President has been scaring the living daylights out of business, labor unions, and the middle class, and enough stuff to fill a set of books has been rolled up in type since late afternoon. But somewhere in that huge jungle of linotype machines the copy-cutter finds a place where a little item of Broadway news can be set up swiftly and more accurately than the handwriting deserves. By the time the

last paragraph is going up on the automatic carrier, the first paragraphs of the proof have been brought down the winding staircase by one of the proof boys. Sometimes he reads them before he gives them to me and disputes my use of English; sometimes he catches an error that has escaped all of us, for he is formidably educated. Unless the other proof boys are more engrossed than usual in pranks and games of chance, the last of the proof arrives by twelve-forty-five or one o'clock, and it is time for a bottle of beer to wash the grime away. Unless things go hopelessly wrong, as they do upon occasion, that is the routine of reviewing a play for a morning newspaper.

To many people the review is infernally important—or at any rate, they think so. Although it will be on the street soon after two o'clock, some of them cannot bear to wait that long. There is a leak in our office; the head of the department is the victim of a conspiracy. Tecumseh, the drama reporter, who really ought to be home with his family at midnight, can be cajoled by neurotic friends of his into reading the proof of a review over the telephone. Before the last paragraph is written, Tecumseh can sometimes be overheard as he coldly reads the first paragraph over the telephone; it sounds monstrously flat and stupid on such occasions. Leslie Howard got the news of his Hamlet that way. According to Tecumseh, who stammered and blushed as he plowed through my animadversions, Mr. Howard took it like a gentleman, although he raised hell about it when he recovered his strength a day or two later and trounced the critics to delighted audiences after every good performance. When Tecumseh is not giving previews of the reviews to press agents and producers, he is making a book on the length of the run of the play that just opened tonight, for Tecumseh is a gambling man. None of the silken phrases in a tenderly woven review are quite so conclusive in Tecumseh's mind as the number of weeks you bet a play will run. In addition to being the most ferocious news

scout Broadway ever quailed before, Tecumseh is a practical fellow.

If there were no commercial significance to newspaper reviews, drama criticism would be an idyllic profession of theater-going and scribbling on yellow pads. But all forms of show business feed out of the soupy trough of publicity, depending upon the newspapers for their promotion. In New York, the newspapers take a remarkable interest in the theater; in addition to the daily news notes and the reviews, they treat the theater to imposing week-end sections in which drawings, photographs, columns of comment, news, and personal sketches keep the reader in intimate contact with the wizardry and duplicity of the theater world. As everyone associated with a drama department knows, the sections are closely and widely read in New York City and all through the country, for thousands of people are fascinated by the theater and regularly attend it. There is also an enormous public that reads about and discusses the theater without ever setting foot inside a playhouse. Particularly in recent years, the interest the theater has taken in the vast social problems of the day has given it a cultural influence greater than the size of the actual theatergoing public. Although most of the letters from readers come from New York and vicinity, many of the most interesting and best informed come from distant parts of the country, where theatrical fare is meager. The large week-end drama sections are thus maintained in response to general public interest; they also help to round out the service a daily newspaper provides. And the theater could scarcely get on without them; they not only inform the theatergoing public, but they also widen it. The result is that a lot of show business is conducted in the columns of the daily newspapers, which are the chief source of trade information.

To go back to the daily review which we dropped two para-

graphs earlier, it is the first public response to the play that has just opened, and as such it is thought to have great commercial importance. The importance is a good deal less than giddy theater people enjoy believing; and it is not an arbitrary imposition of a critic's will on the public, but a news and editorial report of last night's theater event. But business at the box office is immediately influenced by the tenor of the next day's reviews. If they are all exuberant, possibly there will be a line at the box office by noon, for the public response to popular shows is immediate. The fate of the play is now in the hands of the public, which, in most cases, confirms the opinion of a unanimous press, although such epochal successes as *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Tobacco Road* grew in the face of unfavorable verdicts in nearly every newspaper in town. But even a unanimously favorable press cannot drive the public to a play which by some strange instinct it decides it does not want to see. It would not go to Philip Barry's *White Wings*, although critics, columnists and other writers raised the most urgent sort of din in its behalf.

If the notices of last night's play are "mixed," that is, if some are friendly and some are obdurate, the immediate box-office fortunes of the play are likely to be uncertain; and this is the occasion when a producer's personal interest in his play and business resourcefulness are put to a test. Some years ago Crosby Gaige saved *Accent on Youth* by industriously promoting it after a tepid opening. *The Women*, which has been a great box office success, opened to mixed notices and looked like a failure for three weeks until the public discovered that poison and scandal were just what it wanted. When the notices are particularly bad, most producers close without further exploitation. The little pieces of dreadfulness that are constantly turning up to confound everyone who sees them seldom defy failure for more than a few days; some of them never give more than one disastrous performance. Although Tallulah Bankhead's *Anthony and Cleopatra* cost \$125,000 before it came into New

York, it gave only four performances after uncommonly bad notices in the press. Rowland Stebbins, the producer, knew that the notices had told the truth about one of the worst bungled Shakespearean revivals New York had ever seen.

Although a good many talented and, in rare cases, high-minded people have devoted months to the production of a play, the reviews that dispose of it are written within a space of twelve hours. On the surface, that seems diabolically unfair, and it looks as though unprecedented power has been put in the hands of what is sometimes referred to as "a little body of willful men." Elmer Rice has said so more than once with the wild fury of which only he is capable; he blames the critics for the failure of his personal enterprises at the Belasco Theater a few years ago.

But the notion that the critics willfully make or break a play is subject to further consideration. In the first place, the critic is on the side of the public. Although he owes the theater an informed, tolerant, and selfless consideration, and must serve as its spokesman with personal generosity, he is on the public's side. Unofficially, he represents the public; his basic point of view is that of a theatergoer. His ultimate decisions are made from the audience point of view. If, in most cases, a theatergoer knows whether or not he likes a play as soon as the final curtain descends, it is reasonable to suppose that a reviewer can decide with equal rapidity. Criticism of the time element in reviewing is a stalking-horse. We are talking now about ordinary plays. Some of the others, like those of Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Sean O'Casey, and most of the classics, require the most studious thought a reviewer is capable of giving them. Fortunately, he has a week-end opportunity to read the script and sift his impressions before he need offer his conclusions as final. But most plays would not bear another day's consideration, and ought to be reviewed immediately while the impressions are fresh.

In the second place, the basic element in a theater review is not the whim of a reviewer, but the play he is reporting and discussing. The frequent attacks upon drama criticism usually overlook the primary fact that plays are not all of one quality. Some are good and some are bad, and it is the business of the critic to say so clearly. Blaming the critics for writing unfavorable notices is a frivolous way of putting the cart before the horse. No one would be silly enough to maintain that the successful plays in the theater are the result of the critics' genius and clairvoyance. The credit for good plays belongs to the authors, directors, actors, and producers who have created them. It is equally silly to blame the critics for the failures: the authors, directors, actors, and producer are responsible for them. In the ideal sense, good plays engender good notices; bad plays breed bad reviews. For the function of the critic is that of an experienced theatergoer who differs from other members of the audience in the privilege he has of printing his opinion in a public place. As a matter of fact, he is a good deal more temperate and judicial than most experienced theatergoers. Being the representative of a large public, he cannot indulge his personal whims freely: he must try to look at a play from the point of view of the public for whom it is intended. Being responsible first to the public and second to the theater, he is not a free agent. He cannot use the theater to promote his private career as a newspaper writer.

If theater people regard reviews with everything from terror to hatred, it is only fair to add that the reviewer regards the box office importance of criticism as a professional liability and something over which he has no control. As a critic he is under bond to put it out of mind altogether. Being interested in the art of the theater and the culture of the modern world, he must close his mind to the fact that what he writes in line of duty has repercussions in the business offices and personal exchequers of theater people. It is not the sort of influence he wants. He has

never asked for it; he can console himself by believing that it is recklessly overestimated by excitable people. I know that it is, for on several occasions I have tried to herald the merits of fine plays that the public has neglected; and the results have ranged from meager to negative. The public cannot be driven into the theater.

I learned my trade from a man who practiced criticism purely as an art. During the few years I spent as the assistant of H. T. Parker of *The Boston Evening Transcript*, I never heard the word "box office"; it was missing from his vocabulary. Boston was not a good theater town; the *Transcript* had a small circulation, and nothing printed in its columns had the immediate effect it would have had in New York, which is a much more fluid town. But even if he had been writing for a New York newspaper, Parker would have regarded with contempt any discussion of the influence he had on the sale of tickets. To him that would have been an infamous libel on his profession. He was utterly selfless and impersonal in his artistic opinions.

But, then, he was an exceptional man altogether—a celibate in art, a devoted acolyte of the drama. He had the finest intellectual equipment for criticism of any man I ever knew. He was also an able journalist. Although he was a critic of breadth and vision, he was not above doing the hard routine work of a newspaperman. In comparison with him, we in New York are dawdlers and pretenders. He was one of the most industrious and unsparing workers in the *Transcript* shop. A short, nervous, bobbing, unprepossessing little man with a cigarette forever dangling on his lips, he climbed the two long flights of stairs to his ramshackle coop at eight in the morning under a full head of steam, and then plunged immediately into the business of getting his drama page ready. First, he sent up the news notes, which he had written, usually the day before, with his tireless fountain pen; then he sent up the picture, which was always a large one and ornately captioned.

After that it was time for the bloodiest chore of the day: he began editing his assistant's review. Often he merely touched up a phrase here and there to improve the literary tone. But occasionally the editing was drastic; once or twice the editing amounted to complete and virtually independent rewriting. I shall never forget how the bottom dropped out of my stomach on those occasions when not a line or a word of what I had written appeared in the paper that afternoon. I never had the courage to discuss that crushing subject with him or anyone else. Being tenderhearted towards his assistant, Parker never mentioned it either. In God's name, what was there to say?

Having disposed of all the chores, Parker then began on his own review, writing a well-nigh illegible script on unruled and shiny yellow paper. Only one or two of the compositors could read it, although the proofroom was most expert. In the noon edition of the *Transcript*, which was one of the most casual issues of a newspaper ever published, there was no sign of Parker's stuff, and the rest of his page was a shambles. By the time the second edition appeared, the drama page was beginning to take shape, and most of his review marched down the first column to a dead end. When the final edition came from the press at about three-thirty, the drama page was a joy to behold, and his own review had turned the column and wound up with the terrifying initials "H.T.P." There was a year or two when he signed "H. T. PARKER" in caps and small caps at the end of the column, but he soon got over that. For twenty-nine years "H.T.P." was the symbol of all that was final and magnificent in Boston newspaper letters.

His style was frequently too verbose for my taste; newspaper reading cannot be that leisurely day after day. And his method was also confusing to people who had not had years of training as his readers. Instead of delivering his opinion bluntly, he tried to suggest it by literary implication. Candidly, many readers never knew what he thought of a play. But if he admired the

play, which he always tried to do, there was grandeur inside his column rules. To this day I do not understand how any man could write on the spur of the moment, day after day, in the midst of many other routine chores, in a literary style so full of luminous beauty. The mere fact of his existence on so high a plane of artistic integrity made the theater one of the authentic arts. For it seemed to us youngsters that a man like Parker could not be serving it with so much enthusiasm and literary glory if it were not one of the finest forms of human expression. There was no doubt that he was a critic by force of genius.

Whether general newspaper comment on the theater is criticism or reviewing is a point I have never settled in my own mind. We enjoy by tradition the imposing title of "dramatic critics." But our function on a daily newspaper is that of specialized reporting. The opening of a new play is news: we report the news. But since the news is largely bound up with the merit of the play, and the merit is a matter of opinion, our reporting is not only factual but opinionated. The reporting is not objective but subjective. The news value of the play usually depends upon our subjective evaluation of the play's quality. But I am not sure that the mere fact that we express an opinion gives us a right to the illustrious title of "critic." For criticism in the sense that Sainte-Beuve, Matthew Arnold and Georg Brandes practiced it involves a good deal more study of sources than we have time to do. In an ideal world the dramatic critic would read the script, take an observer's part in the casting, which has an enormous influence upon the acted play, attend many of the rehearsals, and finally attend the opening performance as a member of the audience. By that time he would be sufficiently familiar with every stage in the production of an acted performance to write a detailed and thoroughly informed criticism. He could distinguish the play from the performance, which is almost impossible without preliminary study of the script and the rehearsals. Although most plays cannot stand up

against that searching inquiry, some of them can, and criticism would gain in artistic importance by that sort of exhaustive preparation. But possibly a newspaper is not the place to print such inquiries.

It is risky for a newspaper reviewer to lose the audience point of view. On one occasion Jed Harris and I agreed to take that risk, for both of us had something to lose. I was to read the script and attend many of the rehearsals of his next production, although I was not to write my review until after the opening performance, as usual. In due course, I went to a rehearsal on a Sunday afternoon when the actors were sufficiently ready with two acts for a run-through. But that was the end of the experiment as far as I was concerned. The play was Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. Sitting alone in the darkness and silence of the auditorium I was tremendously moved by what I saw, for it was my sort of play. As a matter of fact, it was too close to my heart to risk experimenting. When the first part of the rehearsal was over, and the actors went out for a bite to eat, I told Mr. Harris that I was still willing to experiment on a play that did not mean so much to me personally, but *Our Town* was one play I wanted to review with the exuberance of an amateur. I wanted to have it fresh and warm in mind at the moment I sat down to my desk and began searching for the crucial first line. After the opening performance had taken place and I had written my notice, I read several versions of the script with the emendations and changes that Mr. Wilder had made while the rehearsals were going on. That was an interesting study; it gave insight into performance. But I am bound to say that it did not change my impressions of what I had seen on the opening night, and furthermore, it did not seem worth discussing in the *Times*. It was technical evidence of preliminary workmanship. But the public had already seen the best of *Our Town* at the opening performance. In the case of *Our Town* I was quite content to be a reviewer.

But there is more than technical inquiry to criticism. Criticism is also philosophy. It is the expression of a point of view, not merely towards an isolated play, but towards the world in general. It can throw light, not only on plays, but on life. It can create standards. It can stand for principles. It can be as much a form of art as the material it is discussing. Sometimes it is the kind of work Anatole France had in mind when he described it as the adventures of the soul among masterpieces. Masterpieces are rare, but they happen occasionally. That is the time when the first sentence pops spontaneously out of the midnight air, and the first-night review rolls off as slick as grease. Even the reader is in luck on those glowing occasions. He either chuckles or grows angry over destructive reviews; what he really likes is the salute and the serenade. The negative side of drama reviewing is a chore for everyone in and out of the theater, but the positive side puts everyone in radiant spirits.

■

12. *A Case That Rocked the World*

By Louis Stark

“WHAT DO YOU KNOW about the Sacco-Vanzetti case?”

This question was addressed to me one evening in February, 1922, by Ralph Graves, then Sunday editor of *The New York Times*.

I said I had read a few newspaper articles on the case.

“Are the men guilty?” asked Mr. Graves.

“I don’t know,” was my reply.

“You’re just the man I want,” he said. “Take a week off, go to Boston, get both sides of the case and then write a piece giving the facts in impartial review. We want the pros and cons and let the reader make his own decision.”

That was my introduction to the celebrated case which rocked the world and whose echoes still reverberate every August upon the anniversary of the execution of the two Italians in Charlestown State Prison.

I went to Boston. In due time a four-thousand-word summary appeared in the *Times*. Five years later I was in Boston again for the final three weeks of the case, weeks marked by riots all over the world, picketing of the State House, scores of arrests, feverish investigations, desperate eleventh-hour moves on behalf of the two men. All elements of drama were present. Condemnation, suspense, last-minute reprieve, more suspense, appeals, uncertainty, doubts. Then the seven-year climax—execution!

The Sacco-Vanzetti case!

Never had there been one like it in the annals of American jurisprudence, possibly excepting the Mooney case. A seven-year Golgotha for the fish peddler and the shoe worker. The focal point of world-wide discussion of "American justice"; agitation and propaganda that flared into extraordinary demonstrations at home and abroad, all to one purpose, stay of execution, mercy.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case!

The "American Dreyfus" affair in which the sympathies of eminent men from Europe to Asia were enlisted. Anatole France, H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, Romain Rolland.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case!

A judicial drama enacted in the golden-domed State House in Boston, in the severely plain Dedham courthouse, in Harvard's august halls, in jails, on street corners, in the streets of London, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Buenos Aires.

The characters—humble working people, laborers, shoemakers, railroad workers, storekeepers, salesmen, lawyers, doctors, pistol experts, prosecutors, judges, jailers, Harvard professors. All interested in the two principals—those philosophical anarchists, draft dodgers, convicted murderers, two humble Italians, one a shoe worker who had scarcely missed a working day in seven years, thrifty, home-loving; the other a gentle man, loved by children and neighbors.

What was the Sacco-Vanzetti case?

On April 15, 1920, Frederick Parmenter, a paymaster, and Alexander Berardelli, his guard, were fired upon and killed on the main street of South Braintree, Massachusetts, and the payroll of Slater and Morrill's shoe factory, amounting to \$15,776.51, was stolen. The two murderers threw the payroll boxes into a car which contained several other men and were driven off at breakneck speed.

At that time the police were on the lookout for men who had

taken part in an unsuccessful payroll holdup in Bridgewater on the previous December 24. Suspicion rested on Italians, as eye-witnesses told the police the holdup men seemed to be of that race. The Morelli gang of Providence was suspected.

On May 5, 1920, Nicola Sacco, steadily employed as an edge trimmer in a shoe factory, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a fish peddler, self-employed, were arrested. They were not questioned concerning the two holdups for several days. The "Red raids" instigated by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer had created a stir against radicals and the men were cross-examined as to their political beliefs. They were charged with carrying weapons unlawfully, pistols having been found on them, and they offered certain explanations for the weapons.

The arrest of the men, caught in a dragnet for radicals, placed their feet on the road which led to the electric chair seven years later. Vanzetti was a philosophical anarchist, dreamy and contemplative. He had assisted in some strikes. So had Sacco, whose radical beliefs were vague but socialistic.

Vanzetti was a friend of Salsedo, a follower of Galleani, well known among Massachusetts anarchists. Salsedo, under arrest by agents of the Department of Justice in the Red dragnet and held incommunicado on the fourteenth floor of the Park Row Building in New York was found dead on the pavement below, on May 3, two days before the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. Vanzetti had interested himself in the Salsedo case and had gone to New York late in April to consult Salsedo's counsel. In New York Vanzetti was told that more government raids might be expected and to hide all radical literature possessed by him and his friends. It was while on that mission that he and Sacco were arrested.

Both the Bridgewater and South Braintree crimes were charged to the two men. Sacco proved a time-clock alibi for the first holdup. Vanzetti was indicted, tried for the Bridgewater holdup, and convicted on June 22, before Superior Court Jus-

tice Webster Thayer who sentenced him to twelve to fifteen years in prison. It was later shown that defense counsel bungled the case miserably.

The trial on the lesser charge was in contrast to the usual legal procedure and was obviously part of a "build-up" against both men, for some of the stigma of the Vanzetti conviction spilled over against Sacco when the two were tried together.

On September 11, 1920, the two were indicted for the South Braintree crime and tried before Judge Thayer the following May. They were convicted of murder in the first degree on July 14. Eight appeals for a new trial followed, as new evidence was uncovered year after year, and the case became a *cause célèbre*. Men of intellectual probity and all shades of political belief in many nations, convinced of the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, enlisted in what became a great army, whose tramping feet were heard in all the capitals of the world. Sacco and Vanzetti became symbols, beliefs, almost a religion—and a crusade for their release swept the earth; a crusade which gained in intensity as the two men neared the shadow of the chair seven years after the shoemaker and the peddler were first arrested as dangerous "Reds."

During my week's investigation in 1922 of the background of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, I saw the men of the defense committee who had already set the world-wide army on the march. Three men were the leaders in this vast movement. One was Aldino Felicani, Italian journalist and printer, who, almost single-handed, began the agitation. Felicani was a linotype operator at the time on *La Notizia*, an Italian daily in Boston and he began the publicity by pouring forth dozens of letters to Boston newspapers. He had once been a close associate of Mussolini in the days when Il Duce was a Social Radical and had spent six months in the same Italian jail with him when both paid that penalty for their radical activities. A second chief figure was

Frank Lopez, a jovial, thickset young man who became secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee in Boston. It was from this bare Hanover Street office of the committee that the pamphlets and circulars and letters emanated that gained almost immediate world-wide repercussions, some not at all to the liking of members of the committee who believed that bomb explosions and riots would not help their cause.

The publicity was handled by Morris Gebelow, a slender, dark-haired student who wrote under the pen name of Eugene Lyons and who later went to Soviet Russia as correspondent for the United Press.

I also talked to newspapermen who had covered the case, impartial observers, state officials who had taken part in the trial, and Judge Thayer. It was my purpose to review the evidence on both sides.

The newspapermen, I found, with one exception, felt that the trial had been unfair because of the atmosphere surrounding the case. The men were tried in a steel cage, part of the equipment of Massachusetts courts. An unnecessary show of police force was exhibited when they were led to and from the courtroom. There were needless "searchings" of those entering the courtroom. Newspapermen were "patted" for weapons. The newspapers printed stories of threatening letters sent to the court and the jury. It had been difficult to get jurymen to serve because of the atmosphere of hysteria that preceded the trial. Frank P. Sibley, dean of Boston newspapermen who covered the trial, told me he had never seen anything like it. Four years later he put this in the form of an affidavit in which he told how Judge Thayer had solicited the attention of reporters during the trial, had discussed the case against Sacco and Vanzetti freely, and had even asked Sibley to print a story that he was conducting the trial fairly and impartially.

Sibley's standing in the newspaper fraternity was so high that it was presumed that his affidavit would carry considerable

weight. Well over six feet, Sibley, with his sombrero type hat and his flowing Windsor tie, was an outstanding figure wherever he went. As war correspondent with the Yankee Division in France he chronicled the deeds of the New Englanders and their commander in their history-making moments.

From the beginning of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial Sibley saw the gratuitous injection of "patriotism" in the case by the presiding judge and state attorneys. The *Globe*, for which he worked, was one of the most influential of New England's dailies, and its management strongly opposed the idea that their star reporter make an affidavit as to his observations. Sibley, too, was reluctant to take himself out of the role of disinterested spectator and align himself on one side of the case. His perplexities on the ethics of such action tormented him for a long time but finally he felt that in signing the affidavit he was yielding to the highest sentiment of justice and fair play. Incidentally, this star reporter found himself covering trivial assignments such as flower shows for some time after he had made the affidavit.

"What impressed me more than anything else was his [Judge Thayer's] manner," said Sibley. "It is nothing you can read of in the record. In my thirty-five years I never saw anything like it. . . . His whole manner, attitude, seemed to be that the jurors were there to convict the men."

After I had had an opportunity to acquaint myself with the facts in the case and the testimony for and against the two Italians, I wired Judge Thayer for an appointment. He replied on February 22, and a few days later I called on him at his home, 180 Institute Road, Worcester. After greeting me cordially the Judge said, "I hope *The New York Times* is not going to take the side of these anarchists." He pronounced the first syllable of the word "anarchist" as if it were spelled "on."

While I was rather taken aback that he should think the *Times* would be interested in "crusading" for two convicted radicals, I soon realized his remark was merely an introduction

to a denunciation of all radicals. My reply to his question was that the *Times* was not concerned with taking either side of the case but that it was interested in having prepared a fair and impartial summary of the evidence on which the convictions were returned.

Judge Thayer then launched into a detailed discussion of the case, making no attempt to conceal his aversion for economic and political dissenters and particularly foreigners. His lips trembled with emotion and his yellow and deeply wrinkled face darkened as he spoke of the need for the defense of American institutions. It was obvious that to him a philosophical anarchist was the same as a murderer. He went on in this way for an hour, jumping from the trial testimony to criticism of aliens, anarchists, and radicals. They all seemed to be lumped together in his mind.

The Judge stipulated that I was not to quote him. But the measure of his extraordinary prejudice against Sacco and Vanzetti was obvious.

When I left Judge Thayer that night I was deeply discouraged. To witness at firsthand such expressions of antipathy for aliens and radicals as a group, from one who was called upon to judge his fellow man was disheartening. But Judge Thayer's attitude was quite mild compared to that of citizens of Boston five years later when I covered the events of the three weeks leading up to the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

The next five years were marked by a quickening of interest in the case due to the publicity that followed every attempt to obtain a new trial and to the propaganda of the little group of men and women who assisted the defense committee.

New evidence was uncovered year after year to prove that the two men were innocent, to prove that they had not had a fair trial, that Judge Thayer had denounced them as "bastards" and anarchists in conversation outside the courtroom. The Judge was

begged to allow another member of the Supreme Court to pass on appeals since he was charged with prejudice. He ruled that he was not prejudiced. Affidavits to prove that important witnesses whose testimony helped convict the men had lied were submitted to Judge Thayer. He turned them down. The head of the State Police, who had told the jury that one of the fatal bullets was "consistent" with being fired from Sacco's pistol, said that the question which elicited this answer had been framed by him and the prosecutor but that if he had been asked directly if the so-called mortal bullet had passed through Sacco's pistol, "I should have answered then, as I do now without hesitation, in the negative."

Celestino Madeiros, a young Portuguese, convicted of the murder of a Wrentham bank cashier and confined in the same jail as Sacco in 1925, signed a "confession" that he had taken part in the South Braintree killing and that Sacco was innocent. In further questioning by the defense he made some admissions that implicated the Morelli gang, well known for freight-car robberies and holdups, but Judge Thayer also rejected this "confession" as ground for a new trial.

To hear these various motions, sentence was postponed from time to time but finally, on April 9, 1927, Judge Thayer announced that the two men would "suffer the punishment of death by the passage of a current of electricity through" their bodies.

Asked by the court clerk whether they had "anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed," the two men addressed the court, and protested their innocence. Sacco spoke briefly, preferring to have Vanzetti, whose English was better, speak for him. Vanzetti, a vibrant figure with drooping walrus mustaches, reviewed the case. His words stirred the courtroom—and the world.

"I am not only not guilty of these two crimes," he said in conclusion, "but I never commit a crime in my life. I have never steal and I have never kill and I have never spilt blood and I

have fought against the crime and I have fought and I have sacrificed myself even to eliminate the crimes that the law and the church legitimate and sanctify.

"This is what I say: I would not wish to a dog or to a snake, to the most low and misfortunate creature of the earth—I would not wish to any of them what I have had to suffer for things that I am not guilty of. But my conviction is that I have suffered for things that I am guilty of. I am suffering because I am a radical and indeed I am a radical; I have suffered because I was an Italian and indeed I am an Italian; I have suffered more for my family and for my beloved than for myself; but I am so convinced to be right that if you could execute me two times and if I could be reborn two other times I would live again to do what I have done already."

Later he dictated this statement:

"If it had not been for these things, I might have live out my life talking at street corner to scorning men. I might have die unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of men as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph."

The sentencing of the men called for another review of the case, and I wrote a piece for the Sunday section bringing the facts up to date. It was published on April 27, 1927. Fabian Franklin, formerly an associate editor of *The New York Evening Post* and ex-contributing editor to *The Independent*, a man of conservative views, read my article and wrote a letter to the *Times* commenting on it. He was "forced to the conclusion," he wrote, that the men were convicted "upon utterly inadequate evidence, that this result was brought about in large part by deliberate exploitation of the anti-radical passions dominant at the

time. . . . That the conduct of the trial in many respects violated the first principles of justice and that in denying a new trial when new evidence of a most vital and substantial nature was offered, Judge Thayer failed to live up to the duty of a just and impartial judge."

Mr. Franklin was not alone in his doubts of the way the case was handled. As the days went by the doubts grew. The force of these doubts compelled Governor Fuller to appoint a commission headed by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University and comprising former Probate Judge Robert Grant and Dr. Samuel Stratton, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Many questions have been asked concerning President Lowell's part in the case. Some have been addressed to him directly but he has made no answers to any of the queries.

During the Sacco-Vanzetti hysteria, alumni and other potential contributors to the Harvard Law School Endowment Fund were refusing to make contributions because of Professor Felix Frankfurter's written defense of the two radicals in his widely-read book, *The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti*. It was reported that an offer of \$100,000 had been made to the fund on condition that Mr. Frankfurter resign.

Why did Mr. Lowell accept the appointment at the hands of Governor Fuller when he knew the strong feeling against Sacco and Vanzetti by many potential contributors? Was he willing, for the sake of truth and justice, to take the risk of jeopardizing these contributions if he found the two men innocent? If that is so, how could he have failed to be impressed by those of his associates who denounced Mr. Frankfurter for what they considered the effect of the latter's writings on the endowment fund?

Is it possible that in Dr. Lowell's mind the convicted men were intertwined with their defender of his Law School faculty and that his feeling against the latter somehow overflowed into the Sacco-Vanzetti case?

Judge McAnarney, one of the original defense attorneys, told the Lowell Commission that Joe Rossi, Italian interpreter at the trial, had made incorrect translations. The defense attorneys did not know Italian, and Vanzetti occasionally caught one of the mistranslations, but his command of English was such that he hesitated to pick up Rossi every time.

Before the Lowell Commission Judge McAnarney, discussing this phase of the case, said that Vanzetti accused the Italian interpreter of helping the government by his misinterpretations.

President Lowell, at this juncture, said that Rossi had been "pretty careless." However, he added that Rossi's attention was usually called to his misinterpretations.

"I couldn't see that it did any harm to anybody," he said; he wasn't helping the government "very much."

Yet at least one of these "slips" was concerned with Sacco's alibi which was obviously of great importance, and in 1926 Rossi was convicted of larceny and also pleaded guilty to an attempt to bribe a judge.

During the trial Rossi frequently drove Judge Thayer in and out of Dedham in his car. The Judge was on very familiar terms with him, calling him "Joe" and telling the District Attorney that he was "going riding with Joe today."

Rossi named one of his children Webster Thayer Rossi, and District Attorney Katzmann, who prosecuted Sacco and Vanzetti, acted as godfather.

The Lowell Commission explored the trial events and the post-trial developments. In considering a motion for a new trial based on a statement of one Gould, bystander at the scene of the South Braintree crime, who was within a few feet of one of the bandits and whose coat was pierced by one of the gunman's bullets, the Commission discarded Gould's testimony as "merely cumulative."

Now Gould positively declared that Sacco had not fired the shot. He had had an excellent opportunity to view the man with

the weapon. Even the Lowell Commission said that Gould "certainly had an unusually good position to observe the men in the car."

Yet the Commission discarded this affidavit because it was "merely cumulative." How did they know what the effect of such testimony would have been at the trial? Gould had not been called as a witness, though he had given his name to a police officer and the officer had passed on the name to the State Police. The defense found him after the trial.

In considering the Gould affidavit filed in connection with the motion for a new trial, the Lowell Commission did a strange thing. It said, "There seems to be no reason to think that the statement of Gould would have had any effect in changing the mind of the jury."

Such omniscience calls for no comment.

A witness, Daly, swore that Ripley, the jury foreman, had said, prior to being called as a juror:

"Damn them, they ought to hang anyway."

"The Commission said: 'Daly must have misunderstood him [Ripley] or his recollection is at fault.'"

To supplement the Lowell Committee's report, the Governor also made a personal investigation of the case. In this connection the dramatic and significant incident of the "eel" story is worth telling.

The Governor closed his inquiry on August 1, 1927. The last witnesses were Gardner Jackson and Aldino Felicani of the Defense Committee.

"If all the witnesses in the case had been as honest as you two gentlemen are there would have been no trouble in settling it," he told them. "I know you have been telling the truth."

Jackson and Felicani almost leaped with joy as they heard these words. The Governor shook them by the hand and as they turned to go he said to Jackson, "You know I'm a businessman and I'm used to having documentary evidence. You have never

produced any paper proving that Vanzetti was selling eels on the day of the Bridgewater crime."

The visitors' hearts fell. Jackson argued that eighteen witnesses had testified that Vanzetti had sold them eels on December 24, 1919. Eels are an Italian delicacy for consumption on the day before Christmas, and the witnesses remembered the man who sold the eels that day, continued Jackson, but the Governor waved aside this testimony with the words, "Oh, but Mr. Jackson, they were all Italians," and asked for documentary proof.

The Governor wanted "a paper" before he could believe Vanzetti's alibi that he was selling eels on the day of the Bridgewater holdup. The defense felt it would be impossible to obtain such proof. But perhaps a receipt could be found for the eels. The next day, August 2, Herbert H. Ehrmann, associate counsel for the defense, and Felicani combed the fish concerns on Atlantic Avenue for record of a shipment of eels to Vanzetti. It was like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. All day they rummaged through old and frayed papers in cellars, garrets, and lofts. But life is sometimes stranger than fiction. If this were a short story I would have them find the receipt, rush to the Governor in triumph, and then be rewarded with a new trial or commutation of sentence. Strangely enough, part of this actually happened. The receipt was actually found, almost eight years after it had been filled out, showing a shipment of eels by the American Express to Vanzetti on December 20, 1919. These were the eels he received two days later, prepared and sold the day before Christmas. It is on record that the receipt was found in a box of old papers in the wholesale fish market of the Corsoa and Gambino Company, 112 Atlantic Avenue.

Elated with the find, Ehrmann, Felicani, and Jackson rushed the receipt to the Governor's office. They embraced each other with joy. This would be the proof demanded by the Governor. Surely he would see that the alibi witnesses were not liars.

On the day Governor Fuller closed his private inquiry in the case, I went to Boston to cover the story. The Governor was due to give out the result of his inquiry and that of the Lowell Commission on August 3, 1927.

Albert J. Gordon, for years a reporter on *The Boston Herald*, was assigned to assist me because of his knowledge of the city and its leading personalities. Later, when so many angles developed that we required help, Jonathan Eddy, then a reporter on the *Times* and now secretary of the American Newspaper Guild, was sent to assist us.

In Boston we found newspapermen from all parts of the country. The Sacco-Vanzetti drama was about to reach a climax. Wherever you went there was but one topic of conversation, the Sacco-Vanzetti case. What would Governor Fuller do? The air was electric with excitement. On the streets, in restaurants and shops—wherever men gathered—they talked of the two Italians.

Boston three weeks before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was a vast whispering gallery. All sorts of rumors were afloat.

The subject was discussed in Boston's clubs, where the overwhelming judgment was that the men should be executed. In the east end, where the poor people lived, the prayer was for clemency. "Hope clemency" was the cable received by the Governor from Robert Underwood Johnson, former American ambassador to Italy.

Gordon and I canvassed the situation. We spoke to nearly everyone available to discuss the case intelligently, secretaries to the Governor, the lawyers in the case, state officials in a position to know what was going on, newspaper editors close to the Governor and to his associates. As a result we came to a conclusion which we embodied in a dispatch to the *Times* on August 2. This is what we said in part:

"Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti will not die in the electric chair on the date set. Neither will they be pardoned.

Further reprieve pending steps by the Massachusetts Legislature looking to a new trial was indicated at the State House today as the solution of the historic case of the Italian radicals which Gov. Fuller will place before the Executive Council when it meets tomorrow. The Governor will make known the decision tomorrow night. . . .

"Since yesterday the idea of a further reprieve and action by the Legislature in January has gained ground, according to information available in authentic quarters. No details are revealed but the meager news that has leaked out is to the effect that Gov. Fuller will propose to the Council that the Legislature be requested to pass an enabling act permitting a new trial for the condemned men. In the meantime they would be reprieved."

On the same day *The Boston Herald* said the indications were that Sacco and Vanzetti would not die and that the Governor would ask his Council to approve another respite "in order that the doubts which still remain after his exhaustive inquiry may be removed." It began to look as if the men's long fight was won; that the tramp of the marching armies had been heard in the Massachusetts State House.

AUGUST THIRD—THE DECISION

On August 3, Boston was restless. The air was charged with suppressed excitement. The guards at the State House seemed uneasy. Everybody knew that the Governor would announce his fateful decision in the evening. The city was a vast guessing contest. Rumors, whispers, hints, doubts, hopes.

The Governor's offices opened at nine o'clock. An army of newspapermen greeted Secretary Herman A. MacDonald on his arrival. MacDonald picked up some papers and went to see the Governor at a near-by hotel.

By noon the Executive Offices were filled with reporters, officials, curiosity seekers, and hangers-on. Mr. Jackson, secretary

of the defense committee, appeared later with an account of the detailed expenditure of \$325,000 in seven years to gain freedom for the convicted men.

Elaborate preparations were made for sending out the decision. The press gallery in the House of Representatives, a floor above the Executive Offices, was converted into a telegraph room. Direct connections were established with newspaper offices.

The afternoon passed slowly. At the Charlestown State Prison where the convicted men were confined additional police took up their grim task of patrolling the prison. Mrs. Rose Sacco visited her husband during the morning but for the nineteenth day he refused food and insisted on continuing his hunger strike. Vanzetti appeared a little more cheerful but ate nothing after breakfast. The homes of Governor Fuller in Boston and at Rye, New Hampshire, of Chief Justice Arthur P. Rugg, and of Justice Thayer were put under guard. Luigia Vanzetti, sister of the convicted fish peddler, left Italy for the United States, having been delayed ten days before she could obtain a passport. Judge Thayer played eighteen holes of golf in 84 at the Cliff County Club in Ogunquit, Maine, where he was summering.

Crowds waited restlessly before newspaper bulletin boards. But the reporters were just as restless. We gathered at the State House early in the evening but there was a hitch. Finally, sheet by sheet the Governor's decision was rushed to him for inspection and revision and then rushed back for mimeographing.

Governor Fuller arrived at the State House at 8:25 and was surrounded by reporters. He promised to give us a fifteen-minute interview. Half an hour later he emerged, pale and drawn. Instead of making the expected announcement he read from an envelope on which he had scribbled these words:

"I am very sorry not to oblige you with an interview. I can truthfully say that I am very tired and I trust the report will

speak for itself. I would prefer not to indulge in any supplementary statement at this time."

He promised to have the decision in our hands at nine-thirty, well in time for most of our deadlines. But last-minute changes were made and nine-thirty came and went. We walked restlessly up and down the corridors, talking, smoking, nervous, quite different from the picture of gay, nonchalant reporters shown on the screen.

At the bare defense-committee offices on Hanover Street a group of men sat on rickety chairs, tables, boxes, and bundles of pamphlets. Professor Frankfurter was there in his shirt sleeves. The night was warm. Over and over again, the visitors read the posters on the walls. One, urging clemency, was signed by members of the French Cabinet. A Mexican poster read "Liberty and Justice." Alongside it was a manifesto by a former member of the Italian Parliament. The telephone bell rang incessantly. Was there news? No. When would the decision be given out? Soon, maybe. Hurried telephoning to the Executive Offices. No news. Gardner Jackson was everywhere, at the State House, one minute, dashing to the Hanover Street offices the next.

Outside Governor Fuller's office the suspense was painful. We paced the corridors like wolves. Hours went by. Then, shortly before eleven-thirty, attendants appeared with copies of the decision. Two copies were placed in each envelope. The name of each newspaper or press association was on the outside of each envelope. We crowded around Secretary MacDonald like animals. As our papers were called we snatched the envelopes and ran down the long corridor. We tore the envelopes open as we ran, dashing up a flight of marble stairs to our wires. I had five minutes to make the deadline, yet I did not know what the decision was as I ran. As I reached the telegraph operator who had the wire open into the *Times* office I flung the Governor's decision open to the last page and gathered its import.

"Bulletin," I shouted to the operator. "They die!"

The news was flashed to the *Times* by one of the speediest telegraph operators I have ever known. Only a few minutes remained to get a crisp lead into the paper, and I had no time to write it. Glancing hurriedly over the report, I dictated to the operator a lead of about two hundred fifty words. I had sent four or five hundred words earlier that had already been set in type. A three-column heading was written in the New York office in short order and a previously prepared fifteen-hundred-word summary of the case was rushed into the paper.

By this time the press gallery was a veritable madhouse. Reporters were pounding their typewriters like demons. Telegraph operators, peering over the reporters' shoulders, clicked the stories out without waiting for the sheets to be placed before them.

"They die," was the verdict that flashed to all corners of the globe. Street crowds in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and scores of cities caught the flash. Cable-office operators in Tokyo and London, Shanghai and Paris caught the electrical impulses that winged under the ocean beds. Messengers dashed in and out of the press gallery. For me there was little time for reflection as I had to begin immediately on a more comprehensive story of the decision for the later editions. Gordon ran to the office of *The Boston Herald* with the second copy of the decision, and the full text was transmitted to the *Times* from that office.

"God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" cried Felicani on hearing the verdict.

Orders from the *Times* office were to give everything we had. We did. Gordon returned to the State House from *The Boston Herald* office, and we sent a complete story of the Governor's decision and of the unanimous verdict of the Lowell Commission against the men for the later editions. About two o'clock in the morning, we left the building, completely fagged out. Boston Common was dark and forbidding. A few homeless men skulked

about. On the way back to the Statler Hotel where we were staying we talked of the Fuller decision. Had we been too optimistic? What had happened? Had the Governor changed his mind in a few hours after the news came from South Dakota?

The next day the decision was the only topic of conversation in Boston. We talked it over with Robert Lincoln O'Brien, with Frank Buxton, his associate, and with all our other sources of information. My dispatch to the *Times* that day read: "The decision announced late last night stirred certain important men in Boston to private discussion of the case. These men, it may be stated on excellent authority, were taken into the Governor's confidence. They are declaring emphatically tonight that the Governor gave them every indication that he would pardon Sacco and Vanzetti or extend clemency to them. . . . They put the change in the Governor's decision as apparently made between 3 P.M. Tuesday and that midnight."

Between 3 P.M. Tuesday and midnight Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, vacationing in South Dakota, had handed out slips of paper to newspaper correspondents on which were typed these words: "I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight."

Was there a connection between the two stories? Did Governor Fuller change his mind at the last minute when he learned that President Coolidge would not run for office again? That the Governor had high political ambitions everybody knew. The Boston police strike had catapulted Governor Calvin Coolidge into the Vice-Presidency and the death of President Harding had landed him in the White House. Governor Coolidge's issue was "law and order." The Boston police strike was the peg on which he hung the issue. The strike had made the Governor of Massachusetts a national figure.

Whether or not Governor Fuller made a *volte-face* when he learned of the news from Rapid City is a secret still locked in his breast. Two facts are known, however.

One. Persons close to the Governor expected clemency up to the last minute. One of these was Robert Lincoln O'Brien, until recently Chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, then editor of *The Boston Herald* and friend of Governor Fuller. Another was a secretary to the Governor who told the same story to Mr. Gordon, my associate.

Before me is Mr. O'Brien's letter to Mr. Gordon, which says in part:

"... I expected clemency, probably in the shape of a pardon, up to the last minute, and thought I had reason for this belief from what Gov. Fuller himself had voluntarily told me. I sat next to him at the dinner of Boston University commencement, on the day when we both received honorary degrees. What the Governor told me then I repeated in confidence to a former attorney-general of the State who said it was compatible with no other theory than that of clemency; the governor said the lodgment of responsibility in one judge was 'abhorrent' to him. I carefully noted the word 'abhorrent' and told him this was Bentley W. Warren's argument.

"He told me that a son of one of the leading witnesses for the prosecution had been to him to tell him that his mother was utterly irresponsible and mentally incapable of telling the truth. Fuller said I would be surprised at the way much of the testimony collapsed. He led me out to the elevator, delayed its movement, to explain to me that he was going to settle this case in such a way that he could live with his own conscience. He did say that he took no stock in the Madeiros confession and that he was not impressed with the flowing necktie of Frank Sibley. But aside from these two observations his point of view was wholly on the clemency side. I continued to hear things pointing in the same direction although it is fair to say not from the Governor. . . ."

Two. Friends and political associates of Governor Fuller did use the "law and order" argument at a Republican convention

conference in Kansas City in the following June of 1928, to push his candidacy for the Vice-Presidency. But his aspirations were killed by Senator Borah, who announced he proposed to fight Fuller's nomination to the limit.

Senator Borah voiced his views at a conference in the suite of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon in the Muelbach Hotel. A drive was on to nominate former Governor Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts, but Cox took the position that if any Massachusetts man was to go on the ballot it should be Governor Fuller. At the Bay State caucus Fuller was favored by a powerful group including Chairman William M. Butler of the Republican National Committee, Louis K. Liggett, and Senator Frederick H. Gillet. It was unanimously voted to enter Fuller's name in the convention and to support him as a unit, and former Speaker Benjamin Loring Young was chosen to make the nominating speech.

John Richardson of Boston, Hoover manager for Massachusetts, had been in favor of Fuller, and Mr. Liggett, the new National Committeeman, was also a Fuller supporter. So well did the Fuller boom go that Chairman Butler wired the Governor concerning the situation. Later, at another conference in the Mellon suite, Senator Borah said that he would not stand for Fuller, and that the party could not afford to go to the country on the Sacco-Vanzetti case as an issue, as it would be a false issue. He had nothing against Fuller personally but felt he would be a political liability. Not only would the party be burdened by the platform's plank on the equalization-fee program, but it would have to assume the burden of defending Fuller's action in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, which was "political dynamite," the Idaho Senator argued. He had doubts about the guilt of the two Italians.

Borah went so far as to declare that he would take the convention floor on a point of personal privilege if Fuller's name was placed before the delegates. This was an unprecedented

course that the leaders were hardly prepared to face. Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio attacked Fuller's Congressional record and spoke of his unpopularity with his Congressional associates. This determined attack completely eliminated the Bay State executive.

But we did not know these things on that August day in 1927, and the apparent change of mind by Governor Fuller became the more mysterious as we made further inquiries. We learned that not only had the Governor told confidants that the idea of sending the men to the electric chair on "flimsy" evidence was "abhorrent" to him, but he also said he did not approve of having one judge as the sole arbiter of the men's destinies.

A day or two later indication that the Governor might be groomed for Presidency appeared in *The Malden News*, published in Mr. Fuller's home town. This editorial stated that "the effect of the decision upon the political fortunes of His Excellency will be to make him the most talked-of man in our country for the President of the United States. The decision, in our judgment, surpasses that of Governor Coolidge in the Boston police strike. No other man mentioned for the Presidency has any such record for courageous public service and for sustaining law and order."

The Governor received messages hoping he would "choose to run" for high office in 1928.

When Gordon and I saw Defense Counsel Thompson the next day he told us that after four years he and Mr. Ehrmann were stepping out of the case, which "is now remitted to the judgment of mankind." Their efforts had come to naught. They had been unable to break through the secrecy with which the Governor had conducted his star-chamber inquiry.

They had not been permitted to be present, they told us, during the examination of all witnesses. In the Lowell Commission hearing defense counsel were not allowed to hear the testimony of Judge Thayer or Chief Judge Hall of the Superior Court, and

they were excluded during part of the examination of District Attorney Fred Katzmann. What took place at these sessions was not made known to them, and they had no opportunity for cross-examining these witnesses. Counsel for the convicted men were handicapped in being ignorant of what Judge Thayer said in defending himself against the charge that he was prejudiced. Nor could counsel inquire of the jurors the effect on them of the Judge's attitude.

It was too much for Mr. Thompson, former president of the Massachusetts Bar Association and head of its grievance committee. He had sacrificed a lucrative private practice to handle the case and now his practice was gone; he was socially ostracized by Boston's "Cabots" and "Lodges" and even by old associates, and his health was impaired. But not his faith in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Arthur D. Hill, former District Attorney of Suffolk County and a distinguished member of the Boston Bar, succeeded Mr. Thompson as chief counsel. The new legal pilot was assisted among others by Francis D. Sayre, son-in-law of President Wilson, and a new phase of the case was opened—the last battle to free the Italian radicals.

By this time the world-wide interest in the case was unprecedented. On August 5, twelve Paris dailies devoted four times as much space to the Sacco-Vanzetti case as to the breakup of the Geneva Naval Conference. From the Royalist *Action Française* on the Right, to the Communist *Humanité* on the Left, there were pleas for clemency.

When the cables carried messages from abroad we would go to the State House for some word of the next possible move. In Governor Fuller's entourage the pleas made by Romain Rolland, H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, and other distinguished men and women in Europe and America were regarded as "unwarranted interference." This view was expressed to us without reservation by State officials and by "substantial citi-

zens." The atmosphere became murky indeed. Knots of men gathered on the Common, and Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers never failed to evoke hostile remarks from those who damned the Italians as "anarchists and foreigners."

Staid Boston flinched whenever anybody suggested that "Massachusetts justice was on trial." Bomb explosions in New York, Baltimore, and abroad heightened the tension in Boston. We could almost feel the wave of local resentment that flared up so swiftly against the doomed men when the reports of violence were published. The pleas for mercy by distinguished men were resented.

We were enveloped in a miasma of hate, fear, suspicion.

Boston in August, 1927, was seized with mass hysteria. It was a witch-hunter's paradise.

But doubts arose and would not down. Then the Lowell Committee published its report. The prestige of this committee was so enormous that its "thumbs down" verdict was accepted virtually as gospel by vast numbers, particularly of middle-class groups.

The Lowell report was regarded by most newspapers as final. But upon review by eminent lawyers, there were "indications of error." Some of these were pointed out by Charles C. Burlingham, distinguished member of the New York bar, in *The New York Times*.

Walter Lippmann, editor of the New York *World* and a Harvard alumnus, had at first taken the Lowell report as "the last word." In common with so many others, he had not analyzed it critically, but had accepted the judgment and decision of those holding high position. It took a great deal of persuading by Felix Frankfurter, Charles Merz (then an associate on *The World*), and Mr. Burlingham to make him analyze the report to its roots. When he did so, he took the entire editorial page of *The World* on August 19 for a strong editorial on "Doubts That Will Not

Down," which discussed at great length discrepancies in the testimony and the doubts that still remained.

Even as late as 1936, during the Harvard Tercentenary Celebration, a group of Harvard alumni published a pamphlet—*Walled in This Tomb*—comprising "questions left unanswered by the Lowell Committee and their pertinence in understanding the conflicts sweeping the world at this hour."

Were the distinguished members of the Lowell Committee so unaware of their own bias that they unconsciously permitted it to dictate what they should believe and what they should not believe? What would explain the otherwise inexplicable omissions and commissions of this committee? Was it class feeling, instinctive distrust of a certain class of "foreigners," lack of sympathy with working-class types represented by Sacco and Vanzetti, their natural antipathy as "patriots" to draft dodgers?

The committee members had enormous prestige yet——

1. They believed a woman whom they said was "eccentric" and "not unimpeachable in conduct," whom the Commonwealth had refused to call because she was unreliable, whose testimony Governor Fuller rejected, whose son said she was not to be believed, whom a police chief—he had known her all his life—said was "crazy, imagines things—has pipe dreams. . . ."

2. They believed that a rent in a cap, alleged to be Sacco's and found near the scene of the South Braintree crime, was a "trifling matter" and did not warrant a new trial. Yet, Judge Thayer had denied motion for a new trial on the ground that the rent was a vital part of the proof against Sacco. This, too, in the face of new testimony by the Braintree Chief of Police, who told the committee that he had made the rent in trying to find a name inside the cap.

3. They omitted all reference to the important "eel" testimony and the receipt that tended to exculpate Vanzetti. (Nor was there any reference to this important incident in the Governor's report.)

REPRIEVE

We followed the new counsel Mr. Hill from one legal step to another in his attempt to save the men from death in the electric chair, set for August 10. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts refused a writ of error. The day before the date set for the execution, Mr. Hill, in one of the frankest statements ever made in the State courts, told Judge Thayer in open court that because of prejudice he could not fairly decide the motions before him. He pleaded that Thayer withdraw to allow another judge to be appointed for the final appeal. He pointed out that even the Lowell Committee had found Thayer guilty of a "grave breach of official decorum" in speaking of the case off the bench. He urged that it was an insuperable task to try a case under such circumstances.

Hill filed a new affidavit of a witness who saw the South Braintree shooting and who told the police Sacco and Vanzetti were not in the murder party but who had not been called at the trial.

Hill's appeal was rejected. It was the eighth time in six years that Judge Thayer had denied a new trial.

Judge Thayer completely lacked judicial temperament in this case. His prejudice overflowed to reporters, acquaintances, and friends whom he sought out during lunch, whom he invited to his chambers. In a Boston club, on the golf links, wherever he went, something impelled him to denounce the prisoners before him. He sought to sway an observer for the Boston Federation of Churches to disbelieve Sacco's employer, who had given him a fine character.

Robert Benchley, then dramatic editor of *Life*, whose family knew the Judge well, said that in the summer of 1921 his friend Loring Coes told him "that Web [Thayer] has been saying that these bastards down in Boston were trying to intimidate

him. He would show them that they could not and that he would like to get a few of those Reds and hang them too."

The Judge was unable to keep his violent language out of the record of the trial. In his charge he went out of the way to compare the duty of the jurors with that of our soldiers in France.

His lack of restraint and judicial temper even led him to exclaim to a friend after he had turned down a plea for a new trial:

"Did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards?"

What drove this New England Judge to such extraordinary breaches of judicial decorum? Apparently, his obsession against "Reds" completely deprived him of all unbiased consideration of the case and led him to hang onto it with bulldog insistence, through eight appeals in six years, even going so far as to be a judge of his own prejudice and ruling that he had had none.

While the argument was under way, the American flag was burned in front of our consulate in Casablanca, Communists called a protest strike in Prague, British labor leaders cabled appeals to Governor Fuller, and President William Green of the American Federation of Labor asked for commutation of sentence.

August 9 was to have been the last day of life for Sacco and Vanzetti. The execution hour was set for three minutes after midnight, August 10. That morning Boston was the center of an influx of radicals, trade-union leaders, liberals, and sympathizers from all over the country. We spent hours watching them try to picket the State House. They wore mourning bands on their sleeves. As rapidly as they appeared they were arrested.

Extraordinary police arrangements were made for the execution. Eight hundred armed men guarded Charlestown State Prison. They were prison police, State Police, and Metropolitan Boston and Cambridge police.

Gas and tear-gas squads were held inside the prison gates. A machine-gun detachment was stationed near the gates.

The nerves of Bostonians were "jumpy." They called up the police and complained of the activities of "foreign-looking men."

On Boston Common I ran into Michael Angelo Musmanno, a vivacious young man with flowing brown hair and streaming black Windsor tie. Musmanno, who had been sent from Pittsburgh to Boston by the Sons of Italy to present to the Governor a resolution expressing that organization's doubts about the case and voicing the hope for some form of clemency, was on his way to get Sacco and Vanzetti's signature to an appeal. We rode to the prison in a taxicab and I waited for Musmanno. When he reappeared I asked Musmanno how Vanzetti felt about the day that was to end with the short walk to the electric chair.

This is what I wrote at the time:

"VANZETTI: Ah, Musmanno, the trouble with the world is that there is no responsibility. You see it is this way. In the court the District Attorney says it is not his fault that we are there. He is paid to prosecute men and he can't help himself. The Judge says he has nothing to do with the case except to charge the jury on the law. He says the jury brings in the verdict. The jury says it looks to the Judge for guidance so they are not responsible. Then you ask the Governor and he says it is up to the Advisory Committee. But the committee says it is the witnesses that make the case. The witnesses say they couldn't help being where they are. They didn't ask to be called. And then there are the guards before our cells. They say they are sorry for us but they can't do anything about it. Then, when they come to strap us in the chair they will say they had nothing to do with it as that is how they earn their living. Well, Musmanno [with a smile], I guess only Nick and I are responsible."

Sacco, who was on the twenty-fifth day of his hunger strike, would not sign the appeal paper placed before him by Musmanno. Vanzetti did so on condition that it cover both cases. Vanzetti autographed Charles A. Beard's *The Rise of American*

Civilization for Musmanno and wrote a farewell message on a flyleaf. Musmanno refused to take the two volumes with him at the time as that would mean he had given up hope.

Mr. Hill appealed to the Governor for a stay of execution pending a final appeal to the full bench of the Supreme Judicial Court. The Governor called a special meeting of his Council. He asked seven of the eight living attorneys general to help him consider the request for a respite.

While these meetings were in progress in the State House Mr. Hill sped to the home of Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes at Beverly Farms, thirty miles away. The Justice held he could not stay the execution as he had no jurisdiction in the case.

In the last desperate days a second appeal was made to Justice Holmes. Those who undertook this mission were Mr. Thompson and John Finerty, a Washington lawyer. They talked to him on the porch of his Beverly Farms home. The jurist was deeply moved by the lawyers' recital and told them that there was nothing he would rather do than to grant their request, but he saw no legal way in which he could act.

"You don't have to convince me that the atmosphere in which these men were tried precluded a fair trial," said Justice Holmes. "But that is not enough to give me, as a Federal judge, jurisdiction.

"If I listened to you any more I would do it," he continued. "I must not do it."

He turned on his heel and went into the house.

To Justice Holmes preservation of the fabric of Federal-State relations was a principle higher than life. It was what he had fought for as a lad in the Civil War.

Mr. Hill flung himself into his car and hurried to Circuit Court Justice George W. Anderson, who also found he could not intervene. There was but one hope for a stay, that was Governor Fuller. At 8:30 P.M. Mr. Hill poured his appeal before

the Governor and the Council. They were reluctant to act. Hill argued and pleaded, summoning every argument he had. His effort was successful and a respite for ten days was granted at 11:12 P.M., less than an hour before the men were to have met their death.

Captain Charles R. Beaupre of the State Police rushed the reprieve to the Charlestown State Prison.

It was at 11:40 that Warden William Hendry, the reprieve in his hand and a smile on his face, walked down the long cement corridor leading to the death house. Sacco, Vanzetti, and Madeiros had been prepared for the electric chair.

"It's all off, boys," the warden sang out as he approached the three cells. The men slowly rose from their cots. Vanzetti gripped the bars of his cell. "I'm damn glad of that," he said, "I'd like to see my sister before I die." Sacco and Madeiros made no comment.

The warden returned to his office, passed around cigars to the reporters and witnesses, and smiled with satisfaction as an assistant read the respite with all the "whereases" and "know ye alls."

Now began the ten last days of mental torture for the convicted men and their friends. Robert Morss Lovett, of the University of Chicago, formed a Citizens' National Committee. Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Felix Adler, of the Society for Ethical Culture, and many well-known men and women accepted membership on the committee.

The police refused to allow Sacco-Vanzetti meetings on Boston Common. Powers Hapgood, nephew of Norman Hapgood, tried to make a "free speech" test and was sent to the psychopathic ward for observation.

A week after the reprieve the full bench of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts heard the last appeal in the case. The same day a bomb explosion wrecked the home of Lewis McHardy, who had been a juror in the case six years previously.

This and other events fanned Massachusetts opinion to fever heat. Sacco, under threat of forcible feeding, broke his self-imposed fast on the thirtieth day, six days before he was to die. Four days later he bade a pathetic farewell to his fourteen-year-old son Dante.

FOUR DAYS TO GO

August 19. The State Judicial Court denied the final appeal. Preparations were made for an appeal to the Federal courts.

From Cotuit President Lowell told *The New York Times* he would not discuss the case and declined to say why he would not make public the record of examination of witnesses.

Extra police were placed on duty to protect all public officials and public property.

Luigia Vanzetti, in a faded traveling cloak and grasping in her hand a gold medallion of the Madonna, stepped off the *Aquitania* in New York in time to hear that the highest legal tribunal in Massachusetts had shut the door against hope for the brother whom she had not seen in nineteen years.

THREE DAYS OF LIFE

August 20. Luigia arrived in Boston at 4:30 A.M. At 11:30 A.M. Mrs. Sacco took her to Charlestown State Prison. Every day for a week Mrs. Sacco had passed the electric chair on the way to visit her husband in the death house. This day she tried to save Luigia from the gruesome sight by appealing to Warden Hendry. The bluff Scot who had come to respect his two prisoners yielded, and the women were permitted to enter the death cells from another direction.

The warden opened the door for Miss Vanzetti.

"Barto," she murmured, sinking into her brother's arms.

The defense suffered three setbacks in the Federal courts.

Behind the scenes strong pressure was exerted to have the Department of Justice's files opened. Affidavits of former Department of Justice agents indicated that the state and the Federal governments had exchanged information on the case and that the Federal authorities were certain that Sacco and Vanzetti were radicals but not murderers.

TWO DAYS LEFT

August 21. Governor Fuller remained silent on the request that he ask for the Federal files. The Acting Attorney General had announced he would submit the files if the Governor made the request.

Justice Brandeis declined to intervene, as members of his family had been personally interested in the case. (Mrs. Sacco had lived in a house in Dedham placed at her disposal by the Brandeis family, and Mrs. Brandeis and her daughter Susan had become interested in the case.) They also discussed it with Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans of Boston, who assisted the defense committee.

Large crowds gathered near the State House and police stopped a parade of pickets, forbidding all public demonstrations. They called it a "death watch." More than one hundred and fifty persons were arrested for picketing, including Edna St. Vincent Millay, Lola Ridge, John Dos Passos, Professor Ellen Hayes of Wellesley, John Howard Lawson, and "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor.

Paula Halliday, who used to manage "Polly's" restaurant in Greenwich Village, walked on the Common wearing a red slicker. On her back in black paint were the words: "Save Sacco and Vanzetti. Is Justice dead?"

Police dragged her to the nearest patrol wagon.

Musmanno returned from Washington where he had filed

papers for a writ of certiorari, which could not be argued until October.

Lawyers, in a final desperate attempt, dashed off to call on Supreme Court Justice Stone, vacationing on rock-bound Isle au Haut, off the Maine coast.

A telegram imploring Justice Taft to confer on American soil with counsel was sent to him at Point au Pic, Quebec.

Senator Borah, from Portland, Oregon, wired that he would volunteer his legal services if a new trial were obtained.

THE LAST DAY

August 22. Turmoil and street fighting in Paris such as had not been witnessed since the World War. Hundreds arrested and scores hurt.

Forty hurt in a Sacco-Vanzetti demonstration in London.

A riotous demonstration before the American Consulate in Geneva.

Delegations of citizens visited Governor Fuller all day. Frank P. Walsh and Arthur Garfield Hays of New York, and Francis Fisher Kane, former U. S. Attorney in Philadelphia, begged for a respite pending examination of the Department of Justice files.

They said that Acting Attorney General Farnum had at last agreed to have the files opened, and pleaded with the Governor not to rush Sacco and Vanzetti to the chair in "indecent haste" while the files were still locked.

Mr. Hill begged the Governor to delay the case until the appeal, docketed in the Supreme Court, had been argued.

Congressman LaGuardia flew to Boston to see the Governor and emerged saying the condemned men had one chance in a thousand.

Justices Taft and Stone refused to intervene.

Again Sacco and Vanzetti were prepared for the short walk to the electric chair.

Boston was in a veritable state of siege. Police precautions of August 10 were augmented. Three hundred policemen were thrown around the State House, while pickets marched up to the front door only to be bundled into patrol wagons. Legionnaires shouted and hooted and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

A New York labor group headed by Julius Hochman, Luigi Antonini, A. I. Shiplacoff and Judge Jacob Panken saw the Governor. President Green wired again asking for commutation. The Governor received nine hundred telegrams during the day. Two-thirds asked for clemency.

A group of liberals added their appeals. I watched them leave the Governor's office without hope. It was no use, they said. They felt an air of unreality about the whole thing. Never have I seen a more dejected lot. Among them were John F. Moors, a member of the Harvard Corporation; Paul Kellogg, of *The Survey*; Waldo Cook, of *The Springfield Republican*; Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott, and Dr. Alice Hamilton.

Police charged a crowd near the Bunker Hill Monument. The prison area was an armed camp. Searchlights swept glaring fingers over rooftops, revealing whole families gazing at the prison. All streets leading to the prison were roped off, and the public was banned from entering the prison zone. Police horses stamped restlessly in the yellow glare of street lamps.

Mrs. Sacco and Miss Vanzetti paid three visits to the prison on the last day and made their final appeal to the Governor in the evening.

Reporters were given special passes to the prison. Those of us who were to do the execution story were asked to present ourselves at the prison by ten o'clock if possible. Eddy remained on the streets observing the police and the crowds, and Gordon covered the last hours at the State House.

When I arrived at the prison, I found that telegraph wires had again been strung into the Prison Officers' Club. From ten o'clock we filed details of the preparations for the execution. The win-

dows had been nailed down by a nervous policeman "because somebody might throw something in." The shades were drawn. The room was stuffy, and in an hour the heat was unbearable. We took off our coats, rolled up our shirt sleeves, and tried to be comfortable. The Morse operators were the coolest of the fifty men and women in the room. The noise of the typewriters and telegraph instruments made an awful din. Our nerves were stretched to the breaking-point. Had there not been a last minute reprieve on August 10? Might there not be one now? We knew of the personal appeal then being made by Mrs. Sacco and Miss Vanzetti to the Governor.

W. G. Thompson, counsel for the two men, saw them for the last time. In an extraordinarily moving account of his final talks, later published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Thompson described the attitude of the two Italians, their calmness in the face of death, their sincerity, their firm belief in their ideals:

"I told Vanzetti that although my belief in his innocence had all the time been strengthened both by my study of the evidence and by my increasing knowledge of his personality, yet there was a chance, however remote, that I might be mistaken; and that I thought he ought for my sake, in the closing hour of his life when nothing could save him, to give me his most solemn reassurance, both with respect to himself and with respect to Sacco. Vanzetti then told me quietly and calmly, and with a sincerity which I could not doubt, that I need have no anxiety about this matter; that both he and Sacco were absolutely innocent of the South Braintree crime and that he [Vanzetti] was equally innocent of the Bridgewater crime; that while, looking back, he now realized more clearly than he ever had the grounds of the suspicion against him and Sacco, he felt that no allowance had been made for his ignorance of American points of view and habits of thought, or for his fear as a radical and almost as an outlaw, and that in reality he was convicted on evidence which would not have convicted him had he not been an anarchist, so that he was

in a very real sense dying for his cause. He said it was a cause for which he was prepared to die. He said it was the cause of the upward progress of humanity and the elimination of force from the world. He spoke with calmness, knowledge, and deep feeling.

"I was impressed by the strength of Vanzetti's mind, and by the extent of his reading and knowledge. He did not talk like a fanatic. Although intensely convinced of the truth of his own views, he was still able to listen with calmness and with understanding to the expression of views with which he did not agree. In this closing scene the impression of him which had been gaining ground in my mind for three years was deepened and confirmed—that he was a man of powerful mind, of unselfish disposition, of seasoned character and of devotion to high ideals. There was no sign of breaking down or of terror at approaching death. At parting he gave me a firm clasp of the hand and a steady glance, which revealed unmistakably the depth of his feeling and the firmness of his self-control. . . .

"My conversation with Sacco was very brief. He showed no sign of fear, shook hands with me firmly and bade me good-by. His manner also was one of absolute sincerity."

At quarter past eleven, Musmanno burst into Warden Hendry's office with a plea for a last talk with Vanzetti. The Warden, whose heart was touched by the young lawyer, had to refuse. It was too close to the hour set for the three executions.

Musmanno was on the verge of collapse.

"I want to tell them there is more mercy in their hearts than in the hearts of many who profess orthodox religion," he said. "I want to tell them I know they are innocent and all the gallows and electric chairs cannot change that knowledge. I want to tell them they are two of the kindest and tenderest men I have ever known."

At the State House in the meantime, Governor Fuller talked with Mrs. Sacco, Miss Vanzetti, Dr. Edith B. Jackson and her brother Gardner, and Aldino Felicani of the Defense Committee.

The Governor was sorry. Everything had been done, the evidence had been carefully sifted. To prove it he called in State Attorney General Arthur K. Reading, whose legal explanations were lost on the three women. Reluctantly they left the Governor. Hope vanished.

Shortly after midnight, Warden Hendry rapped on the door leading to the interior of the prison and the death house. Musmanno, still in the Warden's office, laid a hand on Hendry's arm. "Please, one last request."

"No, no."

Hendry, followed by the official witnesses, solemnly filed into the death chamber. The only reporter present at the execution was W. E. Playfair of the Associated Press. The rules limited the press to one representative, and Mr. Playfair had been handed the assignment when the men were convicted in 1921.

Madeiros was the first to go. His cell was the nearest the chair. A messenger hurried to us with a bulletin.

Sacco walked the seventeen steps from his cell to the execution chamber slowly between two guards. He was calm.

"Long live anarchy," he cried in Italian as he was strapped in the chair.

In English: "Farewell my wife and child and all my friends."

This was a slip probably due to his imperfect command of English. He had two children: Dante, fourteen, and Inez, six.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said.

Then his last words.

"Farewell, Mother."

Vanzetti was the last to die. He shook hands with the two guards.

To Warden Hendry, he said, speaking slowly and distinctly: "I want to thank you for everything you have done for me, Warden. I wish to tell you that I am innocent and that I have never committed any crime but sometimes some sin. [Almost the same words he had used when sentenced by Judge Thayer

the previous April.] I thank you for everything you have done for me. I am innocent of all crime not only of this, but all. I am an innocent man."

A pause.

"I wish to forgive some people for what they are now doing to me."

The Warden was overcome. The current was turned on, and when Vanzetti was pronounced dead Hendry could scarcely whisper the formula required by law—"Under the law I now pronounce you dead, the sentence of the court having been carried out."

Mr. Playfair lived up to his name. He dashed into our room with all the details of the last Sacco-Vanzetti story most of us were to write.

Governor Fuller remained at the State House until 12:12, a minute after Executioner Elliott had thrown the switch that ended the earthly existence of Sacco. Until a few minutes before midnight, Francis Fisher Kane had begged Governor Fuller for a respite. Thompson, former attorney in the case, remained with the Governor until 11:45, making his final heart-rending plea for mercy.

When the Governor left the State House he knew that the Supreme Court had, on August 22, docketed two appeals for writs of certiorari. He had a request pending before him that alienists be permitted to examine Sacco and Vanzetti, that execution be delayed until the matter of the Department of Justice's files had been cleared up. He had before him five new affidavits made by new witnesses found by the defense in the closing days. He had, or was presumed to have received from his secretary, the receipt for the eels which Vanzetti had purchased.

So that when the two men died in the electric chair the legal battle to save them was still under way and there was, in the opinion of many of the best minds in America, more than a "reasonable doubt." In the last hour a three- or four-hour re-

prieve was asked by Defense Attorney Hill so that he could fly to Williamstown in a chartered plane to consult Circuit Court Judge Anderson again.

At the naval airport Hill tried to get in touch with the Governor or the Attorney General, but without success. When a naval officer found out who Hill and his companions were, he ordered them off the grounds and told William Schuyler Jackson, a former New York Attorney General, that "it would give me pleasure to shoot you." Finally a reporter at the State House told them over the telephone that Sacco was in the death chamber. The long battle had ended.

On the way back to the Statler Hotel after the execution, Gordon, Eddy, and I picked up a copy of *The Boston Herald*. BACK TO NORMALCY the leading editorial was captioned.

"The chapter is closed," it said. "The die is cast. The arrow has flown. Now, let us go forward to our duties and responsibilities of the common day with a renewed determination to maintain our present system of government and our existing social order."

The Italians were presumed to have been done to death by the State for murder. Yet, in their death, as at their trial, they had been bound up with their radicalism. Divesting the men of their radicalism and their foreign birth, their innocence of the murders would have been shown to the world, in the opinion of many capable lawyers and common-sense laymen. Therefore, in a real sense the men gave up their lives for their beliefs. They were foreigners, slackers, and radicals, and were thus stigmatized during the unfortunate, hysteric days of their arrest.

Many thousands followed the bodies of the two men to Forest Hills Crematory on August 27. The rain poured on the funeral throng, and when it was all over a policeman wiped his brow and remarked with a sigh, "Well, I hope to Christ it's over now."

POSTSCRIPT

But it was not over.

A year later a committee of lawyers (John W. Davis, Elihu Root, Bernard Flexner, Charles C. Burlingham, Newton D. Baker) sponsored publication of the legal records in the case. A cryptic reference in the Lowell Committee's report led the lawyers to ask both President Lowell and the defense counsel for an explanation. It was disclosed that the Lowell Committee, by private inquiry, had convinced itself that it had destroyed Sacco's alibi, which was that he was in Boston applying for a passport to Italy on the day of the South Braintree crime. Witnesses recalled seeing him because on that day an Italian group gave a dinner to Editor Williams of the *Transcript*. The Lowell Committee insisted that the dinner date was May 13. When a file of *La Notizia* showed that the witnesses were correct, and it transpired that Williams had been tendered dinners on both dates, the Lowell Committee omitted reference to the rehabilitation of the Sacco alibi, though the thirty-two pages of examination apparently demolishing it remained. President Lowell privately apologized to the witnesses. He refused, however, to permit them to publish the incident in *La Notizia*. No mention of this incident appears in the Lowell record, but the defense counsel's version has never been disputed. The only reference that appears is the cryptic statement which mystified the lawyers' committee sponsoring the record, that those present "look in the books produced by the witness."

This incident is one of the high water marks of the entire case. In fact, when President Lowell said he had ascertained that Mr. Williams had been tendered a dinner on May 13, and not on the Sacco alibi date, Attorney Thompson threw up his hands. His dejection was complete, but it was then suggested that the witnesses bring the *La Notizia* files to Thompson's office. This was

done, and Thompson with his own eyes read the account of the Williams banquet on April 15. From the depths of despair Thompson's spirits rose to transports of ecstasy. His witnesses were telling the truth! The Sacco alibi, apparently so important when destroyed by President Lowell, would surely now be equally important to the defense, for it had been rehabilitated by the newspaper item.

Why was this important alibi testimony omitted?

The stenographer said that Dr. Lowell had instructed him not to take colloquies.

This interesting correspondence may be found as an appendix on page 5256a of *The Sacco-Vanzetti Case*, published by Henry Holt and Company. President Lowell's reply is there given to Mr. Flexner. He says that the files of *La Notizia* showed that the Italians had tendered a luncheon to Mr. Williams on April 15 (the date of the South Braintree murders), and that the Committee subsequently assumed in its deliberations there had been two affairs for Williams.

When the record was printed and the correspondence made public many newspapers referred to it editorially and *The New York World*, *The Springfield Republican*, and *The Baltimore Sun* regarded the correspondence as disquieting. They viewed it as a challenge to Dr. Lowell. *The Springfield Republican* of March 2, 1929, ended its editorial with these words:

"To this day Mr. Lowell has taken no action whatever to clarify his attitude in dealing with the Sacco alibi and he leaves the public in the face of the record as now amplified, to wonder how he could have viewed the alibi as 'serious' when he thought he had destroyed it, but apparently as not 'serious' after it had been rehabilitated."

An interesting and hitherto unpublished sidelight on developments subsequent to the execution was concerned with an inquiry into the relation of the Morelli gang of Providence, freight-car thieves and bandits, to the South Braintree robbery. Madeiros

had "confessed" that he had been with the gang that did the South Braintree job. There was reason to believe that it was the work of the Morellis. An enormous amount of material was gathered by the defense on this phase of the situation. In 1929 a meeting of liberals was held in the New York home of Oswald Garrison Villard, and \$40,000 was pledged to pursue this inquiry. One of the Morellis appeared to be willing to make a clean breast of the case. It was planned to drain the pond where the holdup men were supposed to have thrown the empty money boxes. But the stock market crash came and pledges were not collected; the pond was never drained.

"Doubt that will not down," said Walter Lippmann in his full-page editorial in the *New York World* on August 19, 1927.

On each anniversary of the execution of the two men these doubts arise again—they are rehearsed at the meetings in Boston where those who believe Sacco and Vanzetti innocent gather once a year.

A bronze plaque sculptured by Gutzon Borglum, bearing the images of Sacco and Vanzetti, was offered to the State of Massachusetts on August 22, 1937, ten years after their death. The offer kicked up a row, and Governor Charles F. Hurley, Democrat, rejected the plaque which bore these words of Vanzetti:

"What I wish more than all in this last hour of agony is that our case and our fate may be understood in their real being and serve as a tremendous lesson to the forces of freedom so that our suffering and death will not have been in vain."

The tragedy of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is the tragedy of three men—Judge Thayer, Governor Fuller, and President Lowell—and their inability to rise above the obscene battle that raged for seven long years around the heads of the shoemaker and the fish peddler.

The Men Who "Saw It Happen"

ARTHUR KROCK, Washington correspondent of *The New York Times*, started newspaper work in his native state of Kentucky on the *Louisville Herald*. In 1911 he went to Washington for *The Louisville Times* and *The Courier-Journal*, later becoming editorial director of both papers. From this position he moved to the *New York World* as assistant to Ralph Pulitzer and from there to the *Times*, first as editorial writer and then to his present post at Washington.

* * *

GEORGE ERIC ROWE GEDYE has been correspondent for *The New York Times* in Central and Eastern Europe since 1931. British-born, he served on the Western Front during the World War and then was attached to the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission until 1922. Since that year he has devoted himself entirely to foreign correspondence, having represented *The New York Times* in the Ruhr and the Rhineland until 1926 when he moved to Central Europe. Here he continued to write for the *Times* as well as for the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Telegraph* of London and has represented the last-named paper ever since 1929. From his headquarters in Vienna he covered eight European countries, but when Hitler arrived in the former Austrian capital he moved to Prague. Mr. Gedye is the author of several books and has contributed to many periodicals as well as to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

* * *

F. RAYMOND DANIELL is a Connecticut Yankee who entered Rutgers University in 1920 but left before graduation in order to enter newspaper work. His first job was with the *New Brunswick Home News*, his next was with the *New York Herald*. After that paper merged with the

RUSSELL OWEN got his first newspaper job in 1906 at the age of seventeen on the morning edition of the *New York Sun*. In 1919 he left to run a small evening newspaper in Canandaigua, New York, and after four months moved to Syracuse as a copyreader. Then came a short period of publicity work, then his first job on *The New York Times* which he soon left to edit a sales magazine for General Electric. Back on the *Times* again, he specialized on exploration stories and is now a writer on *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*.

* * *

JOHN KIERAN is the second child and oldest son of the late James M. Kieran, former president of Hunter College. In 1912 he received his degree of bachelor of science, *cum laude*, from Fordham University where he played on the varsity baseball and swimming teams and on interclass teams in track, basketball, and football. After teaching at a rural school in Dutchess County for a year he worked as timekeeper and foreman with a construction gang on the Seventh Avenue Subway in New York and in 1915 joined the sports department of *The New York Times*. He went to the Mexican border in 1916 as a correspondent and spent twenty-two months in France with the 11th Engineers, U.S.A. After the war he returned to newspaper work, spending some time with the *New York American* and the *Herald Tribune*, but in 1927 went back to the *Times* where he started his present column, "Sports of The Times." He has written one book, *The Story of the Olympic Games*, and many magazine articles on sports and natural history. In the summer of 1938 he became, with Franklin P. Adams, one of the two regular members of the board of experts for the radio program, "Information, Please."

* * *

WILLIAM R. CONKLIN first attracted attention as the prettiest baby in Brooklyn. This triumph behind him, he attended the local public and high schools, crossed the East River to go to Columbia University, and graduated from the School of Journalism in 1926. He had already done special correspondence for *The New York Times* and joined the staff of the paper immediately upon graduation. His first assignments were murder trials; from these he graduated to reporting municipal politics during the Jimmy Walker era. Subsequently he traveled with both Leh-

man and Roosevelt in their campaigns for the governorship. He still covers City Hall.

* * *

HUGH BYAS learned to write by taking as his model the hero of the Barrie story who failed his examination and let his career go hang rather than use a wrong adjective. Born in 1875 in a Scottish farmhouse, Mr. Byas broke into journalism at the age of twenty-three when his knowledge of shorthand won him a job on a Glasgow paper. His first foreign assignment took him to the recently conquered Boer republics of Transvaal and the Orange Free State, but in 1908 he returned to London and joined the *London Times*. In 1913 he went to Tokyo to edit the American-owned *Japan Advertiser* for the next twelve years. He then moved into the two separate jobs he now holds as Tokyo correspondent of *The New York Times* and as Tokyo correspondent for *The Times* of London.

* * *

BROOKS ATKINSON is as New England as his name. Born in Melrose, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard, he taught English for a year at Dartmouth, worked as a reporter on the *Daily News* at Springfield, Massachusetts, and as reporter and assistant to the dramatic critic of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. He was associate editor of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* from 1919 to 1922. During the War he was stationed at Camp Upton as an enlisted man. He came to *The New York Times* as editor of the book review section in 1922, moving to his present post of drama critic in 1925. He is the author of four books, including *Henry Thoreau, the Cosmic Yankee*.

* * *

LOUIS STARK was destined from birth to become the chief expert on labor for *The New York Times*: he was born on May Day in 1888 in a small Hungarian town with an unpronounceable name near Budapest. His parents brought him to New York at the age of three, and he attended the public schools, then taught in them after going to the New York Training School for Teachers. After trying his hand at book agenting and writing advertisements, he got a job in 1912 under the late Louis Wiley on the business department of *The New York Times*.

Late in 1913 he also began covering extra assignments for the New York City News Association. This presently turned into a full-time affair and gave him his first experience covering labor news—especially I.W.W. raids and streetcar strikes. During the summer of 1917 he worked on the *Sun* and in the fall of that year moved to the *Times* for which he covered varied assignments until 1923, when he began his present specialized work on news about labor. During some years he is away from home for as much as six months of the time.

* * *

HANSON W. BALDWIN, military and naval correspondent of *The New York Times*, graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1924. He served as ensign and lieutenant until 1927 when he joined the staff of the *Sun* in his native city of Baltimore. In 1929 he worked for a time as volunteer at the Grenfell Mission in Labrador, and in the fall of the year joined the staff of *The New York Times*, where he has remained ever since. His first book, *The Caissons Roll*, appeared in the spring of 1938, and his second, *Admiral Death*, will be published soon by Simon and Schuster.

* * *

SHEPARD STONE is a New Hampshire product. Born in Nashua in 1908, he graduated from Dartmouth in 1929 and then studied at the Universities of Heidelberg and Berlin, receiving his Ph.D. degree from the last-named institution in 1933. He has written many articles on European affairs, served as commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and has been a member of the Sunday Department of *The New York Times* since 1935.

